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# The Redwood, v.17 1917-1918

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THE REDWOOD

1917-1918











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# The Redwood.

Entered Dec. 18, 1902, at Santa Clara, Cal., as second-class matter, under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879

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VOL. XVII

SANTA CLARA, CAL., OCTOBER, 1917

NO. 1

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## Autumn

---

ACROSS the fields the hush of Autumn steals--  
And gentle winds are sighing.  
Thick from the trees  
The purple Autumn leaves  
Fall,---for the Summer's dying.

Hearken, O Nature,  
Call them back again.  
Brighten the leaves,  
Purple with pain---  
Put the jeweled dew  
On the fields at dawn  
Once more---ere the Summer's gone.

EDWARD NICHOLSON



# Our Military Unit

---



MOST remarkable honor has but a week or two ago been bestowed upon our University. At Santa Clara is to be established an Infantry Unit of the Reserve Officers' Training Corps.

What this means for the Pacific Coast in general and for Santa Clara in particular can be more readily imagined than described in words. It means that while attending college, our young men can be trained for service, so that on graduation they will receive the rank of Second Lieutenant. It means that military training and the pursuit of one's studies will go hand in hand; and that if at the expiration of one's college work his country should need him, the young man will step into the Army as a Commissioned Officer.

The final word declaring that Santa Clara was to have this distinction came Tuesday, September 11th, when the following telegram was received from the War Department.

Washington, D. C.

3 P. M., Sept. 11, 1917.

Rev. J. A. Sullivan, Vice President  
Santa Clara University, Santa  
Clara, Calif.

If you can assure War Department that you will provide one hundred rifles

complete for drill purposes by your students, Captain Joseph L. Donovan, retired, will be relieved from duty at War Prison Barracks, Fort Douglas, Utah, and detailed on active duty, status as Professor of Military Science and Tactics, Santa Clara University; and Bulletin will be issued establishing Infantry Unit, Senior Division Reserve Officers' Training Corps. Department has no arms available for issue to colleges at this time. Please advise in premises at earliest date.

McCAIN,

The Adjutant General.

As can be well imagined that very night a telegram went flying back to Washington that Santa Clara will furnish the rifles, and another went to Captain Donovan, Fort Douglas, instructing him to procure those rifles somehow, somewhere, and quickly.

The details of the Training Corps are not known as yet; for as we go to press the Bulletin from the War Department has not reached us. But we hope that by our next issue to have our new mode of life in all its ins and outs, running along smoothly; then we promise our readers to satisfy their curiosity to the slightest detail on the new form of life we are leading here at the Old Mission University.

Ever since the outbreak of the war

the students at Santa Clara have been drilling without arms, without uniforms, without equipment of any kind, under the direction of Captain Joseph L. Donovan. But during the long vacation Captain Donovan, who for six years has been the dean of the Engineering Department at Santa Clara, was detailed to Utah as Commandant of the War Prison Barracks at Fort Douglas.

Captain Donovan, an old West Pointer and a Commander in the Spanish-American war, is a man, every inch of him, and is a remarkable soldier. As a result he is thoroughly popular with the Faculty and Student-body alike. It can well be imagined then how joyfully the news of his return home was received.

But the fact that military training at Santa Clara was carried on so intensively without arms made such an impression upon the War Department that it resolved to establish an Offi-

cers' Reserve Corps at Santa Clara. The matter has been brewing for some months now, but it was only a few weeks ago that the news of it being a settled thing reached the University.

Santa Clara too is greatly indebted to its friends in Congress and Senate in the persons of Congressmen Kahn and Hayes, and of Senators Phelan and Johnson, as well as to Secretary of the Interior Lane. We feel that the deep place they hold in their hearts for Santa Clara is not a little responsible.

That Santa Clara students now have a wonderful opportunity there is no doubt; and the way they welcomed the joyful news bore ample testimony to the fact that they appreciate to the utmost the remarkable favor and privilege of being the only Institution of Learning in California to which has been granted an Officers' Reserve Training Corps.



# Convict Number 3875

Louis L. Gairaud.



THE murky fog hung low and dismal over the dank-smelling marsh. The fine sleet-like particles of water, whipped by a chilling breeze, stung the faces of the men, and penetrated through their clothes, freezing them as they worked. The reeking smell of tules accompanying the marsh fog clung to one with a tenacity that was impossible to rid oneself of.

The work progressed slowly. The road was nearing completion, and the men were loath to hurry. The sooner the work was finished, the sooner they would be back in their dark and dreary cells. Much better it was to work out here in the mud and fog, with a measure of freedom, than to be shut up in a gloomy prison cell without an opportunity of moving about.

It was just such thoughts of returning to the prison that provoked rebellion in the heart of Blank. Sentenced to hard labor, for a crime he claimed he had never committed, he was put on the road-gang, at the time engaged in building a new road through a neighboring marsh. His unjust conviction rankled in his mind and he was determined to seek a chance of escaping

from the dreadful routine of prison life and the monotony of the labor. At least he could make an attempt to escape, and if he was unsuccessful, he would only be brought back to the prison and probably put in confinement; but, on the other hand, if he succeeded, he would have a chance of proving his innocence. With this determination fully resolved upon, he bided his time for an opportunity of putting his plan into action.

The work was nearing the solid shore and the fill was nearly completed. But a few yards remained to be filled in, and the hardest part of the work would be completed, leaving only the finishing touches to be made.

Blank, realizing that the impending completion of the work might cause the cutting down of the gang, and that his chances for making his getaway were consequently growing slim, knew that he must act at once or fail.

Which would be the easier way? To hide in one of the cars after it was emptied, or to quietly slip off the side of the fill and hide in the tules until he could slip away before the men were marched back to the prison? The latter way appealed to Blank more than the former, and he instantly put it into execution.



Quietly sneaking down the side of the fill as the guard's attention was attracted to the other side of the car by a sudden commotion, his movements fortunately screened by the fog bank momentarily growing denser, Blank noiselessly parted the tules, and passing through, allowed them to close behind him. Not wishing to make known his attempt by foolishly endeavoring to wallow through the mud without being able to accurately gauge his direction, he bent the tules over and formed a mattress to hold him, first finding a spot sufficiently hard to bear him up.

Having succeeded in eluding the guards, he wondered how long it would be before his absence would be discovered. Would they discover his absence before noon-time? If they did not, he would have some chance of getting away. Acting on this thought, he carefully worked his way in the direction he thought was away from the fill, using as his compass, the noise made by machinery and the emptying of the rock-cars.

The fog was still heavy, though there were indications of its lightening. The smell of the tules and the stagnant water through which he was obliged to crawl, was not very pleasing to Blank as he laboriously made his way towards the shore.

"If I could only make that other shore before I am discovered," he mused, "I could get to the railroad and then it would be easy going. If my luck holds out, and the fog does

not lighten too much, my absence won't be discovered until it will be too late for the guards to catch up with me. Anyway, they won't know which way I've gone."

With these consoling thoughts, he continued his efforts to make the opposite shore, and, still using the clamor of the machinery as his invisible beacon, at length began to feel the mud, as the tules grew thinner and sparser, give way to harder ground. With redoubled caution he made his way out of the tules, and lay flat upon the edge of the marsh watching for signs of life. Nothing stirred, to send him scampering back into the marsh. Emboldened by the lack of danger, he raised himself, and bent over like a jack-knife, half-ran, half-walked away from the marsh.

Using extreme caution, he made his way with unerring precision for the railway. The land over which he hurried, he knew, was uninhabited, and the probability of meeting anyone was very slight. But his life was in the balance, and the greatest care would not go amiss.

He reached the railway at last, and turning, followed it towards the south. After a few minutes' hurried walk, he made a momentary stop, and straightened up from his crouching position. Raising his arms towards the heavens, he took a deep breath, and thanked the Lord for his safe conduct thus far. But it was yet too soon for exultation. It was nearing noon, and a safe place

to hide must be found before the fog should entirely clear up and reveal him to the gaze of those who might even now be searching for him.

Somewhere along this railroad, he remembered, there was a tunnel. If he could make it before discovery, he could hide in it with practically no chance of discovery. The guards would never think of looking for him in a railway tunnel.

But what was that sound? A shot! Blank stood still and listened intently. "What did it mean," he thought, "have they discovered my absence already? Ah, no, it cannot be true." He was about to continue his stealthy stride, when another shot rang out, this time much nearer. Several shots rang out almost simultaneously with it.

Blank hesitated. Evidently his escape had been discovered, and the guards were already on his trail. But hope was not yet dead, the tunnel was still ahead.

His moment of hesitation over, he quickened his pace and hurried along the narrow path along the side of the tracks. At length, at a distance, the black, forbidding, gaping mouth of the tunnel appeared through the slowly-lightening fog. But it was not black and forbidding to Blank, in his anxiety, it was a haven of refuge.

Quickly covering the remaining distance, Blank edged furtively into the darkness of the tunnel which seemed to reach out helping hands to welcome

him and enveloped him in a curtain of obscurity.

As soon as he was a few yards within the darkness, he turned and throwing himself upon the floor of the tunnel, eagerly listened for sounds of pursuit. Nothing moved; no sound broke the deathly stillness.

The fog was gradually lifting, and as the bright rays of the afternoon sun quickly dispersed the remaining banks of fog, the darkness of the tunnel lightened. Blank quietly drew back farther into the tunnel, but not so far as not to be able to see clearly what was transpiring without.

As the fog lifted, it revealed in the distance several indistinct forms. Blank quickly arose from his crouching position, and screening his eyes, intently watched them. They were yet too far distant to make out clearly who they were, but something that they were carrying in their hands which glistened when the sun shone upon it told him the answer. They must be carrying guns, and if so, who are they? The answer that involuntarily arose in his mind was "guards!"

Hastily abandoning his position, he scurried deeper into the dark recesses of the tunnel. What if the guards should search the tunnel and find him there? It would be all up with him then. Further and further into the darkness of the tunnel he crept, as the guards gradually drew closer and closer. He stopped a moment to watch them.

As he moved again, his foot struck an object. Leaning over, he felt of it. A box. "What was it doing here," he asked himself. He tried to move it but could not. "If I could only strike a light," he thought, "I could see what this means. But to strike a light now would be fatal." Stooping down once more, he groped for the edge of the cover. But no edge could he find, for there was no cover. It was an up-turned box fastened to one of the ties of the track. Two wires led from the box beneath the rails and stretched into the darkness of the tunnel. A slight noise in the box attracted Blank's attention, and bending forward, rested his ear against the side of the box, and listened.

A light ticking like the noise of an alarm clock within the box was all he could distinguish. The truth suddenly dawned upon him. "It is an infernal machine, placed here by some fanatic!" he cried. "No, not by a fanatic, but by a deadly enemy of our country."

The realization of the true meaning of the box, and why it had been placed in the tunnel created a horrible predicament for Blank.

"What miserable luck," he moaned, "is mine. After everything progressing so wonderfully, with my escape almost assured, this beastly little box has to go and upset all my plans. I can't leave this box here to blow up the tunnel, and perhaps mean the loss of many lives if a train should happen to pass through here at the same time. It is

not possible that the miscreant who placed it here, has it timed for just some such purpose, or who knows but what it might go off any minute.

"But why should I risk everything after everybody has turned against me, and have been only too willing to let me work at the rock pile. Why should I now give up my precious chance of proving my innocence? Why should I strive to protect the property of the company who sent me up? I won't do it! I'll let the tunnel blow up, and pursuit will be impossible then. If I could get through before it should blow up, I would be safe."

The decision half-heartedly made, he turned to pass deeper into the tunnel. The long dreary hours in the melancholy prison, and the nagging of the guards while at work, had hardened his spirit and warped his judgment. No longer, it seemed, was the welfare and safety of the many the paramount feeling, but the selfish nature that had been ground into him in prison struggled to the fore.

Hurriedly stumbling through the tunnel, he covered quite a distance. But then his steps began to lag, and finally he stopped. Passing his hand over his forehead, he brushed away the beads of perspiration that rolled down into his eyes, blinding him. The torture of his spirit was making itself felt in his body. Sinking down upon the rail he gave himself up to his thoughts.

"I can't do it! I can't do it!" he repeated over and over in a scarcely



audible whisper. "I could not have the death of innocent persons upon my soul, and my country, even though she has scorned me, and has put the badge of disgrace on me, has the right to my poor help. My cowardice and selfishness though it might save me, might also mean the ruination of my country. I do not know what things have been happening, but from the rumors that have floated into prison, I know that grave danger threatens our country. What can I do?"

Tormented by his thoughts, and wavering between one extreme and the other, Blank sat upon the rail, exhausted in body and in spirit. Allowing his hand to drop from his heated forehead to his side, it came into contact with a cold clammy object. Frightened by the sensation, he hastily recoiled. For the moment he was nonplussed. Gathering courage, he cautiously felt for the object, and was relieved to find nothing immediately dangerous about it. Examining it more closely, he found the same two wires leading to it that he had found coming from the box.

"It is the rest of the infernal machine," he thought, "and the dangerous part of it. Now, what shall I do? Leave this thing here for the next train to hit, or shall I give up my chance of liberty? Ah, better it is for me to give up my liberty, than my country suffer!"

"But what is that noise? A train? My God! I won't have time to disconnect this, the train is too near."

Stumbling, and falling in his rapid run towards the opening of the tunnel, Blank did not have time to think over the wisdom of his decision. The one thought that now pervaded his mind was the safety of the train. Nearer and nearer, through the tunnel's mouth, he saw it approach. As he advanced into the light, disheveled, unkempt and dirty, running as from a nightmare, he heard a sharp command.

"Halt!" was what he heard, and immediately two men stepped in front of him.

"Don't stop me," he cried. "Stop the train! There's a bomb in the tunnel!"

The words provoked instant action from the men. With wild waving of hats and rifles, the train was halted but a few feet from the tunnel.

"Who are you?" demanded the man who first spoke.

"I am nothing but an escaped convict, willing to give up his freedom for his country and now I am ready to go back to prison. Take me away."

"Sorry, but I am not a prison guard, but a railroad guard. I'll have to investigate your story first, and if that's true, why, I guess the rest of it is too."

After a few minutes investigation, the truth of Blank's story was substantiated. By this time the people in the train had learned why the train was delayed, and of the convict's sacrifice. It was agreed among them that the convict should be taken with them and

a petition for his pardon sent to the governor.

When they came to Blank and told him of their plans, he merely shook his head.

“I cannot go with you,” he said, “I go back to prison. These guards, though they are not prison guards, will have to take me back. I have made my sacrifice, and I am satisfied.”

---

## The Bugle

---

Reveille :

Waken ! Do you hear the bugle call ?  
Now the silvery notes are rising, now they fall.  
Waken soldier, 'tis the morning ;  
Harken soldier, heed the warning ;  
Rise in strength and cast aside the Nation's pall.


Taps :

Rest ! O soldier, thou has heard thy Nation's call ;  
Rest thou, sleeping sweetly 'neath the Nation's pall.  
Sleep, O soldier, we have bound you  
With the stars and stripes around you.  
Sleep ! O rest, and hear no more the bugle call.

ED. M. SCRIBNER

## Somewhere in France

---

 The battle breaks to-morrow  
So I thought I'd seize my chance  
Of penning a line to someone  
Whose heart is somewhere in France.

I know I am presumptuous,  
But mayhap I have good cause—  
For drowning of homeland longing  
One clings to homeland straws.

And I'm sure that you remember  
That eve that we said good-bye—  
Bound with clouds the sun lay drowning  
In a seething sea of sky.

Lighting the cliffs about us  
With his last faint, feeble smile,  
Lighting those bastioned ledges  
And your own sweet hair the while;

That hair in its brown bright luster  
Spun from moonbeams seems,  
And your sweet eyes darkling dimpled  
Somehow divining my dreams.

For I saw in my mind on the morrow  
Grey ships on the salt grey foam,  
And I vowed that I'd remember  
Your laughter in thunder at Somme.



That laughter like fairy bells tinkling  
On your lips ever lovely lies;  
Lips that I know are rosebuds blown  
From bleeding sunset skies;

That laughter like streams that gurgle  
And purl on an upland lawn,  
Laughter shaming Pipes of Pan, or  
Lilting of larks at dawn.

But your laughter that eve we parted  
Held hint of fettered tears  
For you promised to think (remember?)  
Of me in the waning years.

And I sometimes have to wonder  
Does only myself hold debt,  
And you, O my love forgive me,  
And you are fain to forget?

So please send a line to me, love,  
And be sure my heart will dance  
If you say your heart is with someone,  
Someone somewhere in France.

W. KEVIN CASEY

# The Nineteenth Century Novel

Norbert Korte



THE exact birth of the modern novel and its precise stages of development have always been a great bugbear to the essayist. So much so in fact, that the wisest critics abstain from attempting to exactly mark them out. What is certain, however, is that about the beginning of the second quarter of the eighteenth century, the period immediately succeeding the appearance of Defoe's work, there began a development of the prose novel and that this movement, due in part to one group of great writers of this style, had made very great progress by the beginning of the third quarter.

It is at this time that we find Lady Montague in Italy, receiving boxes full of new novels from her daughter in England. Up to this date we can only say that there was an ever great determination and concentration towards completed prose fiction. How complete this form was, is readily seen in its use in two such different ways by two such different men as Swift and Defoe.

At the end of this quarter, the novel, in its incomplete and rude form had taken quite a hold upon the public and

had gradually enlisted more and more the attention of the reading part of the nation. It was, at this time, that the works of Fielding, Richardson, Smollett and others came into prominence. Of these perhaps Fielding was the greatest. He broke away from the old severity of the seventeenth century, and by shaking off the uncouthness of pedantry and conceit had put prose into such a fictitious working, that the accomplishments hitherto gained only by the dramatist and the poet were achieved in a much larger and fuller manner through the practical re-creation and presentation of life, possible only to the novelist.

However, despite the great achievements of these men, the novel still ranked low, nor altogether undeservedly. It was too apt to abase and annoy in sentiment or to grumble and complain in moralizations. No writers of Fielding's type had arisen to infuse a broadness into it, and at the same time, keep it close to contemporary life. Although the historical type, after many attempts and failures, was becoming popular, still no one had in the least succeeded with it. It is true that the last decade of the century saw an extensive amount of novel writing and that the talent displayed by some of the

exponents of the form was distinctly great; still even then, the careful observer could not be satisfied with it on the whole or think that it had reached a settled or even promising condition. Miss Burney, who had made a brilliant debut with her "Evelina", just before the beginning of the nineteenth century, fell down completely on her book entitled, "The Wanderer", (1814).

So it is that we come to the period with which we are more intimately concerned, the nineteenth century, truly called the age of the novel. Notwithstanding the great achievements of poetry and history, the novel had been making its way steadily as a popular form of literature for something like a century. It had produced great practitioners and, what was more to its advancement, had gained a hold upon the reading part of the nation; still it was by no means a success as has been shown in the preceding lines. The places were not real, being painted scenes upon which wooden characters were shoved about upon artificial platforms. There was not freedom of action, and hence the result was a stern and severe novel, not allowing the reader to think or imagine, except along forced lines.

However, with the coming of this century, the novel was to undergo a complete reincarnation, both in regard to style and popularity. It was about eighteen hundred and fourteen that the father of the novel, Walter Scott,

came upon the literary horizon, as a prose writer.

Although it may seem strange, still the birth of the nineteenth century novel may be accredited in no little manner to Lord Byron. It was his greatness as a poet that made Waverly and its successors; because at the beginning of the century Scott was enjoying great success as a poet and his immediate inducement to turn from verse to prose romance was undoubtedly the popularity of Byron, coupled with his own consequent loss of public fervor; so that when in 1814, Scott published Waverly, the competent judges were quick to see that a new planet had swum into the literary ken. It entertained the English reader with its novelty and freshness, while the Scotchman was entranced and delighted with its truth.

It was here for the first time since Fielding that the true and universal sort of life was displayed in this form of literature. The typographical situations were real, not the wooden scenery of a child's nursery; the persons were real, too, not merely the "painted characters" thrust upon the stage on wheels. Outside of Robinson Crusoe's caves and castles, Tullyvoelton presented the only fictitious places to the reader for something like a century, and the attractions of the latter far outdid the cave and castle. And so it was that Waverly led the way for myriads that were to follow, because the



greatest difficulty seemed to have been overcome.

Following in the footsteps of Walter Scott we find Miss Austin, not much his junior, achieving hardly less success in other lines of fiction, especially those which he touched least. The first and most striking characteristic of Miss Austin's novels was their departure from the usual romantic character, offering something to the public of the mild and pleasing in the way of good natured raillery upon the Terror School.

Others who, in the early decades of the century, followed in the immense field which Scott and Miss Austin opened up to them, were Miss Edgeworth, a woman with a fair knowledge of humanity, a sense of humor and at her best, a light and easy style. But partly because of the direct influence of her father, she was too apt to infuse into her works too much moralizing. She was absolutely destitute of the power of managing a plot, and even in a dialogue, she would lapse from a brilliant to a dull style with a suddenness that is more than irritating.

John Galt, writing about the third decade, was another to take advantage of the opportunities the novel afforded him, and although he cannot be classed as a Scott or an Austin, still his books and style, though local, were very pleasing, especially in their peculiar Scotch dialogue.

Thus, it is seen that the first three decades of the century were marked

with a very prosperous advance of the novel. However, there came a time, covering about the fourth decade, when it might have seemed, to the acute and well informed judge, that the progress of fiction would be arrested. The immense impetus given by Scott and Miss Austin appeared to have waned with themselves. Few of the novelists mentioned above were writing and one or two, especially Lever and Bulwer, had their best work to come in 1837. But between 1826 and 1837, not one of absolutely first class was writing.

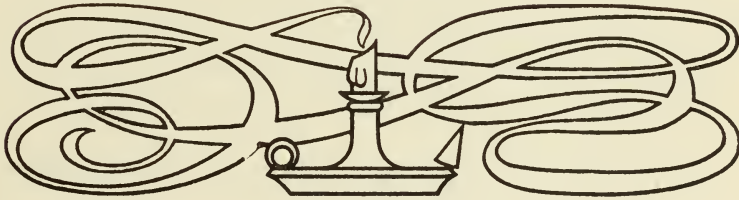
However, the novel, as all other fallen idols, was not without its rescuers. There were at this very time, growing up, two of the greatest writers of English prose fiction, Charles Dickens, and William Makepeace Thackeray, who were very nearly of an age. These two men, writing at a time when the novel was and had been for some time decidedly on the wane, fostered it in such a tender manner that soon it soared high, upon the wings of popular favor, never again to alight. Of the two, perhaps Dickens was the most successful in commercializing his efforts, and was without a doubt greeted with much more favor upon the production of his first writing. However he never much excelled his first distinct essay, while it was years before Thackeray gave his full measure.

The more important writers of the later part of the century, dating from about 1860 to 1900 were, Charles

Reade, a slightly eccentric but very powerful tale-teller, dabbling in all styles with nothing common-place in any of them and still not a masterpiece to his credit. Following him we have Mary Cross, known in literature as George Elliot, a truly great writer, though affected by the incriminating consequences of uncertainty of character, which seems to have attacked the novelist more than any other class.

And to close this great century of prose fiction we have Robert Louis Stevenson, the supreme story teller of

the period. His native humor, and imagination, his hardly surpassed faculty of telling a story, his wit, and his command of the pathetic and horrible, together with his many attributes, make him a writer that will never be forgotten and although we are sorry that he is gone, still we may be thankful that he lived at all and only hope that the first, yea even all the novelists of the coming century, may be only half as great as the last of the nineteenth century.



## Non Sine Causa

---

**I**n the wastes of infinity boundless  
Beyond furthest bounds of the world  
Dwelt Chaos, own mother of Cosmos,  
And to earth these words she hurled:

“Long have I haunted these reaches,  
This wild, this weary wold,  
Seared by the hand of oblivion  
Chilled by nihilic cold;

“Forgotten am I by my offspring,  
Cosmos and Chronos senile,  
Till I’ve wearied and fretted in silence  
And longed for the world the while.

“But my advent spells tears and terror  
And thunder and anarchy dire,  
And wreck and wrack and reeking rot  
And flaunt of fuming fire.

“And the joys of men it drives afar  
As the wind drives thistle-down,  
While sorrows flock in its dismal wake  
Like thieves to a thriving town.

“And my breath like the breeze of some wierd, wan wind,  
That rushes hot from hell,  
Shall fan to fury a people’s thoughts,  
And hate in their hearts shall dwell.



“For those hearts are unto that selfsame breath  
As reeds that cluster round  
The marge of some inland, idle lake  
Where the lone loon’s cries resound.

“And the fruit of that hideous blossom  
Formed by my formless breath  
Shall be brother throttling brother  
And bayonets dripping death.

“Till nations and men and laws of men,  
And social illusions, too,  
Shall chafe at the bit of bridle chaotic  
And pristine folly rue.

“Till the wash of the years that wax and wane  
Shall lave the shores of time  
With flood of blood, proclaiming my rule  
Of gore and grisly grime.

“Till the stars, that in their lightsome course  
Through the blue, broad heavens wheel,  
Are fain from the sickening, saddening sight  
With aching hearts to reel.

“Still I’m just above wordly measure,  
And my hand no race will blight  
Till its sins and vaunts and vanity  
Prove it prone to my moiling might.

“Till the eyes of the years were bleared with age  
They’ve watched the hour-glass run  
In the hands of Chronos, my first-born,—  
Twin-born with the shivering Sun.

## THE REDWOOD

“And no one yet by his folly  
Hath proffered the glad excuse  
For me to appear from spectral void  
Till thou, O Earth, by abuse

“Of thy gifts and gems and glinting gold,  
By thy love of moneyed clay,  
By the damning, deadening, decadent din  
Of thy blatant factories bay

“To the gods of gold, which whines the while  
Like the howl of a wolf to the moon,  
Hast invited me to chasten thee  
With biting whip of ruin.”

She spoke, and straightway took abode  
On the fair, full fields of France,  
And blighted their grace with foul, thin hand  
As she played her game of chance.

The game that only she can win,  
With men's blood as refreshment of wine;  
And stupid men in their pride of sin  
To blame her this waste decline.

Some blame Kings and a Kaiser some—  
But ye who are wise well know  
T'was Chaos own mother of Cosmos  
Who deluged our world with woe.

W. KEVIN CASEY

# Good Cleopatra

Arthur D. Spearman.



SINCE the big game when we humbled Leland, a peculiar association of thought has existed between the little town of Milpitas and room 51—Junior Hall. In the outskirts of Milpitas is a rather retiring home standing behind palms, locusts and prodigal oleanders and scarcely visible from the road. In this spot some years ago Claude Edward Adrian first taught his father the pain of a sleepless night and even in his cradle commenced the study of his fingernails. Their culture he has since become familiar with to an amazing degree. Claude's father was a poet; he wore flowing ties, velvet hats and ate opium. This last perhaps explains the dreamy fingernails of Claude, first and only hope of the family.

\* \* \* \*

With a dash and snap that even the Freshmen commented upon as rash, old Bartholomew Buchanan, hereditary baggage man of Valley University, drove through the Alameda gate amid a chorus of greetings from the Arcade, drew sudden rein on the horse and stopped. Did I say Bartholomew was old? He was—nay, antiquated—one of the original Franciscans claimed Bartholo-

mew was raised in the mission elevator. However true this may be, he is old, his horse is old, his jokes are old and his wagon too, for that is one of his jokes.

At the opening of the 19— season, Bartholomew, as we have agreed, drove with unbecoming rapidity into the campus and stopped, that is, the horse stopped—too efficiently. Bartholomew made a flying effort, and his load, a moderate sized piano-box, reeled dizzily sideways and crashed open upon the ground. A cry of horror echoed down the Arcade. Not from Bartholomew, he was past the effort; not from the horse, he stood wickedly calm. The cry was again heard and a small lithe figure ran toward the disordered piano-box.

"Oh my picture, my picture!" shrieked Claude as, burrowing frantically towards the center of confusion, he dashed aside red flannel B. D. X's, victrola records and scattered dabs of raspberry jam. Quickly rising he held aloft a Platinum Print: a radiance of beauty smiling demurely upon his upturned face.

"Thank God you're not hurt, Marie," burst from his anxious lips, and overcome with emotion he fainted in the arms of Duke—the varsity captain. It



was here unconsciously that Claude made his first deep impression on the students of Valley University—with his fingernails. On the facade of Junior hall are two balconies. Each subtends four windows of a Moorish type that blend splendidly with the mission lines of the building. On the north the balcony is unimportant save that it opens into the junior chapel. On the south it forms a convenient passageway between rooms 51 and 53. To 51 several college men carried the limp form of Claude Adrian, and the Platinum Print.

“Give him air,” was the brief command of Duke. The word was enough and the crowd vacated to emerge rioting as usual on the Arcade steps.

“Take your knee out of his stomach,” cautioned a reproachful voice, as looking at the scene of disaster the boys saw the ponderous limb of Fat Chesario apparently buried in the unresisting vitals of Bartholomew.

“Why don’t you jump on his head a few times?” advised another. By the time Fat had risen the crowd was around him.

“Oh,” he exclaimed modestly, “I just gave him an ‘Infirmary Special.’ ”

\* \* \* \*

Before leaving Milpitas, Claude had encountered and been the victim of the intense Leland U. spirit that seems to permeate the villages lying about that noble institution. The Spirit had been personified for Claude in the person of one Desmond O’Melveny, who forgetful

of ancestral affiliations, visited severe displeasure on all youthful Milpites who evinced a preference for Valley University. Despite the confusion incident to the arrival of his piano-box at Valley, Claude had not forgotten the equally unpleasant farewell tendered him at Milpitas by Desmond and his Leland friends. He even suspected the surprising weakness of the piano-box was to Desmond attributable—and he was right.

One night a few months later, the fatigued respiration of a discouraged Ford ceased under the restraining influence of Desmond O’Melveny and Clarence Lacquerre, two Leland sophomores.

“We’ll give them the rase tonight, huh Desmond?”

“The old raspberry is right but don’t talk so loud, they may have guards around.”

Alighting from the car they stole cautiously forward along the edge of Dean Richards garden, paused in the shadow of Administration Building and then made boldly for the pile of ties, boxes and logs lying ready to be built into the Funeral Pyre of Leland U.

Claude Adrian was a temperamental boy. Nothing else saved Valley from lasting humiliation. In carelessly working out some geometry construction for Prof. O’Radian, Claude’s roommate had dropped so many perpendiculars that Claude’s head ached. Rising from a sleepless bed he threw open the Moorish window and sought

inspiration from the journeying moon that rose a crescent in the sky. The effect was immediate. His sleepily roommate observed his fingers to twitch nervously; his hair waved strangely in the night's breath and weird references to Cleopatra, the ivory palace of the Nile, impassioned words from the heart of Antony followed from Claude's moon-kissed lips.

Suddenly the dreamy rapture ceased, he sprang to the bedside of his roommate and shouted: "They're coming, quick get up. They'll burn everything."

"Who, the Romans?" asked the tired one.

"No! Fellows from Leland, quick, get up!"

In another minute he had aroused all the junior division. With a speed that delighted the heart of Father Prefect, the cry, "All Out" cleared the building and as Desmond and Clarence searched furiously for misplaced matches the angry mob was upon them.

"Crown 'em," roared one husky; "Down with the Slickers," piped another; "Into the tank," gained most favor, and sturdy arms were rushing the disgruntled pair to the Gym when Duke and the Senior Police squad arrived to quell the riot.

"Out of the way, you rats," the voice of Duke seldom rose in anger, but now he meant business. "Is this the way you treat strangers?" he roared. Striding through the excited

juniors to the Leland boys he lifted both bodily over the crowd, the police squad formed about him and conducted them to the Banquet Room. Expecting punishment more brutal than that promised by the juniors, Desmond and Clarence were ill at ease. Unable to explain their forcible introduction to the dining room they settled sheepishly into chairs assigned them and glared sullenly at their captors. Presently rather savory whiffs became sensible in the air. Their pride forbade looking around since the captors remained stolid. For ten minutes the strained situation continued.

"Hurrah," shouted the police and following the direction of their glances the Leland boys beheld Duke advancing with a sizzling plate of steaks; behind him assistants with coffee and frosted cake.

\* \* \* \*

Next morning the City papers had it. Claude Adrian's name edged out the glaring war headlines and all political gossip was crowded to second page. The daring attempt of Leland and the chivalrous entertainment provided by Valley boys held the entire stage.

"Marie," called a quiet voice from the shade of a clump of oleanders. "Aren't you out rather early this morning?"

Marie, walking past the Adrian home in Milpitas, paused and turned demurely at the greeting.

"Mr. Adrian, you startled me, your voice is so much like Claude's. I am

mad at him now, he hasn't written for two days."

Mr. Adrian advanced to where she stood. Looking at the lovely girl before him, he understood the affection of his son and also why under every pillow and marking every book in the library were verses, "In the Orchard," "Fair Wintertime," "To my Love," "Sweet Marie".

"Mr. Adrian, you stopped me. I think you ought to talk to me," reproached Marie, becoming uneasy at his continued silence.

"Oh, I remember now," enthused Mr. Adrian, breaking from his reverie. "I wanted to show you the paper about Claude."

\* \* \* \*

When the gigantic pyre rose in a shower of flame and glowing cinders, the Senior police guarding O'Melveny and Lacquerre locked them in the guest-room—53 of Junior Hall, and joined the loyal voices that shook the night with their love. Mixed with the keen faces of the students were many alumni, old acquaintances that wrinkled in delight when the ties roared and snapped and youthful voices prolonged the cheering. The noise abruptly stopped, and all eyes turned toward Duke, asking silence from the cheer platform.

"Fellows," he spoke loud and clear, "We are all happy tonight. It seems great to have such loyal support and for the team I thank you. There is one thing more I want to do and that is

to thank the plucky little junior that saved our bacon for tonight. Whoever is near Claude Adrian—bring him up here."

Turning one to another, the boys searched earnestly. Duke, waiting expectantly, chanced to look toward Junior hall. The only one in the building—a light burned dim in 51. As he watched a stealthy group of oddly dressed figures stole from the shadow of the building and, struggling with a heavy burden, made their way behind a screen of pepper trees toward a side-door of the gym.

\* \* \* \*

Left alone by the Senior guard, the two Leland prisoners heedless of the noise without, sought refreshment in a heavy sleep. But Desmond O'Melveny was the name of one boy, and Claude Adrian knew it. While the rest of the school were making their way from chapel to the scene of the rally, Claude's deft fingers, in the shower room, were transforming six students of Valley into an equal number of ferocious Roman legionaries.

"It's a shame to slit this Valley banner, but it will make Fat Chesario the toughest looking Roman that ever wore a toga."

"How about me?" hissed Slicker McNeil from behind a selection of tastefully hung bedroom rugs.

"I hate to spoil a perfectly good cuspidor on you, Arbuckle, but it will make a wonderful helmet."

"Don't think it a minute," protested



that worthy. "Let Percy Williams wear it, he's going to Arizona anyway." Words were vain.

"Alright," growled Arbuckle, "you'll have to support the family when I am gone."

"Now for a Cleopatra make-up. Won't we throw a scare into Desmond Antony O'Melveny?" While speaking Claude disconnected the white canvas shower curtains, darpd himself gracefully in them, twined loud neckties about his head and ended with pink pajama legs cinctured fantastically about his waist. Standing in relief against the marble walls Cleopatra addressed his followers.

"Friends, Romans, Countrymen. This man hath wronged me much. When I stood lonely on the Arcade did not my trunk at this base friend's designing, betray before the multitude, my boudoir's inmost heart? Again? upon that day when last Milpitas saw my corpse, when I bid my lady fond adieu, this mongrel with his Leland pups, our parting cleft and I, therefore, I am still a youth unknissed."

The glowing tongues of the rally-fire hissed and darted wild in the air. A slight wind stirring the curtains revealed Roman helmets glinting in the electric light. Soon a legion of Romans, lead by Cleopatra emerged, stalked majestically along the balcony and disappeared in the darkness of 53.

"Arise Desmond, too long ye play me false." The sepulchral tone brought O'Melveny to his senses.

"Get the h—l out of here," he roared; three Roman soldiers choked the words on his lips. His fellow prisoner writhed in the embrace of manilla hemp.

"Great Antony this night I have you fast. The raucous crocodile shall crush you to his food and ancient Nile shall roll your rotting bones. Away, good men, betake you to the Nile, there cast him in and I will gloat the while."

The squad hurried from Junior Hall and with their human burden hastened towards the gym. Pausing at the door they gave voice to howls of joy, entered the plunge room, enacted hoary rites over their cringing victims and two ominous splashes echoed through the silent building as Duke and the Senior police entered the plunge-room door.

"You little devil," laughed Duke as Claude twisted and fought in his arms. "We'll send you to the Ship for thirty days for this. You know, Claude, I warned you to let those fellows alone."

Claude quieted down, and Duke, leaving his assistants to care for the Leland boys, carried Claude in his Cleopatra make-up across the campus to the fire around which the boys were practicing rooting. Taking him up onto the platform, Duke raised his hand. The tittering crowd at once grew silent.

"Fellows, I wanted Adrian a few minutes ago, to thank him for saving the fire for us. I've got him now, but I'm sorry to say the Senior police have given him thirty days in the Ship for

ducking the Leland boys,—but we thank—”

“Where’s Claude Adrian?” shrilled a high thin voice. “Telegram for Claude Adrian.” The Western Union boy advanced, tall and lean, through the throng, and at Duke’s command ascended the platform. Fearing bad news the crowd grew silent. All eyes rested on Claude. With a long fingernail he ripped open the envelope and by the leaping firelight made out the message. A galaxy of delight spread over his countenance, and turning to Duke with a thrill of confidence, he whispered, “Do you want to read it?” The big varsity captain bent over the typewritten sheet. The suspense was over and the boys fell again into talk and laughter. Duke conferred again with Claude.

“Fellows,” Duke spoke kindly. “There’s a day letter here from Milpitas. I’m going to read it to you.”

“Claude you are my glorious hero.

When you come to Milpitas I’ve still got the ONE you missed when we said good-bye, always

MARIE.”

Forbidding the cheer that almost broke forth, Duke continued:

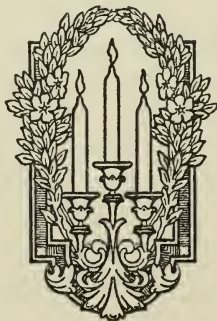
“I’ve just had an idea. If this little lady in Milpitas thinks so much of Claude, why shouldn’t we? Shall we keep him in the Ship?” Not a voice answered.

“Shall we turn him loose?”

An explosion, bursting into the night, shook the foundations of the Infirmary. Brother Constantine rose from beneath an overturned chest of medicine, staggered from the trembling building and ran to the feet of venerable Dean Richards.

“Dean, the earth is quaking,” cried Bro. Constantine, heaving with emotion.

“No, my son,” the aged astronomer spoke slowly, “they are cheering for Claude Adrian.”



# "Our Part in the Great World War"

Harry A. Wadsworth.



IN dealing with so great a subject as America's part in the great world war it might be well to consider, not so much our possibilities as a great factor in the war, but more our duty to the nations we have made our allies; our one great chance to return support which was so willingly given when the United States experienced dark days.

Is there a true American who does not look to France with the greatest reverence and affection or even love? No!! Such would be impossible to conceive; and why?

In those dull hours when this nation, only a few thousand strong, was tottering in the face of a powerful enemy, when liberty seemed to be snatched from the hands of a people weakened by the ravages of eight long years of war, when our brave regiments were succumbing to the guns of the mercenary Hessians through sheer weight of metal, and when the cause of justice seemed lost, did not France send to our aid a powerful fleet which enabled us to defeat our adversary; a fleet which brought with it, not only men, but

greater than all—, encouragement to the oppressed colonists? And now, after a century and a half, we find the donor of our independence bled white at the hands of a deadly foe who knows no mercy. Would this alone not suffice to arouse our nation to the realization of her obligation?

But this is not all. When our country was bleeding with inward strife and the Southern Confederacy was spelling the word that meant the division of our union, when foreign nations turned a deaf ear to our entreaties for succor and even backed up our rebellious people, did not Russia send a fleet into New York harbor with the command given to its admiral direct from the Czar to place it at the disposal of the United States government at Washington? Can these and many other well founded facts be easily forgotten?

And then there is England, Bonnie England, our mother country. Of course, it is true that we have said many uncouth things about one another and we have had our difficulties, but the fact remains that England is really the mother of America; we are the offspring. But this is not all. When Admiral Dewey led our glorious fleet against that of Spain it was found that



there were some British men-of-war on the scene. The Spanish commodore signaled the British, asking them what they intended to do and whose side they were going to take; but he met with the response from the British admiral, "Blood is thicker than water."

In consequence of such events could America remain mute to the cries of her loyal friends? That is not the spirit of our government as recent events have shown.

But now that we are fighting of what advantage will it be to our allies? This nation is the richest upon the face of the earth not only in money

but in men and supplies as well. With the support of the United States the allies can fight indefinitely with no danger of a shortness of food or ammunition. A grand army, too, can be placed in the field against Germany. True this army may be small, but it will be powerful, for Americans will fight to the last ditch for a cause they know to be right.

But above all we have shown our allies that we believe them to be in the right and have encouraged them, for now they can feel that the bulk of the world is in sympathy with them and will work in harmony with them.

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## To the Conscripted

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Brave sons depart, conscripted from your land  
 Godspeed and let your honor ride the test.  
 False heart beat not, nor stir within your breast.  
 Strong men are you, dread dangers to withstand;  
 Use not in victory unbridled hand,  
 If beaten, prove you're true sons of the west,  
 Who scorn ill deeds when proven not the best.  
 Fight fair and enter into Valhalla's band.  
 There warriors, your brave sires' shades await.  
 Find Washington, majestic southern Lee  
 And Stonewall Jackson, Lincoln too---our Great---  
 Defenders of their homes all brave and free.  
 For Justice, with your blood make red the sod  
 Else---scorn Him not---there rules eternal God.

ARTHUR D. SPEARMAN

# Life

---

**L**IFE is a little bell,  
Tinkling a silver song ;  
Life is a little bell,  
Into the milk-white mist of Time veiling the clouds of Wrong.  
So for the four year's child  
Kissing his new found toy,---  
Crows at the blocks he piled---  
All that he knows is joy,  
Whistling and singing the livelong day, merrily artless boy !  
Life is a sounding bell.  
Jangling a song amain,  
Life is a sounding bell ;  
Madly the strong refrain  
Clangs in the feverish marts of trade, calls to the God of Gain.  
So for the worldly man,  
Plunged in the stream of Life,  
Follows a worldly plan,  
Whirls in a worldly strife,---  
Doom in the dregs of Mammon's cup, Death is a flashing knife.  
Life is a golden bell,  
Rolling a melody,  
Life is a golden bell,  
Old though its music be---  
Sweetly intoning a solemn song deep as the sounding sea.  
So for the man grown old,  
Lithe were his limbs and strong,  
Merry his heart and bold---  
These to the past belong,---  
Know, if his days were spent aright Life is a grand sweet song !

J. CHARLES MURPHY

# The Purpose of Education

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Ben Mickle.



BRIEFLY, the end of education is to elevate the intellectual, moral and physical standards of the individual. The system of education that lacks any one of these three qualities is a rank failure and a sham. Better by far would it be for the young man never to have been trained to a higher intellectual sphere if his education is to be his undoing morally. An education which has accomplished its purpose, increases ones valuation of life ten-fold. The progress of the world, the growth of Christianity, and the development of an ever higher civilization rests largely if not entirely with the educated.

A young man matriculates at college. Perhaps he has previously drifted aimlessly; or better still, he may be inspired by ideals bred by propitious environment. In this one case the influence of example gives him ambitions and aspirations, while in the other he is spurred on to devote his time zealously to emulation. Time tells the tale of growth and edification for all.

Education, from the very etymology of the word, means to lead out. The dormant talents and adaptabilities of the student are developed to the fulness of

their possibilities. In early youth we all belong for the most part to types. There are singular cases in which a cultured parent may exercise great influence over the youth. When higher education is sought, individual traits and marks of personality are brought out and developed. The artistic tendencies and natural likes and dislikes of our nature are cultivated to a high degree. So the sensibilities and tastes which mark an educated man as a distinctive individual and social being are educed. Let it be understood that the writer means by the term educated man, one who has studied along liberal lines ardently, and has ever been awake to grasp opportunities for development and culture. A man who from the grammar schools on, has sought a technical education is of a too mechanical turn of mind to be sensible to art and beauty, in all that those terms include, beginning even with the very joy of life itself. The influence of charming personalities and refining tastes is an inspiration to the under-graduate at college.

Education brings with it a self-confidence and fearlessness which is vital to happiness and essential to success. In the contests of the athletic field and class-room alike there is born in one a

feeling of confidence and self-respect. The boisterous self-asserting prep-school lad is usually very shallow. His confidence is an unfounded bluff. As one grows to manliness, self-confidence is founded upon reason and good judgment. The spirit and poise that mark the military man are the qualities effi-

cient in the business world also.

Finally, let students realize that health is paramount to wealth. An active brain must needs receive its energy from a healthy body. Vitality is what wins the race. Moderation in all things is the best rule to live by.





# The Redwood

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF SANTA CLARA

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The object of The Redwood is to gather together what is best in the literary work of the students, to record University doings and to knit closely the hearts of the boys of the present and the past

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## EDITORIAL

“The Redwood” Success is a funny thing. No—success is far from being a funny thing. Success is merely a short way of naming the result of a sincere donation of the heart to opportunity. Success isn’t always a tangible something, nor can it always be pointed out after attainment by a pompous one in a white-checked vest and with the usual cigar, and therefore is not always blest with the physical properties of a high-board fence,—nor, I have heard, is Heaven.

Everywhere we go we find something that everybody in general has been trying to boost in a half way for a year, and a sincere grasping of opportunity would have sent it skyward in a day. Here the big thing might be the

building of a 'splendiferous' town hall, and there, perchance, they're trying to fill up the town grave-yard and plant a lot of old-fashioned tomb-stones, to make a glorious sight for tourists,—automobile tourists always seem to appreciate such a view as a sight rather than a site.

Here at Santa Clara we have a football team, and the very stuff that our cheers for them is made out of, is the greatest substance for success. And here at Santa Clara, too, we have got a Redwood, and K. C. B. would say "and it's a magazine \* \* \* And **You** publish it; And it's **your** magazine; And you're proud of it." If you could read what other colleges thought of it, you would be still more proud of it. It's worthy of the best that your sterling qualities can give it. It's your opportunity. Lend the sincerity of your heart to it and it will show you success. Make it show the old boys of Santa Clara—they who watch its every move—who gave every thing they had to give to the Redwood and to their Alma Mater, that you, too, have the same spirit, vim, fire and heart that Santa Clara has ever nourished.

### God's Arithmetic

When we were little fellows—not many eons ago, as I remember in some cases, we learned, each in his turn, that seven times one makes seven. There are a thousand ways of teaching it, and we can, each one of us, suggest

a method that might make the infant mind grasp the significance of the fact that one unit, taken seven times, totals up seven units. But, having little else to do, I was just wondering if I, or any of us, ever ran up against the fact that seven times one is seven, hard enough to make us realize that heretofore it had not come within our ken.

We have wronged others seven times, and six times we have been forgiven, and the seventh wrong we have righted by a good act, and in the record of Him who judges, we may begin again, and seven times one has not made seven.

### Writing Editorials

Some people are always depreciating something. Without limiting this statement to any class of individuals, why not speak, for instance, about how easy it is, figuring by the consensus of opinion, to write editorials. I used to spend a lot of time wondering where our editor got all the wrinkles in his forehead, and if the great weight on his shoulders and the shape thereof was from smoking Camels. Now, since his mantle has fallen upon me, I have but the greatest reverence for his quondam care and worry, and I have a rankling in my breast at the smile of pity he has for me.

Write about the war? Editors have fought the war and have won it for both sides a thousand times, and the Great Unwashed have turned again to the battlefield.

Why not write about oral examinations?—curses as well as praise may come from the very heart.

Next in order is the muse of poetry—  
“Breathes there the man with soul so  
dead

Who never to himself hath said,  
When he flunked in the last exam,  
Some words that rhymed with dell and  
ham.”

Or:

“Willie fell down the elevator,  
There they found him three weeks later,  
All the neighbors said was this  
‘My, how spoiled our Willie is.’”

And again the Great Unwashed  
turned to the battlefield.

I remember once when the editor

asked me if I would write an editorial I said I would. I had been waiting for this. There was something that I'd been wanting for years to write and I sat down and wrote it off and the editor thought that such speed was marvelous. That was one time I fooled him, but I noticed a queer smile on his face as I handed it to him.

“Today I killed a man in the arena.  
And when I broke his helmet—lo! it  
was my friend—

That same queer smile upon his face—”

Yes, writing editorials is a queer, smiling, humpbacked, forehead-wrinkling, mysterious game.

E. L. NICHOLSON.





“As soon  
Believe a woman or an epitaph  
Or any other thing that’s false, before  
You trust in critics.”

Thus said Byron with his usual fine despair. That is enough to cause anyone as yet untried in what seems to be such a terrible art, to endeavor his best to steer clear of it. If we of these columns should put our hand to carping criticism, we would, if we are to believe the above lines, find ourselves ostracised, or at least allowed to go our ways, trusted by no one, and, I suppose, trusting in no one; a very dismal prospect.

Wherefore, we shall as much as is in our power, refrain from criticism, in its bitter sense. We’ll try not to be chronic fault finders. Of course now and then a flagrant error may crop up in some effort or other, and it is only our duty to the publication in which it appears to point out both it and its remedy. A case of “blame where we must and praise where we can,” you know. And remembering this we hope that this column will continue to radiate good will to all of the great brother-

hood of college publications, as it has ever done. In the past our friends of the East have always had a big place in the hearts of their Western brothers at Santa Clara. And we hope that the severance of such ties would be the last thing in the world to occur.

And we shall, by our respective enthusiasm for different magazines, endeavor to give to any one who might read these lines, some opinion of the literary merits of the great colleges and universities of the country. Frequently, too, we shall quote for the benefit of those literary adventurers just mentioned passages that please us, so that the passages themselves may sing.

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### **Boston Stylus**

Closing our eyes we dipped at random into the pile of Exchanges heaped up during the summer months. And the result was the Boston Stylus. To tell the truth we had always entertained quite a regard for our Eastern friend, a regard won by a story read in its pages a year or so ago. It was a



story of a sad-eyed girl who waited out in the West for a childhood comrade to whom she was engaged, but who never came. We have forgotten the name, but it does not matter, the memory of the story is what counts—one of those memories that never leave us—a memory all flecked with the sunshine of laughter and the shadow of pathos. Can you wonder why we greeted the Stylus as an old friend? On the very first page we ran across a rather tender little fancy with a certain wistfulness and naturalness that told us our expectations would not be disappointed. A page or two more brought us to a little lyric "Forever I Love," which recommends itself more by its thoughts than by its diction. The latter tends towards the prosaic. However "Evening Mood", with its fanciful imagery all shot with a fine subtle loneliness captivates us and leaves us nothing but pleasant memories of the Stylus' poetry. Listen:

"\* \* \* the full ripe moon with all  
its brood  
Of sleepy starlets."

Not half bad, is it?

"The Cost"—a story of a real woman's love and a real man's appreciation of such a love, shows a fine sense of characterization on the part of the writer. He deals with the persons rather than with the events, and develops their characters in an intimate, natural, human way. We finished the story with that rare feeling that we really knew the characters portrayed.

"The Storm-Fear," although told with a keen sense of the dramatics, did not impress us quite so much as "The Cost". To be candid, we thought that the plot was a little disconnected.

"Tidbits from the Philosophy of An Emeritus" is a brilliant, fantastic, disconnected, engaging burlesque. "The Classic Novel and the Best Seller" is an essay along the very same lines of thought that have been occupying our minds of recent days. And strange to say, it gives expression to these thoughts much as we ourselves were conceiving them. The writer by contrasting such authors as Robert Chambers and Harold Bell Wright with the great masters of the last century, Scott, Dickens and Thackeray, and even with such moderns as Joseph Conrad and Booth Tarkington, points out that human interest is naturally centered in human beings, not in mere plots. It is not the searching for the extraordinary, or for realism that spells success in literature, but rather the painting of even extremely commonplace things in a human, sympathetic way.

Altogether, Stylus, a really charming issue; an issue which though small, is the last word in quality; an issue worthy of your real literary standard.

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**Georgetown  
Journal**

And next comes the Georgetown Journal. This June issue, beginning, as it does, with a bit of powerful advice to the student of the campus in

the shape of an editorial, is an issue of a personal nature, bearing a personal message, rather than of a literary nature. Thus we find an article about the Hospital Training School, the Baccalaureate Sermon, the Account of the Laying of the Corner Stone of the new Preparatory School, the Account of the Conferring of the Degrees and the Address of the Hon. Newton Baker, Secretary of War, delivered at the Commencement Exercises. While these articles do not call for any criticism, we may say that they are all extremely interesting, portraying, as they do, the real inner life of the school. It awoke in us the realization that here in the West things are not done so amazingly different from in the East.

Still the issue did not lack literary merit. An essay on Róbert Hugh Benson came very near converting to him one who always instinctively disliked him. His merits are exposed in a clear, forcible manner, nor are his faults excused. A thorough knowledge of his works is displayed, and their plot-work, their phsycology,—a big word for atmosphere—, are all discussed with a naturalness and conversational effect, without any flaring metaphors or Sophomore's purple patches, that bespeaks the true artist. And we are grateful to the writer for not committing the unpardonable error of idealizing the man of whom he writes—the placing him upon a pedestal above any other of his kind.

And the Poetry! Listen to this from "Dies Irae":

"Thank God there still are battles, that  
man has still a soul,  
And Europe beats her freedom out on  
war's iron scroll."

And again:

"For the soul of France has wakened  
and Joan leads the way;  
The soul of France is marching in  
honor's white array,  
The soul of France is voicing all the  
glories of her past,  
The soul of France is chanting to the  
music of the blast,  
The Soul of France is singing to the  
thunder of the gale,  
And Joan leads her legions in the  
lightnings of her mail."

Something fine and big and magnificent about that, isn't there? It is really wonderful with all its smashing virility.

"The Tribute to Maryland" we must confess as a bit trite after the foregoing; a bit commonplace in diction and thought.

"He comes—I say—and as he comes,  
he cries:

'My Mother-State, my Maryland,  
arise!

Arise and greet the guests assembled  
here,

Put on a festive air, a look of cheer.' "

Still all the poem is not as bad as that, and has a few redeeming features. And finally there are a few Prize Translations of the Odes of Horace;

really remarkable when we think of the way poor unoffending Horace is maltreated and abused and maimed in the ordinary class translations. A hard thing, too, this translation of Latin Poetry into real English Verse. To look forward to more publications of such a stamp from old Georgetown, is a "consummation devoutly to be wished."

### Nassau Lit.

And now for the Nassau Lit. As far as true merit goes it is really the Sirius of the galaxy of magazines; so clever it is and brilliant; and sometimes too, a bit frothy, but always entertaining. And in the terms of our daily drill, the different literary units are marched out of the wonderland of the Princetown men's minds and into the pages of the Lit. in formation of marvelous order and beauty. Such a group of short stories as "Babes in the Woods", "Unlearned Lines", "The Immortal Achievement", and "The Sailing of the Aurora" would grace the pages of the best periodical in the country today. "Babes in the Woods" was a little episode of so-called "calf-love"; a light subject treated lightly, but withal skillfully; a subject with a touch of naturalness about it that leaves with us a smile—a rare and welcome thing in these days of the reign of the smashing tragedy or super-baffling social problems. "The Sailing of the Aurora" also proved more than

ordinarily acceptable on account of its engaging plot. It is the tale of the bright lights of a little cafe up in the snows of Alaska; a tale of the "double-crossing of a tenderfoot by a dancer—"a small person with a face like a blossom and with eyes that were dewey and blue"; a tale with a plot in approved O. Henry style; a tale with a "punch" and with a surprise waylaying one at its close.

Of the poems "Eastern Virginia" pleased with its light careless swing; it has the ballad form and all the lilt and charm of Scott's "Outlaw". But the real poem was "Waking at Night".

" \* \* the brave moon, true to her  
certain course

Swung from the black-ribbed harbor  
of the trees

Full on the gliding tides that swept the  
sky;

Dropping one lone bright pilot star  
astern."

Such poetry as this does not need the clash of rhymes; its soft, delicate, internal harmony is far more beautiful. And last of all came the farewell to Princeton,—a farewell written in such tender measure that we know what college holds an dis queen of the what college holds and is queen of the

### Fordham Monthly

And last, but of course not least, we salvage from the stranded publications on our desk The Fordham Monthly. Being its farewell number

it sings, as does the Georgetown Journal, the personal note. The only prose piece not dealing with campus affairs is an essay on the "Hereditary Curse of the Pyncheons"—an excellent commentary on the characters of Hawthorne's well known "House of the Seven Gables."

Most papers give prose the preference to poetry. The tables, however, we find here turned; there is a good deal of poetry and any amount of verse. The first poem and the best is "Alma Mater", a really exquisite ode to the Class of Seventeen. Here's a line that struck us being particularly fine,

"As wide-eyed children in a palace fair".

It is really Tennysonian in its simple harmony. We are afraid that the poem

to the Ambulance Corps is a bit mechanical. "The Terror", however, a sort of doggerel with a slashing of Kipling here and there has all the fire the former lacks. The rest is more or less verse, not at all diffuse, nor does it bore—wherefore it is acceptable. Taking it all in all, Fordham, your's is really an excellent number.

And in conclusion we say that should we have wandered from the path of good nature in our various random opinions, we lay all the blame on a grouchiness caused by being hardly able to keep our eyes open from sleep. Yes, and one whose shins may have been brazed by a careless whack in these columns must please not blame us, but rather the insidious, disturbing whisperings of some errant sandman.

W. KEVIN CASEY.





# University Notes



## Return

It is now one month since the few old students, for many were called and many were chosen, and the numerous new students have returned from "the blissful days of inaction" as some great philosopher so wisely put it.

By this time the accustomed ones have come back to earth and are studying hard, while the newcomers have shaken off the evils of homesickness or bewilderment, or whatever the disease may be, and are also chiefly engaged in their Ciceros or Homers. However, if there be a few "slackers" let them wake up, their school is calling them and examinations are none too far away. Let the students also have their recreation, but not too much of it, a golden mean is by far the best way to spend your school days. If you feel like cutting classes for the more pleasant spots of some young lady's porch or some movie palace's chairs, think of letter A and its disagreeable, hard and most uncomfortable lounging places, to say nothing of its pleasant and charming task-masters.

## Father Welch

It seems to us that we have read somewhere or other in our youth that it is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all; for at least there remains the pleasant recollection of that which once was ours. Something akin to this is our feeling now that we have lost Father Henry Welch, for the past four years our Chaplain. For in losing him each student realizes that he has lost a true friend, his best friend at Santa Clara. Of a truth Father Welch was more than the proverbial friend in need. Day and night was the threshold of his door worn by those who sought his advice, his comfort, or his consolation; and never did anyone leave him without feeling the better for his visit.

Indeed, the slogan of "Send him to Father Welch" was quite frequently in evidence when every other expedient failed, when no impression could be made on a student by either threat, entreaty or reason. And little Father Welch inevitably achieved the impossible.

Always the same, uniformly kind,

mild mannered, gentle, gracious, in Father Welch is exemplified the perfect gentleman; because not only were his exterior manners to the least detail beyond the slightest reproach, but being a man of God, walking ever in the presence of his Maker, he actuated each action by a supernatural motive. He was kind to others for the love of God.

Greatly then shall we miss him; greatly too shall we miss his talks on Sundays evenings, when, with his perfectly formed little sermons, enlivened by an infinite variety of anecdotes, he held us spellbound. Of course we realize that our loss is someone else's gain, and that we cannot but felicitate the Jesuit Scholastics, students of Philosophy, at St. Michael's, Hillyard, Washington, whither went Father Welch, on having as spiritual director of their Community a man, who, to our lay mind, typifies the ideal of a Jesuit.

But we are fortunate in having as the successor of Father Welch, Father Dominic Giacobbi. He too is a wonderfully kind man, and we feel sure that on more intimate knowledge we shall come to love him.

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#### **Frs. Gianera and Cunningham**

It was with a deep feeling of sorrow that the "old fellows" witnessed the departure of Frs. William Gianera and Edward Cunningham from our faculty. Fr. Gianera, who for so many years taught Geometry, baseball and all-around "pep", departed for the

far north and will hence forward delve in problems of Philosophy and Theology. We extend to him our heartfelt gratitude for his invaluable inspirations while at Santa Clara.

Fr. Cunningham, a more reserved man, spent his time in teaching the students the mysteries of our physical world and he too has departed to take up his studies of Theology. We wish him all the success possible and hope that he will some day return to our sacred halls.

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#### **Fowler and Hickey**

Many have been called to serve their country in this grave crisis which it is going through; but the loss of none was felt as much as that of Roy Fowler, captain of the varsity fifteen, and of Thomas Hickey, football and baseball star.

Roy Fowler entered Santa Clara in 1915 and immediately became one of the popular men of the campus. Besides making Santa Clara's football history famous he was a very good student and upheld our standards to a remarkable degree. It was with great regret, therefore, that we witnessed his departure on September 3 for the Presidio, to join the Officers' Reserve Camp. However, we are consoled by the fact that he is serving such a noble cause. That Roy will always be guided by high and noble ideals, we who knew him so well have not the slightest doubt.

Thomas Hickey, who attended St. Ignatius University before coming here, will always be remembered for his work upon the diamond and gridiron. We hope that he will be blessed with unlimited joys and happiness while answering his country's call. He was drafted some months ago and left Sunday, September 16th, for American Lake, Washington.

### Military Drill

We're at it again; falling into ranks at the bugle's brazen blast; answering to the names bequeathed us by our ancestors, when the top-sergeant calls the roll; marching up and down the field of Ye Old Mountain League sometimes to the music of a "military band", but more often not, but rather glared upon by Father Midday Sol; taking more abuse from our company commanders than we get by a long shot from our prefects—and with all this we rather console ourselves that we are doing our bit. And so we really are. Some of those who were with us last year have enlisted, others have been called in the draft, others of us are daily expecting the summons, others still have to bide their time for a year or more. But that time will most likely come to us all sooner or later, and so we are preparing ourselves against it by daily drill.

But within the past two weeks the incentive to be really energetic about it, not that we were not so before, has

been accentuated by the fact that Old Santa Clara has been raised to the dignity of a RESERVE OFFICERS' TRAINING CORPS. As a result we are not elated, we are simply overwhelmingly proud.

Minus guns and uniforms, it is true, do we march; but these will come within the next week or more. However, when arms and equipment do come they will fall into the hands of those who already drill like veterans, and who can hold a battalion parade with any of them.

### Colonel Donovan

Colonel Joseph A. Donovan, who has been put in charge of Santa Clara's Military Unit by the War Department, had been detailed during the vacation to Fort Douglas, Utah, to look after, organize and systematize a Concentration Camp. Some one who in passing through there met the Colonel, said rather poetically that the latter was quite the "whole and undivided cheese" of the Fort.

But at any rate the Colonel's return to Santa Clara is heralded with enthusiasm both on the part of the Faculty and Student-body; for besides looking after our Military Organization, he has for the last six years been dean of the Engineering Department. You can readily imagine the Colonel's prolonged absence would inflict great hardship, as the filling of his position in the Engineering Department would be a task fraught with no little difficulty.



**Paint**

One of the most striking features that we met upon our return this year was the newness of the mantle that folded itself around the various buildings and domiciles of the University. After delving into the mysteries of the summer months, and I assure you many mysteries happen during those blissful days, we found that Fr. Minister outdid himself and had most everything painted. The aisles of the refectory were also covered with beautiful plush linoleum. He is to be heartily congratulated as it improved things one hundred per cent.

**“The Redwood”**

The Redwood is very fortunate in again having, what we shall make bold to call, an excellent Staff. Occupying the chair of Editor-in-Chief we have Ed. Nicholson of the class of '18. Ed. is quite well known to our readers, as he has been a very valuable member of the Staff for the last four years. Our editor of last year, J. Charles Murphy, '18, has taken over the Alumni Notes, replacing Chester Palmtag, whom we lost this year. In turn the duties of the Exchange Department have been thrust upon Kevin Casey, '20, a new member, new only inasmuch as he has never before been on the Staff. However he has been a very frequent and accomplished contributor for some years.

At the helm of the University Notes

Demetrio Diaz '19, and Norbert Korte '19, unkindly called the “Campus Gold Dust Twins”, have replaced Craig Howard and Tracey Gaffey, their most talented predecessors. Craig Howard '19, is to be found in the sporting office of The Redwood diligently encouraging its players and rooters of the University. William Muldoon, ably assisted by Elisha Dana, John Brooke and Daniel Ryan, is handling the business end of our magazine. Let us hope we will break all records in a fiscal way.

**Sanctuary**

The Sanctuary Society held its first meeting on Sunday evening, Sept. 2, the main business being the election of officers. G. Morley Desmond of the golden smile, who hails from Sacramento way, was elected to the distinguished office of Prefect. Let us hope, and we know our hopes are well founded, that the “Professor” will fulfill this office as well as he has the numerous other distinctions conferred upon him. The honors and duties of Secretary were conferred upon our sailor-friend, Craig Howard, who is continuously harboring thoughts of Mare Island and the navy. Knowing as we do Craig's versatility in tying knots, we feel assured of his capabilities in carrying out the duties incumbent upon a Secretary. Elisha C. Dana was again favored with the position of head fiscal agent for the Society. We do



not doubt Elisha's honesty, and are fully aware of the integrity with which he pursues and overcomes the obstacles of his office. To Alvin McCarthy falls the position of Censor, one which will bring him into very close contact with the different members. It is with great joy that we announce that Herman Dieringer is again our Sacristan, and as he has fulfilled the duties of this office so long and so well, little more can be said. Bryan Gagan was chosen for Vestry Prefect; we wish him joy. All in all the election was very successful and we wish the Director, the officers and the Society, unstinted joys and fruits during the coming scholastic year.

The favored ones who have been admitted as candidates into the Sanctuary Society are: Keneth Berg, John Bradley, John Brooke, Frank Camarillo, Kevin Casey, Bertrand Donlon, Alfredo Ferrario, Fred Moran and Horace Wilson.

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**Sodality**      The Sodality of the B. V. M., now directed by our new Chaplain, Fr. Dominic Giacobbi, held a meeting on Sunday, Sept. 16, 1917, for the purpose of electing officers. After a short and very quiet contest the following were honored: Prefects, Daniel Ryan, Rudy Scholz, John Bradley; Treasurer, Alvin McCarthy; Secretary, Robert Tremaine. We congratulate them on the high office they hold and wish them every success.

**Junior Sodality**      Meetings and election of officers in the various societies seem to be the order of the hour, the Holy Angels Sodality not to be outdone by anyone did likewise. After hearing various cheerings issuing from the sanctum where the Angels were holding forth, we on the outside soon learned that the election was fraught with the following results: Prefect, Augustus O'Connor; Assistants, Louis Trabucco and Tom Williams; Secretary, Walter Volkmer; Treasurer, Louis Arata; Censor, Frank Rethers; Sacristan, Joseph Dyer; Vestry Prefects, James O'Sullivan and Jack Lipman; Consultors, George Harney, Victor Larrey and Paul Donlon.

The Angels are already looking forward to their picnic, which is invariably the classic of the year among the smaller men. On last year's picnic they had a rip-roaring time, and it is still talked of.

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**Senate**      The Philaethic Senate was once again brought forth from the deep recesses of inaction on Aug. 28, 1917, by Rev. Jos. A. Sullivan, S. J., the indomitable President of that stately body. The few that answered his commanding voice, for the ranks of the Senate had been very much depleted by graduation and draft, proceeded dauntlessly to the election of officers. Senator Quill was chosen Vice President; Sena-

tor Nicholson, Recording Secretary; Senator Murphy, Treasurer; Senator Johnson, Corresponding Secretary; Senator B. Muldoon, Sergeant-at-Arms.

This being accomplished with little bluster or confusion, which usually does not accompany such functions, new members were voted in to fill the chairs of the absent. The following were so honored: Frank O'Neil, Cyril Coyle, Lemuel Bolter, Rudy Scholz, Ward Sullivan, John Muldoon, Deme-  
trio Diaz and Norbert Korte.

At a recent meeting the Senate was treated to an agreeable surprise when Senator O'Neil, better known by his play, "Ashamed to Take the Money", rendered for the Senators, with great feminine skill, his original act "I Want to be a Fireman". Senator "Bag" Muldoon also entertained this body with his famous nature dance entitled "Warming up on the Sidelines". Judging from such a quota of talented members the Senate ought to repeat, yea—even outdo, its great success of last year, and so it is with eager interest that we are looking forward to their great achievement.

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Great things have been taking place within the mystic walls of the House. Under the able direction of Rev. Jos. W. Riordan, S. J., the new Speaker, who undoubtedly will wield the gavel with great satisfaction, the deceitful politics of last year have

grown into a reality. Fashioning themselves after the national institution, which so ably guides the destinies of our Republic, they have formed two political parties. The Democrats are in the majority, and under the unfaltering leadership of "Huckleberry" Casey, expect to weather the frequent uproars of that body. However, we are sure the Republicans will make themselves keenly felt when the show-down comes.

The election of officers for the scholastic year of 1917 was quietly carried on at a recent meeting, the following being chosen: Representative Mickle, Clerk; Representative Jaeger, Treasurer; Representative Bergna, Corresponding Secretary; Representative McCarthy, Sergeant-at-Arms; Representative Veit, Librarian. We heartily wish them success in all their undertakings.

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### J. D. S.

The first meeting for the semester of the Junior Dramatic Society was held on the evening of August twenty-eighth, Mr. Peter M. Dunne, S. J., occupying the chair. A sharp contest for the offices took place before the ballot returned definitely the following results: Vice President, Mr. Richard H. Williams; Secretary, Mr. Paul W. Donlon; Treasurer, Mr. C. Bertrand Donlon; Sergeant-at-Arms, Mr. Frank C. Lemos.

These officers entered officially up-

on their duties the following meeting, a week later, which was characterized by the solemn inauguration. The speeches delivered on this occasion were of more than usual interest and gave fair promise of the fine spirit to be looked forward to during the course of the year's activities. After the inauguration new names for membership were considered, and the following were elected into the society by an easy vote: Earl M. Scribner, Fenton D. Williams, John G. Hiller, John K. Lipman, George W. Ryan, James L. Neri, Earl S. Douglass, Tullio A. Argenti, Leo E. Shottenhamer, and Harold J. Shanahan. The strenuous business of the inaugurations and elections thus successfully completed, the members adjourned to the more

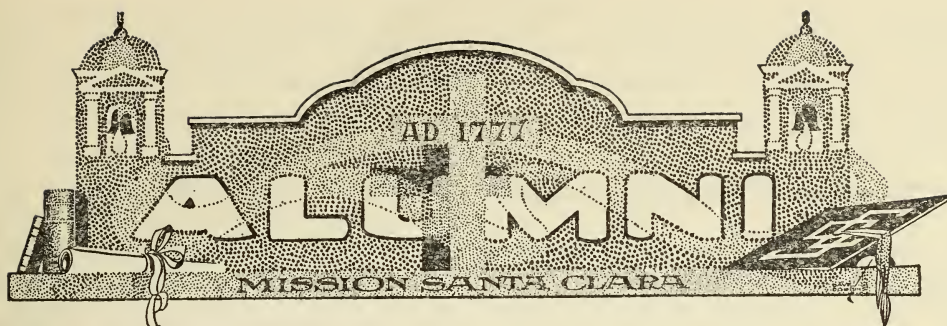
pleasurable consideration of some modest refreshments.

The next meeting, and the last we are able to record here, had to do with the initiation of the new members, and the consideration of a few more names. The initiatory speeches of the newly elected were marked by an earnestness which fell scarcely short of the inauguration addresses, while to the list of new members were added the following: John B. O'Brien, T. Mervyn Kaney, James D. O'Sullivan, August J. O'Connor, John J. Henry, and Michael P. Henry. In short, in this sincere and diligent spirit manifested at the outset the Junior Dramatic Society sees promise of a successful and profitable year.

Norbert Korte and Demetrio Diaz.







## Rene Menager

The first Santa Clara man to give up his life in the world struggle was Réne Ménager brother of Father Gabriel Ménager of the Santa Clara Faculty. Réne attended Santa Clara from 1907 to 1912, and on the outbreak of the war he, together with three other brothers, answered the call of his native land and hurried back to fight for La Belle France. For all were natives of France, having come to America in 1904. Réne was a member of the 18th Infantry, which took such a prominent part in some of the bloodiest engagements of the war. One day four comrades were shot down at his side, but he escaped unscathed. He wrote in one of his last letters that he had exposed his life at least a thousand times, and he marveled how he had ever come through it all. But death comes to all sooner or later. On June 5th while returning to their trenches from a sortie, Réne was struck in the back by a piece of shrapnel, breaking his back and rendering him

'unconscious. He died a few hours after at the base hospital. And the strange thing is, that was to be his last day in the trenches for some time at any rate; for in his pocket was a paper granting him a furlough of a few months to come to Seattle on a visit to his old mother. But God's ways are not our ways.

After his death his regiment was given the "Fouragere", the greatest honor that can be given to a French regiment. This means that the regiment was given the right to wear on its flag insignia entitling it to be a member of the legion of honor. Réne Ménager was especially cited for bravery and his death was publicly announced to his regiment. He was buried in his uniform half a mile from the scene of his death.

He was a great lover of his Alma Mater and was a personal friend of Tommy Ybarrondo, Louie Milburn and many other of the old fellows. Upon hearing of the Santa Clara victory over Stanford he sent his congratulations from the trenches, showing his



active interest in the affairs of Santa Clara. A requiem mass, attended by all the students, was offered in the college chapel for the repose of his soul. R. I. P.

### A Nation's Call

The most noticeable thing about the Santa Clara Alumni during this time of stress and martial preparation is the number of enlistments in the various branches of the Government service. The roll of honor is a lasting monument to the real patriotism of the Old Fellows of Santa Clara. Following are a few of those who have answered the call to duty: '05, Ralph Harrison, for several years in the regular army, has received the commission of captain.

The Naval Reserve has claimed the following men: Bob Flood, '13, Jack Winston, '15, Buckley McGurkin, ex-'18, Brack Clemens, ex-'14, Tom O'Connor, ex-'15, Bennie Fitzpatrick, '15, Al Pradere, ex-'17, and Earl Desmond, ex-'18.

The following men have enlisted in the Artillery: Marco Zarriek, '15, Ed Harter, ex-'18, Will Irwin, ex-'20, Ed Rodgers, ex-'20, Joe Maher, ex-'19, and Ralph McClatchy, ex-'07.

Ed Harter enlisted as a private and was advanced to corporal. He showed such efficiency that as a result of examinations in which he took second honors, he was advanced to the office of sergeant.

The Santa Clara men who received commissions in the first Officers' Reserve are Archer Bowden, Ad Canelo, Eugene Conway, Devereaux Peters and Bradley Sargent.

In the Aviation Corps, which has made such an appeal to college men, the country over, we find Phil Martin, B. McLaren, Tom Conneally, Roscoe Burke, Dominic DiFiori and Walter Jackson.

Toby Bricca showed his patriotism by enlisting in the Commissary Department. Toby was three-quarters of an inch above the minimum height and it is reported that he combed his hair pompadour for a month before the day he was to be examined.

Ray Durney, ex-'18, is with the Fordham Ambulance Unit and will soon see active service.

Noel Sullivan, '07, sailed August 15 to join the Ambulance Service in France.

The men whose names appear in the roster of the Engineering Corps are Joseph Chargin, Roy Emerson, Paul Beck, with commissions, and Mike Leonard, Bradley Dougherty and Chet Allen.

James Clark, '18, was the first man in the University to leave with the drafted men. "Jeff" was a familiar figure around the campus and was one of the most conscientious, hardworking and at the same time most popular men in the present Senior class. The Senior class was at the station to see him off.

Tom Hickey, '17, is another of the drafted men. He will be sadly missed in the scrum of this year's varsity and in the pitching box of the baseball nine. Tom will be a valuable acquisition to the army and should be in line for a commission. They might use him exclusively for throwing hand grenades.

Eddie Bean, ex-'18, was called in the first draft and is waiting his summons. There are, besides these, about half a dozen men who may be called in the first draft.

In the list of the Second Officers' Reserves we find the names of Percy O'Connor, Eugene Charles, Herbert McChrystal, Roy Fowler and William Cannon.

Will Whealen, '02, is with the Canadian Engineers "Somewhere in France." He writes that if he should survive the war his one ambition is to come back to God's own State, California.

Vic Leininger, ex-'18, was around school before donning the khaki and said good-bye to all his old schoolmates. While at college Vic earned the title of the Original Cut-up.

Ed O'Neill, ex-'18, is at present at the Vancouver barracks and with his military experience is in line for a commission.

George Stearns, who will be remembered as the king of all dramatic producers, has enlisted in the Marine Corps.

Clay M. Greene, '70, author of the Passion Play, visited Santa Clara with his wife Sunday, Sept. 9. At present he is engaged in writing scenarios, having written one hundred and sixty-two of these plays in the past two years. "The Sunken City" is one of the best known of his moving picture plays. Clay Greene is one of the most famous of Santa Clara's sons and reflects great credit on his Alma Mater. His fame is national and the Passion Play, his greatest work, is known from Coast to Coast and even beyond the confines of the United States. We give him our heartiest congratulations on his signal successes and wish him luck and happiness.

Father Fox, Director of the Redwood, President of the Senior Dramatic Society and Prince of Good Fellows, is at Gonzaga University, Spokane, as a Professor of Philosophy.

Mr. V. V. White, S. J., is at St. Louis studying theology.

Hoit Vicini's father, an alumnus, was here on a visit August 27th.

Ed White, '12, was united in marriage to Miss Elizabeth Veuve on August 27th by Father Welch.

James Fitzpatrick, '16, is at college for a visit of several weeks.

Louis Milburn, '16, is practicing law at Merced. Louie will be missed at wing on this year's varsity. He was one of

the fastest men developed at the University. Good luck, Louie.

We note with regret the death of the beloved mother of Frank and Thomas Boone. We offer to Frank and "Tony" our deepest sympathy on their irreparable loss.

Ed McLaughlin, '16, has returned to Boston Tech for his second year of post-graduate work in Engineering. He is studying Engineering Administration.

At St. Louis University studying medicine are B. Hewitt, '15, Kavanaugh, '16, Draper, '16, Coyle, '16, Mulholland, '16, Amaral and Marenovich, ex-'18.

Ray Hall, '16, of Gridley was on the campus for a short visit with his father.

Miller Atkinson, '16, who was graduated with signal honors, has become a benedict and at present is employed in the County Clerk's office in San Jose.

Carlton Herman, who attended Santa Clara in 1913, was down for a short visit. Herman has just completed a course at the Davis Agricultural College.

Herbert McDowell, '16, was here for a short visit a week ago and reports that he is doing well in the law at Fresno.

Gene Trabucco, '16, was at Santa Clara for a short visit and may enlist soon, but is undecided as to what branch of the service to enter.

Joe "Sneeze", alias Aurreocoechea, and William Bensberg, alias Noisy Bill, are helping the nation by tending to a little 600-acre ranch near Livermore. Joe thinks there is nothing like farming, and Benny, as usual, has little to say, but if he tackles farming the way he used to tackle the other fellow on the football field, there will be nothing to it.

"Cooie" McGinnis is at present with the Vernon Baseball Club, "Butch" Byler is with Salt Lake, Sheehan is with Chattanooga, Tennessee, and Frank Schellenbach is with the White Sox.

George Nicholson is practicing law in San Jose with Charles M. Lorigan.

George Donahue is with the Edison Electric Co. at Huntington Lake.

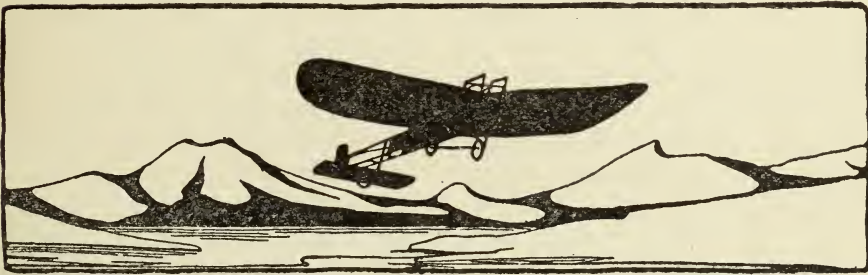
Marshall Garlinger, '17, is married and has a splendid position with the Westinghouse Company. "Moose" will be remembered as the man who always managed to get away with more class honors than almost any man in the College of Engineering, and his method of hopping on and off the stage will remain classic in the history of the institution. Garlinger was one of the most brilliant men ever graduated from the College of Engineering and his progress will be noted with interest by his classmates and professors.

Keene Fitzpatrick ex-'17, is the Moving Picture Publicity Man for the Chicago Herald.

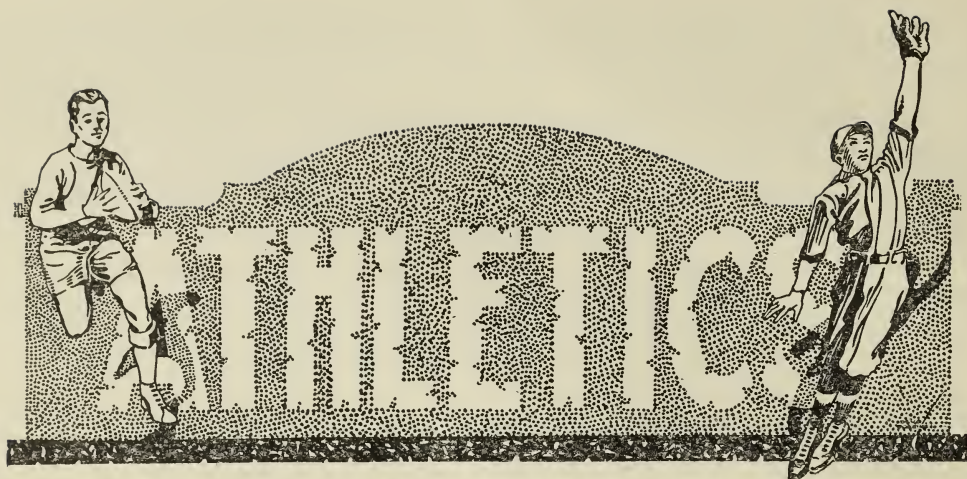
**Ex-'19** Chet Palmtag, who last year conducted the Alumni Department of the Redwood much more capably than it will be conducted in the present anno domini, is working in the oil fields

around Santa Maria. From all reports the "Old Man" is getting on famously. But that is hardly news, as Chet is bound to make good at anything to which he turns his hand.

J. CHARLES MURPHY.







A large number of veterans responded to Coach Charlie Austin's call for football practice. Among the forwards who helped to make Rugby history on the coast last year, Fat Howell, the brothers Muldoon, Bob Don and Moose Korte remain. These alone are enough to guarantee a Class A scrum. At half is Dom Pedro Diaz, who hails from Chile. In all probability the only thing that will keep Dumpie off the field is a broken neck.

In the backfield there are only two men, Le Bourveau and Rudie Scholz, who were factors in defeating Stanford last year. To fill these vacancies, there is an abundance of material, including new men and second varsity men. In the forward division Ferrario, Vicini, Manelli, Berg, McCarthy, Bergna, Dana, Heafey, Kierchoff are showing to advantage. Among the backfield men, Pipes, Garcia, Kisich, Grace, O'Connor, Conneally, Cota, and others,

are displaying a fine brand of both defensive and offensive football.

To extol the work of Coach Charlie Austin is needless. Everyone is familiar with Charlie's ability and efficiency. On the field he works so faithfully with the team that improvements are noted daily. All rest assured that under his competent guidance Santa Clara will have another great year.

In the person of Stitt Wilson Santa Clara can boast of an able trainer, one whose popularity rests not only upon his surgical faculties, but also on his willingness to care for the injured at any time. As an assistant Stitt will have Jimmie Carr, who is making his initial appearance as a guardian of iodine and liniment.

To the lot of Gerald Desmond has fallen the management of athletics,—no easy task. But the heavy schedule he has planned proves his fitness for the position. Jerry has many duties de-

volving upon him, but he always manages to spend at least four nights a week watching the practice.

Certainly worthy of mention are the Yell-leaders Francis X. O'Neil, and Joe Taber. The former is noted for his forensic powers while the latter may be seen every day conditioning himself for his duties by playing catches with the 16-lb. shot.

### Freshman 6

### Oakland High 6

In the first preliminary game of the season the Freshmen held the fast Oakland High team to a 6 to 6 tie. In view of the fact that this was the first game for the Freshmen, the result is commendable. Kisich tallied first when he went over the line after a short passing rush. The attempt at conversion failed. The Oakland club scored twice but could convert neither try. Larrey tied the score when he kicked the ball from placement on the thirty yard line. All the Freshies played fine Rugby, but especially Berg, Manelli, Sheehy, Ferrario and Larrey.

### OAKLAND HIGH

### FRESHMEN

McGregor	Front Rank	Berg
Mills	Front Rank	Manelli
Blumhart	Lock	Sheehy
Osgood	Breakaway	Kaney
		Kierchoff
Larkey	Breakaway	Heafey
Burpee	Rear Rank	Ferrario
Livingston	Rear Rank	Caramella
Hermle	Wing Forward	Teague
C. Atwater	Half	Farmer
P. Atwater	1st Five	Garcia

McDonald	2nd Five	Grace,
		O'Connor
Barnard	Center Three	Kisich
Lar Rieu	Wing	Conneally
Daminakes	Wing	John Grace
Thompson	Full	Larrey
Fitzpatrick, referee.		

### Second Varsity 23

### All Stars 6

The Second Varsity had little or no trouble in defeating a combination of stars and near-stars on September 16, by a score of 23 to 6. Gus O'Connor secured the first try when he scored through a scattered field from the 15-yard line, Larrey easily converted. Pipes scored for the second team, from a ruck on the 10-yard line. Larrey converted from the corner of the field. At this juncture, John Muldoon ran 35 yards, only to lose a try when the ball was knocked from his hands. Conneally scored after the ball passed from Manelli to Vicini to Conneally. "Venus" Ferrario scored from the 10-yard line. Larrey converted both tries. Don scored for the All-Stars, but John Muldoon proved unequal to the task as he failed to convert. Manelli scored after a pretty passing rush in which Kierchoff, Pipes and Vicini participated. Larrey failed to convert from a difficult angle. Joe Braden scored for the visitors when he received a pass from Esola on the 25-yard line. The conversion failed.

### ALL-STARS

### SECOND VARSITY

Martin	Front Rank	Berg
Davitt	Front Rank	Manelli

Don	Lock	Sheehy	Berg	Front Rank	Patterson
Heafey	Breakaway	McCarthy	Manelli	Front Rank	Aitkens
Warren	Breakaway	Ferrario	Sheehy	Lock	Fraga
Hewitt	Rear Rank	Dana, Ryan	Kierchoff	Breakaway	Sloan
Gale	Rear Rank		McCarthy	Breakaway	Culin
J. Muldoon	Wing Forward		Ferrario	Breakaway	
	Kierchoff, Bergna		Dana	Rear Rank	Foss
Young	Half	Pipes	Bergna	Rear Rank	Turner
Davidson	1st Five	Garcia	Vicini	Wing Forward	Mathews
Fitzpatrick	2nd Five	O'Connor	Pipes	Half	Springfield
Braden	2nd Five		Garcia	First Five	Patton
Esola	Center Three	Cota	Le Bourveau	2nd Five	Broderick
Kirksey	Wing	Conneally	Cota	Center Three	Mulvany
B. Muldoon	Wing	Grace	O'Connor	Wing	Smith
Braden	Full	Larrey	Grace	Wing	Padden
Fitzpatrick	Full		Larrey	Full	Aitzen
Charlie Austin, referee.			Braden, referee.		

**Freshmen 18****Titans 0**

R. Craig Howard.

The Freshmen showed their class in the second game when they easily defeated the Titan Club of Berkeley, 18 to 0. In the first half the Freshmen had things their own way, but in the second half the game evened. Garcia scored the first try from a scrum on the 10-yard line. Larrey converted.

Garcia again scored from the 25-yard line through a scattered field. Larrey converted from a difficult angle. Manelli added three points to the score when he went over from a line-out on the 5-yard line. Larrey failed to convert. Manelli scored the only try in the second half when he received a pass from Vicini on the 10-yard line, and tallied. Larrey converted. For the Freshmen Manelli, Dana, Pipes, Garcia, and O'Connor displayed a fine brand of football.

**PREP NOTES.**

Football activities are surely booming in Prepdom, and from the number of contestants appearing on the football field we are assured of 'some pep' in the contests to be staged, as well no little rivalry for positions on the Prep and Midget teams.

Yes sir, we are going to mow them down as fast as they come up this year; no doubt about it at all. If you don't believe me, ask Father McElmeel. He knows. Already have the High Schools of Redwood and Centerville and Haywards been subdued and made to bite the ignominious dust by the fighting Preps. Speed, class and clean sportsmanship is our motto.

Father McElmeel, our Moderator,



has scheduled enough games to keep us busy during the season. Being an old star at the game himself, with a trunk full of laurels (so it is rumored), he is just the man to help Charlie Austin put dash and fight into the teams. Mr. Austin is much pleased with the showing thus far made, and he is devoting not a little of his time to the youngsters. And we want to assure Charlie right now that we appreciate this very much.

Of last year's men we find Captain Costa, Ferrario, O'Connor, Larrey, Pipes, Judge, and Manager Heafey. And it is not my opinion alone, but that of several others that each man of these is playing fifty per cent better ball at this early stage of the game than he displayed at any time all last season. The new men who loom up well are, Caramella, Chase, Bedolla and Kaney.

#### **Redwood High 0. Preps 25.**

The first game of the season it was, and as such was intended to show just what the youngsters had in them. The result of this investigation was to show that the Preps had a team that seems evenly balanced as well in tactics of offense as in defence. At no season of the game did a Redwood man really get away, while our lads scored almost at will. It was an auspicious beginning, a mere fore-taste of that which is to come.

#### **Centerville High 5. Preps 20.**

As the two teams took the field at the outset of this contest, many of us

who sat on the sidelines had a few misgivings as to the final outcome. The farmer lads from Centerville, offspring of a sturdy peasantry, looked husky enough, while a glance at our Preps told us that Ferrario, O'Connor, Pipes were not in the game; that meant that part of the meat of the scrum was absent, and that the half and first five were out. And when the Centerville lads got away with their first passing rush of about fifty yards, our hearts began to ooze out through our shoes. But when we saw the two scrums lock horns we were eased, for there was no concentrated effort in the Centerville scrum; and although the backfield looked a bit dangerous at times, yet they got away so seldom and were tackled so decisively and conscientiously that their efforts, spasmodic as they were, really did not amount to very much. The Centerville youths were rather weak on the defense, which in some respects accounted for four tries being registered by the Preps. All four goals Larrey kicked; and some of them at angles not too easy. Not bad at all, Pouch, we say. Heafey played the best game we have ever seen him in; and as for Dick Costa, why the Moose is getting better all the time.

#### **Haywards High 0. Preps 3.**

On Wednesday, Sept. 19, the Preps motor-trucked to Haywards to vaunt their skill on the high school field of that not unflourishing hamlet. Our chariot arrived there in time to allow us to survey the field where the battle



was to be staged. Immediately after giving said field the north and south, a clear vision of thriving alfalfa crops burst upon the imagination.

But, as for the game itself, we'd rather not call it a game; it was a melee, which, owing to the vast clouds of dust that these young giants in the scrum kicked up, made the distance from the goal and the ball itself even for the most part invisible. But we surely must give those lads from Haywards credit for putting up a scrappy game; a game, too, which was in doubt most of the time. The outstanding feature was the prowess of our young giant, Ed Sheehy. No one seems to know just how strong he is, and we would not advise any human to make a test of his strength; but it did appear to us the other day that he carried the whole opposing scrum on his back for about half the length of the field. Cap. Moose Costa ran him a close second in this regard. The lone goal was scored by a kick made by Pouch Larrey from the thirty-five yard line.

As for other sports the prospects

look well for the Preps. A promising Basketball Quintet seems to be in store for us, composed of several of last year's men, whose names modesty forbids us to mention, but of whom I am one, unworthy though I be. And as for Tennis, the Prep men who are participating in the tournament are Williams Brothers, Rich and Tom, Sherman and M. Kaney.

### Midgets.

There are twenty-four young hopefuls, including "Tutsie" Argenti, who are out for the Midget Football team. If Tommy Williams would only come out to lock the scrum their cup of bliss would be full. Rudy Scholz, a "four-star" man, has been coaching with excellent results. These future varsity men will compete with Stanford Gymnasium teams, St. Joseph's San Jose, Palo Alto Intermediates and a score of others. So we are confident that this year's bunch will uphold the matchless record of the dauntless, scrappy Midgets.

FRED J. MORAN.

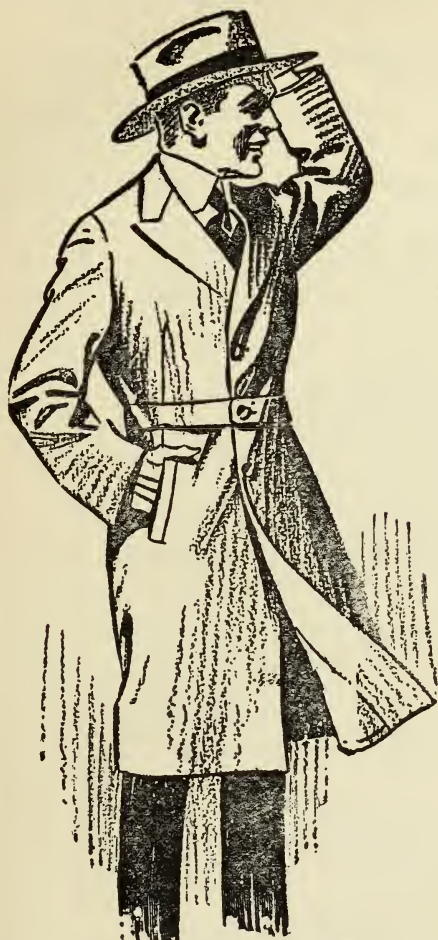


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WALTER F. THORNTON, S. J.,

President

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NO. 2

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## Rest

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LEEP Soldier, o'er you rolls the muffled drum,  
Tribute our hearts will speak, our lips are dumb,  
From thy clay nations form—  
Thy cold lips bid the storm  
Of freedom burst—  
The right of God has come . . .

Sleep Soldier, for the battle wrath  
Has died beyond thy ken;  
Farther and fainter down the path,  
Out of the hearts of men.  
Sleep—heed not our sorrow;  
Thy heart knows no morrow;  
Sweet may thy rest and peaceful be—

. . . Amen.

E. L. NICHOLSON

# The Checquer Board

W. Kevin Casey.

“Life is all a checquer-board of nights and days  
Where Destiny with men for pieces plays.”

—Omar.



SIG was a Jew. Nothing extraordinary in that, of course, for the two words, like the antiphonies in a choral piece seemed each to rise in support or rather confirmation of the other. In fact Sig and Jew by the best of lexiographers are considered synonymous. But what arouses our curiosity is that he was not a broad complacent Jew, with a bland, smooth face, and a close-trimmed moustache. He did not boast a vast expanse of white waist-coat marred only by a huge gold chain; the white expanse which is only acquired by a prodigious yet skillful wielding of the knife and the fork; and the chain that smacks of pompous prosperity. No, he did not at all resemble the type of Jew we are so familiar with today, but rather he seemed to be a remnant out of the centuries. He was the type of which Scott so freely spoke; the type that was wont to travel in rags while at the same time possessing huge piles of the king's gold; the type that the feudal lords of the Lion Heart's time, (those sturdy old rascals), thought it an act of merit

to toast before a slow fire with a revelation of vast sums of gold as the end in view.

If Sig had lived in those good old days—the days in which he belonged—his life would not have been worth a straw; for his crushed servile demeanor, his abject drooping head, and his flat-chested shrunken form, would have inevitably marked him out as possessing treasures fit to ransom a prince of the blood-royal. But since he lived in these present dour times, we have to ruefully acknowledge that though he would make an ideal miser, that romantic phase of life must be omitted, for he was frankly a beggar. In some Saturnian age the meager pittance that was dropped in his tin cup by an occasional passerby might have served to amass a fortune; as it was, it barely kept body and soul together. These few coins were in reality alms for the little old fellow, with one arm gone; to satisfy the law they were in exchange for pencils or shoe-laces from the motley collection he offered on his huge tray. Having thus accounted for his trade it would be interesting to glance at him a little more closely.

His name, we have already informed you, was Sig—probably derived from Sigismund; generally plain Sig, though some times Limpy Sig; a nick-name bestowed upon him by some wag of his own quarter. He had no surname—at least that he could remember. And he did not, moreover, bother much about a mere defect in name—there were others in his make-up far more serious. Perhaps he once had a name—Cohen, or Levy, or Rosenberg—it could well be any of the three. But as events fell out, Sig he was; and such was he to remain. When he stood up he measured some five feet; sitting as he was in the lee of an outflung corner of one of the largest buildings in the great cañoned street, he seemed even smaller. A dried-up wizened little man of indeterminate age; and with features of which little or nothing could be seen when he wore a hat. This was a low-crowned derby, much too large for him, and which, but for the staunch hold afforded it by his capacious ears, would have fled with the first gust of wind bursting up the street.

It formed an effectual screen for his features, settled as it was on his two huge ears, tilted high in the back and consequently brought fully as low as the bridge of his nose in front. Whenever he lifted it, however, for the sake of mopping his brow with his old blue bandana, his visage was open to unobstructed view. First a stretch of exceedingly bald and exceedingly red pate was revealed; a stretch that was

skirted by a strip of coarse gray hair, inclined to yellow rather than white—due no doubt to the action of the elements. His low receding forehead was puckered with a network of furrows and seemed to shelve out like the bank of a small stream to the point where his bushy, shaggy eyebrows—thickets of copse on the same stream—jutted out in a beetling cliff over his small, close-set, squinting eyes. They were separated by a strip of nose that was quite narrow where it encountered the forehead, and bore a mark from the chafing of the hat. However as it progressed downward it fully compensated for any deficiency at its source, for it broadened out, and expanded and acquired a graceful hook, which, even though quite red and weather-beaten, could well be envied by any Hebrew in all the land. No hair adorned his upper lip; nor was such ever the case. Consequently a hard, rather cruel little mouth was revealed. The hair that had refused to flourish on his upper lip evidently had taken flight to his chin; for a hirsute decoration there completed the striking individuality of his face.

And so Limpy Sig crouched there in his little cove and watched the brook of humanity brawl by.

It was late afternoon and nearing the time for him to start homewards. For half the city had to be traversed before he reached that tiny shack which he called home, and in which he had eked out his miserable, lonely existence as long as he could remember.



Suddenly he felt a gentle tugging at his empty sleeve. Turning with a start he perceived at his side a small, yellow cur; mangy as to his skin; bleary if you were to glance at his optics; slinking in mein—repulsive in entirety.

Now, Sig possessed all of that antipathy his race has ever entertained for dogs and swine. With the majority of his countrymen the scales of hatred tip toward the latter; but in Sig's case they dropped precipitously in the direction of the former.

Moreover upon Limpy's notice of him the mongrel began a rasping bark, and playfully proceeded to worry the empty sleeve. The old Jew's anger rose accordingly, not from fear of hurt to the coat, for it was long past redemption, but from a sense that the dog divined the little deception he practiced on the public—the arm that was strapped to his waist.

“Avay dawg!” His pronunciation was not of the best for he still retained a tendency towards the soft consonants of his fathers. And all the practise he ever obtained was an occasional phrase of thanks to his patrons; for in his social circle, namely the frequenters of the Levite Reading Room, Yiddish was invariably the language of the hour.

However, even if his pronunciation was not exact, the dog had no cause to mistake Sig's meaning, for the remark was supplemented by a sound buffet on his canine ear. The dog of indiscriminate breed drew off a pace or so with eyes blinking from the blow and

with one ear attentively cocked and the other drooping artlessly forward. The little Jew, now fairly boiling over with resentment and repugnance, uttered some rumbling Hebrew word fraught with feeling.

The whelp, however, showed no signs of leaving the vicinity, but on the contrary, slowly approached Sig, warily lifting high each forepaw as he did so and watching attentively the dangerous left hand. And strange to say he seemed to have taken a liking to him who had struck him, and there were in his eyes tentative offers of peace.

Finally he came fawning to the pencil-vender's feet; and Sig, although every fibre in his being was in revolt, forbore to strike him. For people were still passing, though in thinned numbers, it being near the supper-hour. And in these masculine passers-by, jaded after the long day in the humming office, in these groups of women returning home, weary after a day's shopping, and in these bevvies of light-hearted girls, swinging by with peals of silvery, tinkling laughter, there were many patrons of his. And he knew that to be seen beating a friendless dog would deprive him of many and many a coin in the long days to come. Moreover such an action on such a street in such a section of the town, would bring him undesirable publicity, perhaps even arrest, and would only make bad matters worse.

For a quarter of an hour, therefore, the pup squatted undisturbed at his

feet and gazed at his new-found friend with a world of devotion in his bleary eyes. At last all the pent-up anger in Sig's rather hard little heart burst like a flood, and with a round of explosive Hebrew phrases he rose, soundly kicked the whelp, and hoping to be rid of him, jogged homewards with his huge tray beneath his left arm.

A ludicrous figure he presented, too, with his stooped head that was on a level with his shoulders and that bowed to every step of his shambling gait, and with his immense suit of clothes, evidently the quondam property of some Herculean figure. And the mangy, tattered little cur trailing at his heels was not a contrast but a resemblance.

A few squares further uptown he came to a quiet side-street where, in an accomodating cigar stand, he left his pencil-tray and quietly unstrapped his arm. Feeling freer, he emerged to the street only to find the pup patiently awaiting him. In a fury he started towards the beast, but a placard over an establishment across the street caught his eye: "Headquarters of Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals." And Sig, with his hump, with his nose, and with a criminal feeling, slunk away.

And the cur followed behind.

Limpy was entering a dangerous mood. Hitherto the dog, with his pathetic misplaced devotion had been only a source of annoyance; but now he became through some subtile transform-

ation of the little Jew's mind, a personal enemy; an enemy that had about him something semi-human; a thing of another world come to haunt, and to baffle, and to torture this orthodox hater of dogs and swine. Back in the ages when his brethren haply amassed king's fortunes and gloated over them in secret caves, he would have fled, crying: "A vitch! A vitch!" thinking no doubt that his moneys were in peril. The same evening, in the ordinary course of events, he would have been burned at the fagot-pile in the marketplace, for communication with the Nether World.

But being, even if he was a Jew, a product of Twentieth Century super-civilization, he had little superstition in his hate, which only served to make it razor-keen. And as hitherto he had merely wished to be rid of the animal, now his desires changed in accordance with his thoughts. Within him formed a mad obsession to vent on the beast all his mad hatred—to kill him as he would a Turk.

Down in that quarter where the shadows lie thick by day and the lights flare high by night—where the flotsam of all the great sea of humanity gathers in little fetid eddies, and the scions of the law prefer going in companies of twos and threes, stands Carey's Drug Store. With regard to small matters such as supplying a bottle of sweet white pills that induce wonderful ecstatic visions, or dark brown ill-tasting tablets which in a small glass of liquor

produce insensibility, Carey's mind was exemplarily elastic.

Limpy knew him, and knowing him, bent his steps thither.

"Arsenic—so much," Sig, leaning on the counter made a gesture as if filling a small vial.

"Arsenic?"

"Vy yess."

"Wot's up?"

"It's vor a dawg. Eh vot?"

"Alright." As the unscrupulous druggist produced it, the little Jew further ordered some dog-biscuit with a "Vell, the smallest you've got!"

When told the price he threw up both hands in a simple gesture of despair, muttered "Gott!" cut the druggist down to one half the price, and stepped out into the chilling dusk with a lightened heart. Carefully encrusting the piece of dog-biscuit with arsenic he tossed it to the intended victim, in whose dreary eyes love still reigned supreme.

"Beard of Abraham," he screamed.

Good cause he had of cursing, for the instant the cake touched the ground a huge bulldog dashed from a group of hilarious sailors and with a dexterity that is only acquired by long practice, caught up the poisoned bait and scampered back to his protectors. And at the sight of the little Jew's discomfiture they laughed uproariously. And he in turn did not wait to procure more poison, for he well knew that the greater the distance between him and the sailors, when the bull-dog's eyes would

begin to glaze and the maddened beast would tear round in frenzied convulsions, the more complete would be his register of life and limb.

And so he shambled away, still trailed by the yellow whelp who was all unconscious of the sudden and sharp turns in the road of destiny that lead to a dog's oblivion.

The baby stars were just beginning to peep from beneath their coverlet of blue, when Sig, with the beast of mournful eyes trotting slowly behind, arrived at the river. It lay like a silent rod of beaten, highly burnished gold, casting bravely back the tremulous splendor of the rising moon and a trifle more faintly the glints of the lights that glared in the shafts on either side. Blighted by the fist of poverty, these stragglers of the slums leaned on one another for precarious support, seeming to rock sometimes as if staggering after a wild debauch.

"Beast of the Gentiles! Here."

The mongrel, whose devotion, strange to say, had not lessened a whit, came fawning servilely yet joyfully to his chosen master's feet. The loving master grasped him by the scruff of the neck with a hold no pup could have thought caressing, and swung him out into the purple curtain of the night. A splash awarded the listenig ears, and Sig with a heart in which the coals of rage still smouldered jogged away towards the beckoning lights.

He had not gone many yards before he heard a patter, patter of soft feet



and a dreary whine just behind him. And then out of the dark emerged an extremely wet and desolate puppy.

A string of pungent, heart-felt Yiddish oaths shattered the silence of the night. Limpy with all the force of his meager little frame shied a stone at the brute. It missed its mark and the escaped victim came and licked his abusers feet. A well placed kick sent him into the air and he landed some yards away, stunned. And even though the pain in his side advised him otherwise, he came back again, unable to reason his strange companion's behavior.

\* \* \* \* \*

The horny, taloned fingers of the old fellow grasped eagerly at a thin rope that swayed over what he ascertained, as well as was possible in the uncertain moon-light, to be an abandoned well. By this time the great harvest moon hung like a giant chandelier suspended out of the blue, directly overhead. Sig, in his half-crazed wanderings had gone out beyond the city and now found himself in a secluded ravine; a ravine that boasted of only one habitation; the great dark house that loomed up not many rods away. A few lighted windows glared out like huge eyes prying into the secrets of the night. And this well, at which he found himself, had probably been once used by those who lived in the nearby house; this well and the rope hanging from the beam above it—why the very thing! He first made sure that the rope was well fastened.

“Here,” and the tattered, ill-used hound trotted forward.

Limpy, a mad frenzied look in his hard squinting little eyes, took the dog and around his neck securely tied the loose end of the rope. A little slack was left. Taking one of the many stones that had fallen from the broken edge of the well, he securely fixed it to the slack. One of the stones dislodged in this performance went clanging down till it splashed at the bottom—it must have been miles below.

From a distant tree a bird of darkness echoed its dismal “twoot”. And then Cynthia, with all her glinting robes of silver, peeked from behind a tiny solitary cloud and shed a glorious stream of silent-pattering moon-beams upon the scene—pathetic in its air of mute tragedy.

The pup with his two great wondering eyes gazed in bewilderment at his persecutor.

And Sig? Well, it is said moon-beams, dancing in their weird and graceful abandon of delight, have strange effects upon some people. That may have been the cause. Or it might have been the contrast between the lovely moon-flooded ravine and his own fiendish behavior. Perhaps too, it was the world of heart-shattering pathos that lay in the terrified pup's eyes. Most likely it was the strains of music that came floating out of one of the half-opened windows of the nearby houses; plaintive strains, sobbed out by a violin to the tune of an old swinging



waltz-song; strains that throbbed and pulsed and beat with their thousand exquisite notes upon the heart of the old man there in the stilly night. At any rate the fire of rage in Sig's heart seemed suddenly to melt into a mere heap of ashes.

"Th' poor lil' beggar," he mused, "he did'n mean harm."

Some deep chord in the old Jew's heart had twanged at the touch of pity. The pity changed as it always does, to love.

"Eh, ole fellow—forgive me—everything? I was a brute."

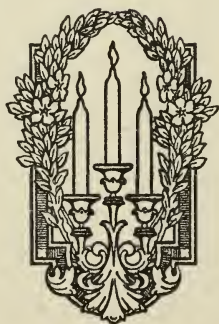
The homeless little pup, blear-eyed though he was, had stolen a spot in the old man's heart, and had filled a place in his life where before had existed a gaping void that had ached and pained, though half sub-consciously, as far back as he could remember. A glad light came into his eyes; a light that played and danced and shone; and he felt happy perhaps for the first time in his life. He was a friend that would stay by him

and make his life happier in the years to come. And Sig, with all these thoughts racing in happy, though somewhat confused procession through his brain, there and then determined to adopt this mite that had been, like himself, so cruelly used by the years brushing by with their iron elbows.

He bent over to loosen the cord which encircled the pup's neck. This movement loosened a stone somewhere in the decayed old wall. It gave way with a rattle and roar of stones and Sig had barely time to hurl himself away from the yawning gap. But he had lost his hold on the pup!

The long rope snarled as it swished from the great cross-beam. Then Sig, his face knotted in mute agony saw it grow taut and snap as the little body weighted with the stone, reached the end of it's quick, stabbing fall.

When Destiny had offered, Sig had refused. When at last he accepted, She withdrew. Thus as they say, She makes pawns of us all.



## The Flag

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The God of Battle stoops to-day  
He holds the world with grips of steel  
Quick martial music sounds, and say!  
What loyal man but does not feel  
A new-born love to gaze in air  
And see Old Glory floating there!  
For the Star Spangled Banner is waving  
High on the ramparts of Time,  
And somewhere in France they are braving  
Hell, but a standard sublime  
Waves to the beat of their myriad feet,—  
On through the slag and the slime!

The ranks go swinging by to-day  
And in each gleaming bayonet  
Behold a guide that points the way,—  
A guide no patriot can forget.  
And loyal hearts are beating high  
To see that banner in the sky  
For the flag of my country is calling  
Over the long leagues of sea,  
There where my comrades are falling,  
Look! they are beckoning me—  
And streaming above is the flag that we love  
Emblem of Liberty!

J. Charles Murphy.

# Clean Hands

Louis T. Bergna.



THE huge grey tanks bit their way snappingly into the tattered ranks, while their machine guns still belched forth their fiery tongues of slaughter. The leaden rain fell heavily, on an army greatly decimated, but dealing out death more promiscuously still.

"Retreat" sounded, but when the unfortunate men turned to retire, they were met with fire on all sides. They were surrounded. Naught was left to do but surrender, and reluctantly they obeyed.

The war-wearied men were all asleep; all but Jacques Leboe. He tossed from side to side on the hard damp earth and thought of the day's misfortune. "Why couldn't I have been shot and spared surrender," he mused. "But no it is not mine to choose; the merciful God has willed this, and His will be done. Oh that I could once more see my wife and babe. My wife and my ————." But he finished that sentence in his dreams; for his lids dropped heavily, and he too was overtaken by profound sleep. His dreams brought him back home and the sentinel passing on his rounds, gazed on a smiling face.

Back in the little village the woman waited. The trial was telling on her, and she lay heartbroken on what would be her deathbed if he did not come soon.

A few days went by, and in his strong heart grew a longing that he knew must be satisfied; in his mind a request which he knew a man of honor could not refuse to grant him.

"Yes, the General has granted you permission to speak to him. You will come now."

It was a strong man, and a face of honor that greeted Leboe;—not kindly, but they met as strong men meet.

"If you will give me leave to go and see my wife and baby, I will return tomorrow and face the firing squad with the rest of my men."

"How do I know that you will return?"

"I can give only my word of honor," and they looked into each other's eyes.

"Go, then, and if you return, you will die with my blessing as a man of his word."

The prisoner put out his hand, but the General turned away.

"Not now. If you return tomorrow I will shake your hand before the firing squad."

His feet were as wings. It was not

far to the little village and each day the wife had heard the roar of the monstrous cannon. Suddenly she rose from the bed. In her eyes shone a light that told her that in this hour of gladness her heart was overflowing, but her lips could utter no sound. He was in her arms.

"Jacques, Jacques, you must never leave me now." Then she fell asleep in his arms. He kissed her forehead as he laid her back on the bed. Then he kissed the sleeping babe, and left as he had come.

"What, back so soon?"

"Yes, I left her dreaming that we would never part again."

The General clasped his hand, and in the wrinkles below his stern blue eyes, great tears were glimmering.

"Go back to her and tell her that I have sent a man of honor to guard her always."

She had not awakened, but as he entered she rose, her eyes half closed, her arms outstretched:

"Jacques, stay with me always. I dreamt that they were going to shoot you."

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## Autumn

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In the silence of solemn splendor  
The glory of Autumn steals—  
Sadd'ning the smile of Springtime  
Across the graying fields.

Lo! Before frowning Winter,  
Repenting her care-free hours,  
Summer, a winsome maiden,  
Now kneels in widowed bowers.

HAROLD KEEFE



# The Outbreak of the Great World War

Harry A. Wadsworth.



IN a desolate little town in Bosnia, by name, Sarajevo, on the 28th of June, 1914, the Archduke Francis Ferdinand was murdered by a boy who thought himself working for the benefit of his fatherland. This was claimed to be the latest result of the curse upon the House of Hapsburg—that sinister anathema called down upon Emperor Francis Joseph by the Countess Karolyi whose son was killed at his command. “May heaven and hell blast your happiness. May your family be exterminated. May you be smitten in the persons of those you love best. May your children be brought to ruin and your life wrecked, and may you live in lonely, unbroken, horrible grief to tremble when you hear the name of Karolyi.”

And indeed this curse has been realized. The House of Hapsburg has suffered under the strain of a chain of calamities extending from Maximilian dying before Mexican guns amidst the ruins of his fancied empire, to Ferdinand slain in that opaque Bosnian capital. And yet the innocent people have suffered more than the unhappy Hapsburgs. This is a fit answer to Disraeli’s

aphorism, “Assassination never yet changed the history of the world.”

The murder of Archduke Ferdinand was the occasion for the opening of hostilities, but it is necessary to go further back to find the true cause and even then it may not be clearly defined. There are many motives given.

It seems that every nation in Europe feared its neighbor. The mighty armaments of Europe were the expression of each nation’s dread of all its neighbors and for fear of war all prepared for war and finally plunged into war.

A struggle between Russia and Germany seemed inevitable. Both were eager to grasp a southern outlet for their trade, and Russia, especially, wanted a seaport free from ice. In the winter all Russia’s northern ports are frozen and the only southern outlets she has are those on the Black Sea, which are of little use to her in case of war, as they are controlled by Turkey. Thus the Russian fleet is cut off from the Mediterranean.

This desire of Russia to extend her authority to the south has been the greatest menace to Europe’s peace for the last twenty-five years. For a long time England took it upon herself to combat that menace in the diplomatic

circles at Constantinople. Later Germany joined the struggle and gradually she became the chief diplomatic factor of the Turkish capital. In this way Germany was slowly working for an outlet in the Balkans. Austria-Hungary has long been Germany's faithful and efficient ally in this project. Russia and the Balkan states were continually endeavoring to foment trouble between the two nations. This was well known to Austria, and hence when the Archduke was assassinated the event was taken as more than the act of a fanatical Serb. Austria determined to show the conspirators that such plots would not be tolerated, and hence set about to subject the nation that would harbor them. Austria had always coveted sovereignty over Serbia and so her diplomats speedily found pretexts for war. An unreasonable ultimatum was submitted to Serbia and she was given twenty hours in which to reply.

The western nations, in the meantime, tried to dissuade Austria from her harsh demands, and Russia boldly declared that she would not allow Serbia to be the victim of war on "such a mere pretext." Then Germany came forward and demanded the other powers to keep their hands off. Thus Russia and Germany seemed determined to bring on a war. England and France made every effort to avert the conflict, but in vain. Just one month to a day from the assassination of Ferdinand war was declared and Belgrade was bombarded. Then the smoke brought

forth the flame. Austria had declared war on Serbia; Russia on Austria; Germany on Russia; France, Japan and England on Germany. Belgium was invaded and brought into the struggle to preserve her neutrality, and Turkey, Italy and Greece were making ready to plunge into the bloody riot.

Practically all Europe was now at war and each nation, as if ashamed of barbarous acts, was declaring to the world that she was not accountable and in fact did not wish to fight at all. Belgrade was taken by the Austrians; but within three weeks after the opening of hostilities the Serbians rallied and retook their capital. They routed an Austrian army, killing fifteen thousand men and in return invaded the enemy's territory.

The first serious blow to the Kaiser's program came as follows. Austria, Germany and Italy had a treaty by which it was agreed that in the event of any of them being attacked the others would come to their rescue. Now all eyes were cast on Italy. The world wondered what stand she would really take. The Germans entered France and advanced rapidly over French territory. The French troops were purposely kept away at a distance of eleven miles, but no one knew why. At length the Italian king made a public statement in which he said that Germany was not on the defensive but rather on the offensive and hence Italy was not obliged to join the Teuton forces. Besides, he pointed out that the

intense hatred long existing between the Italians and Austrians would forbid his government from joining them in an offensive war on France. Italy, he said, was to remain neutral.

And then immediately followed a most serious blow to the Germans. England, upon whom the Kaiser had confidently counted for strict neutrality, allied herself with her long standing enemies, France and Russia, and declared war. England's reason was as follows: Germany sent her troops through Belgium to invade France. This was a violation of a treaty made by the powers, of which Germany was one, declaring Belgium, Holland, and the Duchy of Luxemburg, neutral states. When war was declared between Germany and France, Germany found that it would be disadvantageous to her to keep her agreement, as she wanted to strike France at her weakest point. This was by way of Belgium. Hence the treaty was broken by Germany. But the purpose of the treaty was to prevent the striking of such blows by the creation of the three "buffer states", and there is no doubt but that the Kaiser would have protested vigorously had France chosen to take that route to Germany. The German government could hardly find any excuse for its action. The Imperial Chancellor referring to it as "The wrong we have done," could only say that if Germany hadn't done it France would have.

Of course, this may have been true,

and Germany knew well her enemy's plans through her wonderful spy system. But, nevertheless, the fact remains that Germany violated her treaty with France and England which guaranteed the neutrality of the three low countries. England, at once, showed displeasure. The German Chancellor inquired if the English wished to make war over "a mere scrap of paper." Still England held off. Then Germany, scenting trouble, guaranteed the neutrality of Holland and Belgium after the passing of the German troops and promised to England one-half of the territorial possessions of France. England refused to be a party to the German plans. Within forty-eight hours of the treaty's violation, the British had declared war on Germany. The great English fleet, which was mobilized two weeks earlier ostensibly for a royal review, was sent immediately into the North Sea under Admiral John Jellicoe with orders to capture or destroy that of the Germans. This, as was later seen, proved to be no easy undertaking.

There is no doubt but what these two great diplomatic defeats were a great hindrance to the Kaiser's plan of campaign. He had relied on Italy with her one million two hundred thousand men to join Austria in her attack on Russia, and also to march against France from the southeast. England's declaration of war immediately swept all German commerce from the seas and left Germany to live on her home



products or starve. Besides this, a small but mighty army was placed in the field against Germany, comprised of the British Tommies. England's entry soon prompted Japan to act and hence a declaration of war was heard from the distant Orient. Immediately the eastern allies were sweeping across the Sea of Japan to Germany's great fortress, Kiau-Chau. Germany had seized this fortress for reasons best known to herself and by no means approved by China or Japan.

The Kaiser, like a Napoleon, had planned to rush through France, seize Paris, and thus crush the French nation, and then to send his victorious troops to east Prussia and fight off the menacing Russians. Italy's action and England's entry soon overshadowed this marvelous vision. Nevertheless, the Germans accomplished wonders, which, although not justified, must be admired.

The German army is noted for its discipline and precision. The private is taught to rely altogether upon the decision of his officers and if these be disabled the private must fall back and join a company not so crippled. None of the German forces had seen actual fighting, but still they fought their opponents like veterans. Their equipment was excellent. They were only surpassed in rifles and light artillery by the French. Their armored motor cars, motor driven siege guns, aeroplanes and Zeppelin dirigible balloons, were the wonders of the world. Germany was certainly prepared.

But Germany had a grave problem to face in England's fleet, and she realized this from the first; but even in this particular the world found the Teutons capable. The Kaiser had for years made every effort to keep pace with England for the sake of his navy, for he was making ready. At the German naval banquets the toast would be "to the day", meaning the day when the Kaiser's fleet would meet King George's in battle. England was aware, however, of Germany's naval desires, and, accordingly, at incredible cost, built and maintained such an enormous fleet that for the first month of the war the Germans would not dare to risk battle. Instead she permitted her commerce to be swept from the sea and kept her fleet close to the fortifications of Heligoland, or in the Kiel canal. The fleet of England was far superior to that of her combined allies and it is most likely that if the Germans did not have a place of refuge in the Kiel canal they would have been hunted down and destroyed by sheer weight of metal. However, the forts of Heligoland proved a great benefit to the German navy, as did the Kiel Canal. Here seemed to lie the German navy's greatest strength. The fortresses of Heligoland always were a protection to the German fleet and offered a place of refuge. From the Kiel Canal the German navy could operate easily against the Baltic coast of Russia, or that of England on the North Sea. It is estimated that this artificial waterway which separates Denmark from the



mainland is worth at least twenty dreadnaughts to Germany on account of its advantageous position.

One of the most peculiar situations existing during the war is the blood relationship existing between the warring sovereigns. Besides the rulers there were close inter-relations between the courts and chiefs. We find Emperor Nicolas II of Russia allied with a cousin against a cousin. That is, he was fighting with George V of England against William II of Germany. We look at the aged and infirm Emperor Francis Joseph who was about to close a long and unhappy reign. He is a cousin of Alfonso XIII of Spain, whose sympathies are strongly anti-Austrian. Again we see Albert, the gallant Belgian monarch, exerting every effort against his German cousin, the Emperor. But relationships count for nothing in this struggle, and much less do international honors. Before the war we often heard of the German Emperor conferring the title of Colonel of the Royal Hussars upon his cousin, the Russian emperor, but those days are over—at least for some time to come.

It is related that when the British minister to Germany asked for his passports he was summoned to the royal palace. He went and was met by the Kaiser, who was dressed in a uniform with brilliant decorations pertaining to British orders of knighthood and nobility pinned across the breast. He unpinned them one by one and, throwing them on the floor, trampled

on them telling the amazed Ambassador to return to England and tell his King how the Emperor of Germany spurned his British honors.

There is no doubt that the Kaiser was the most interesting monarch in Europe from the time of his coronation. In 1910 he said, "Considering myself as the instrument of the Lord, without heeding the views and opinions of the day, I go my way." How could a man who said that in all earnestness help but be interesting?

In Germany there was no power behind the throne. The throne itself was all powerful. William II guided the destinies of his nation without any check, while in the other countries the monarchs did the biddings of their counsellors. In Russia, not the Czar, but Sazonoff, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and General Sukhomlinoff, Minister of War, laid down the nation's policies. In Austria-Hungary, the old Emperor Francis Joseph, bowed with the weight of years and numberless sorrows, who had donned the purple thirty-six years before with the words, "Oh! my youth! Thou art forever gone from me!" entered the struggle with the sorrowful plaint on his lips: "Horrible, horrible! No sorrow is spared me!" In the conflict that followed he had no part. Count Bechtold, the Austrian Premier, planned the war on Serbia, and perhaps more than any other man in Europe was the actual starter of the great world war. In England, such men as Sir Edward Grey, As-

quith, Kitchener, Churchill, and Jellicoe, ruled the nation; not King George. France had no men at the beginning to entrust the affairs of government to except her beloved President, Poincaré; and later events proved his capability. But Albert, King of the Belgians, only thirty-nine years old, showed the world that he was a man at heart and not the weakling that generally comes in the persons of Kings. He fought shoulder to shoulder with the most humble soldiers of his army and even sustained a wound from a German shell. Americans can well be proud of the fact that he spent a year of his earlier life in their midst.

After England entered the conflict, Portugal and Montenegro declared war, but this was of little importance. The general line up was France, Belgium, Russia, and England on one side, with Austria-Hungary and Germany on the other.

Germany and Russia were the best prepared for the encounter. England for a time seemed dazed. It was greatly feared throughout the empire that there would be internal strife owing to the Home Rule and Woman's Suffrage questions; but in the presence of a powerful foreign enemy all united and of-

fered their services to their country—much to Germany's surprise. In Germany, too, there was danger of internal trouble. The Socialist question had long been a debatable topic, but when the supreme moment arrived all united into one common unit. The Socialists proclaimed themselves, "Germans primarily and Socialists afterwards." France entered the struggle with little surprise, but deep regret. Paris, the gayest capital of the world, was, during the eleven days of mobilization, like a city in mourning. All was hushed in sorrow. All the theatres were closed, cafes put up their shutters at sunset, few men were seen on the boulevards, and those only spoke in whispers as if in a house where one lies dead. But, nevertheless, the mobilization went on, not slowly and awkwardly, but swiftly and efficiently.

And so the civilized nations of Europe were making ready to do to their neighbors what Napoleon said he would do to the Lion of St. Mark: "I will make the Lion of St. Mark bite the dust." And we are now allied with beloved France to make the Germanic leaders bite the dust, and bite it most efficiently.

# Columbus

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(Read on Columbus Day in the University Auditorium, at the  
Exercises given under the auspices of  
the Knights of Columbus.)

In the western skies are gardens,  
Whose blooms blush brightly at eve,  
Alluring with lovely enchantment  
Those who are fain to weave  
With woof and warp of restless thoughts  
Dreams such as gods achieve.

And these dreamers of dreams ever long for lands  
Where the skies and waters meet,  
Where the winded winds keep rally  
In some silent lone retreat,  
And the rainbow empties its crock of gold  
In a heap at the seekers feet.

Such a dreamer of dreams was Columbus,  
Such a seer of visions he,  
And with welter and voice of clangor  
He was told by the driving sea  
That his dream-lands lay in the far off West,  
His dream,—lands of liberty.

As blind dawn into dazzling day  
With faint flushed fingers gropes,  
He sought new worlds; but his brother men  
Had scarred his heart with doubting ropes,  
Too deep to be moved by forms of fears  
Or healed by salves of hopes.

Beneath blue skies and leaden,  
Above the sweeping swell,  
Adown raw roaring currents,  
Thru mists that the winds dispel,  
Toward the burning West he flung his fleet,  
For there did his wild dreams dwell.

And ever he saw the clouds above  
Browsing in meadows of blue;  
But those clouds were death's own haggard hands  
To his terror-stricken crew.  
And the flowers of foam he glimpsed on the sea  
To them seemed ghouls that pursue.

Near drew the land, passed were the perils;  
And achieved were his high dreams.

And a heritage he has left us;

'Tis what the eagle screams:

"Be true to your God, your Home and your Country,  
While the blood in your blue veins streams."

W. Kevin Casey.





# On Taking Oneself Seriously

Demetrio Diaz.



WID you ever watch certain business men, who seemingly have attained to some success in their chosen career, board a morning train in some suburban district on their way to town? Take a look at them sometime, and immediately you will know that they realize to the full that they are not in bad with themselves; and what is more, they are perfectly anxious that everyone else should be aware of it. They have arrived at that state where they begin to take themselves seriously. And accordingly they set themselves to the task.

Or take the case of a lawyer who has won a case or two that has brought him some little notoriety and not a little ready cash. His name has gotten around; it appeared on the first page of the morning paper for three successive days, and once perhaps his picture. And as he promenades the public street he thinks that everyone knows him, that not a few envy his talents, and that there are possibly one or two of his mentality in the state. He begins to take himself seriously.

Take most anyone; a politician, a broker, a professional man, when he has won his first laurels. He suddenly takes a step higher on life's ladder; he

is on a plane more elevated than that of most of us mortals. And naturally he is the very first to realize it and to endeavor to make the rest of us realize it too.

He disdains the ordinary things that delight the common run of mortals. He must needs have the central position of every gathering. He must dogmatize and generalize and theorize about the doings of the day, the city government, the education of youth, the suppression of vice and the possible end of the war. You could not call him an egotist. No. He is too proud for that. He talks no more about himself than anyone else does; for he has noticed how ignominiously egotists are treated and what unwelcome company they are; and he entertains no uncontrollable desire to be so tubbed in cold water. Consequently he makes special efforts to avoid any undue mention of the first person. It's bad form, you know, and he realizes it.

But in other ways he insinuates his superiority. His views on most matters are always very precise, and in his own mind quite correct, for that matter too. He weighs well his words, expresses his views in a dignified, superior and at times, even intellectual way; and so he wishes them to be received. He takes himself seriously and is most willing

that others should regard him in a similar light.

But still the old saying holds true about not being able to fool all the people all the time. Until one gets to know another he is quite willing to take him for what he sets himself up to be; but on closer knowledge one prizes another for what he really is. So is it with Mr. Take-himself-seriously and his fellows. The latter soon discover, that despite the outward veneer, he has his goats, as have all humans, and in a very short time they have the whole flock herded and headed for the slaughter house.

Certain college men are afflicted with this disease, or malady, or contagion, or whatever it is. A little success on the rostrum, in the recitation-hall, on the turf, on the diamond, on the stage, suddenly transforms them in their own estimation, though a corresponding change does not by any means take place in the minds of others. The afflicted person suddenly awakes to the fact that he is "some pumpkins". Of course he does not say so in so many words. In fact he may make no mention of it at all; but the inference is there just as truly as if it were blazoned forth in life-size letters. His opinion now carries weight; his remarks are at last adequately appreciated; his very smile is a marked condescension—at least so he would lead us to believe.

But now to the moral of the tale; for we have already o'erstepped the scant space allotted us by an super-imperious editor. The moral is: that

it takes a really great man to bear honors thrust upon him, and to conduct himself as he hitherto was. He has the virtue of simplicity; and it is a virtue we all love. Someone once remarked that the greatest thing he could say about a certain great man was that he was so genuinely simple that he could talk to little children, ask them questions and all that, without winking at their parents.

We all love simplicity in illustrious men, or if you want to call it by a more intelligible name—humility. It is a virtue that makes them the same after they have achieved greatness as they were prior to the advent of that blessing, or in the case of some, that curse. Abraham Lincoln, whom we are all quoting these days as an exemplar of a true citizen and patriot, had that virtue. Wise and prudent and great and eloquent as he was, he didn't take himself seriously. General Joffre, we are told, is of the same type. But more than anyone else, the man who of modern times won more hearts to himself than any other individual on account of his simplicity or humility or because he did not take himself seriously, was that dear and Christlike old man, Pope Pius X. And these men tower as much above the petty men we have mentioned at the beginning of this preachment as we do above the bantam-cock that struts about Bob Coward's barn yard.

Wherefore, Brothers, beware lest at any time ye take yourselves seriously.

# Around the Square. III.

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## A Tale of Life in Three Chapters.

Edward L. Nicholson.

### I.

“Across the fields

“The hush o’ Autumn steals

“An’ I feel like I want to go ho-ome”

The boy laughed and his lip curled. He had heard the old man sing that song before, but somehow it had never sounded just the same. The boy was leaving. No use to stay around home and work all the time. What if the old man had begged him to stay? He’d had his chance, and now the boy was going to have his. The old valise seemed light and the boy’s heart was not touched by the saddened, weary voice as the man watched the boy leave the old home with scarcely a farewell.

“Across the fiel’s,

“The hush o’ Autumn steals——”,  
but the boy was out of hearing, beyond the turn in the road.

### II.

The great city’s din of traffic is deafening to those unused to it; but to the man in the tall building, engrossed in the papers on the desk before him, it was scarcely noticeable. Suddenly he paused—stopped reading—and his head rose slowly. A strange light came

into his eyes. He did not know just what—yes, there it was again—. In the din below, but clearer at a distance, a newsboy was singing, and his voice floated up through the office window, stronger to the man behind the great desk, than a thousand voices,—

“Across the fiel’s

“The hush o’ Autumn steals,

“An’ I feel like I want to go ho-ome”. The voice was gone—the din was gone, and all else was forgotten. The man was back on a little farm miles away. A valise was in his hand and it was heavy. From the broken down porch a weary voice was droning and it wrenched at the boy’s heart—and his footsteps lagged—the man behind the great desk raised his head and a great sorrow was in his eyes. Success? Too late now, he realized that there was much—so much in life besides success.

Next day he left the din of the city far behind, and the next day farther; and the low, evening sun silhouetted a lone figure, but it could not penetrate into the wrenched heart which felt, rather than his eyes saw, the sunken

roof and the grass-entangled fields. He turned away, and life to him meant little. The nearest neighbor would know. Yes, the old man was dead. The farm? No, it was not for sale. The state had bought it from the mortgagee for public purposes. The furniture? They did not know,—but the old melodeon—we have that here. You may have it.

### III.

The toil and care of life must have its toll. The nurse moved softly, carefully about the room. It was a beautiful room, and the soft light reflecting from the bed-posts and deep chairs seemed scarcely to notice the old melodeon—undusted, save where finger tips had caressed it. The man on the bed moved slightly and the nurse bent over him. The weight of many years had

bowed him, and the snows of many winters had helped the great desk to whiten the hair which the nurse brushed softly back from the wrinkled forehead.

The nurse bent closer to catch the whisper. “Does he give me long to live?”

“The doctor said that you must prepare for the end. May I send for someone, some relative?”

“I have no one—yes, the old melodeon there,—can you play it?”

Gently the nurse’s fingers brushed the time-browned keys, and her voice rose softly,

“Across the fields

“The hush o’ Autumn steals,

“An’ I feel like I want to go home——,” but the spirit of the boy who had roamed had gone home.





## Alice

---

Alice, whose beauty, frequent seen  
Doth grow each time more fair,  
Thy gentle form and kindly mien  
Are radiantly rare.

And Alice, art thou also, in  
Thy secret heart, most fair?  
Shall I find depth to film so thin,  
And virtue present there?

It must be there, else God in vain  
Has fashioned Alice rare.  
My Love is worthy, none can feign,  
What God's love made with care!

Good Alice, tell me, art thou true?  
Say not to search elsewhere!  
Thou Alice, thou art of the few—  
Most good, my Love, most rare!

ARTHUR SPEARMAN

# “Sunk Without Warning”

A Peace Episode of '86.

J. T. McDevitt, '86.



It was a sunny Sunday afternoon, in the early part of 1886, when the College was honored with a call from one of its most noted Alumni, Delphine M. Delmas, of 1868, whose success and triumphs in after life, as lawyer and orator, had won for him an enviable reputation. He came, to renew in memory, the scenes of his boyhood, and it was his great pleasure to find his lifelong friends, Rev. Fr. Robert E. Kenna, and the respected professor of his school-boy days, Rev. Fr. Edward Young, both of revered memory. The occasion was one of joyous welcome, and the good fathers greeted the renowned visitor with much cordiality.

With that open-hearted hospitality that has always been characteristic of the fathers of Santa Clara, a bountiful and sumptuous feast was spread for the honored guest, in the private dining room, and the choicest vintages were brought forth; Fr. Kenna and Fr. Young had planned to pay the matchless orator, whose eloquence had stirred the hearts of many, their meed of praise and tribute.

All that time, there were two students in the Senior class; closest of friends; struggling with the intricacies of chemical formulae and knotty problems of Philosophy, in a supreme effort to win the desired goal, the honors of graduation. Life seemed, at that time, very dry, prosaic and laborious; and nothing appeared in sight to break the monotony, save the thought of the closing exercises, now fast approaching. One of these students was Vic. Scheller of San Jose, and the other, Joe McDevitt, of San Francisco. On this particular Sunday, Joe was oppressed with the unvarying tone of his surroundings, and, in a spirit of recklessness, wandered through sections of the College that were strictly forbidden in those days to the students. While passing the door of the private dining room, a waiter emerged, and Joe had a glimpse of the feast in all its splendor. The glasses were held in air, toasting the gifted guest, and welcoming him back, once more, to scenes of his student days and early associations. Joe had not learned his Logic in vain, and instantly reasoned that what was good for a student of '68, must also be good for a student of '86.

Vic. was blessed with the gift of eloquence, and had won many honors as debater and orator and had awakened in the heart of his chum a deep admiration and keen appreciation of his powers. If the College President, Fr. Kenna, and the Doctor of Philosophy, which chair Fr. Young was then filling, had deemed this a fitting occasion to pay honor and respect to the most eloquent pupil of the past, why should it not also be a fitting one to pay like courtesy to the most eloquent one of the present? One look at the table bountifully laden with tempting fruits and viands, instantly demonstrated that an abundance was at hand for two feasts. In admiration of his gifted friend, Joe had long planned to show, in some way, his appreciation, and now an opportunity presented itself. He found Vic delving in the midst of his studies, tired and depressed, and invited him to be his guest at a little repast in the visitors' private dining room, with a mental reservation, however, that the dining room be reached before the waiters appeared to clear it. The time was most magnificently planned and, just as the first festal party had turned the end of the cloistered arbor leading past the dining room, Joe and his guest appeared at the other end, on the way to the feast.

Needless to say, it was not long before enjoyment reigned supreme and fruits and vintages were fast disappearing, in a manner known only to hard-working students in College life.

Joe had already toasted his friend and guest many, many times, and Vic. had expressed his gratitude and appreciation of being an honored guest on the occasion. Joe was picturing to Vic. the glorious career that awaited him in the professional world, when his triumphs as lawyer and orator would bring fame and reputation that would even surpass the achievements of the gifted Delmas, and what honor and tribute would be paid him in after years, when he would return to Alma Mater, when, suddenly and noiselessly, the door opened, and there, in the threshold, stood the form of the Prefect of Studies, Rev. Fr. Carreda.

It was no time for words, and, although it was an occasion where eloquence was being honored, it now reached a stage where "Silence is Golden". No words were spoken, and only looks of surprise, on the one hand, and consternation on the other, filled the room that had, theretofore, rung with merry jest and laughter. Any former student, whose privilege it may have been to have attended Santa Clara College, during Fr. Carreda's time, who may read these lines, will appreciate the scene. He had a most wonderfully developed faculty of knowing precisely just what was happening in the student body, without appearing on the scene. His intuition, in this respect, was most remarkable, and many students will recall the necessity of keeping good behavior as well when his back was turn-

ed as when his eyes were directed upon them.

As he wended his way through the Fathers' garden, saying his office, on this peaceful Sunday afternoon, there was nothing to disturb the serenity of the scene, or to arouse his suspicions, but his mentality, as always, was in perfect working condition, and must have sounded an alarm of intruders in the forbidden zone. He did not remain long in the open doorway, looking at the guilty intruders, and, needless to say, the guilty ones did not remain any longer than was necessary, after the departure of the good Father, but hurriedly sought a zone of safety, there to watch developments and await results, which, in their hearts, they knew would certainly come. They did not have long to wait. Subsequent events came thick and fast.

In those days, the College rules were somewhat stricter than those of today. The boundaries of student activities were very clearly defined and it was considered almost a capital offense to be found outside of those boundaries, at forbidden times. Joe and Vic. were tried behind closed doors in the President's office, and without argument, were found guilty and sentenced to "pack up and go home". Two sad young hearts, downcast and depressed, heard the awful verdict, which to a Senior seemed capital punishment. The hopes and aspirations of graduation; the dreams of prominent parts in graduation exercises; the pictures of loving

relatives and friends crowding round in gleeful and joyous congratulations; the warm ambitions of scaling heights in future years, that even Delphine M. Delmas had never reached, were all "Sunk Without Warning" and future hopes and prospects were left floundering helplessly in a black sea of disappointment and despair.

It was a sad picture, indeed, of two disheartened students, as they sat on their packed trunks, in the old trunk-room, holding a council of war, and speculating on what was next to be done. But "Hope springs eternal in the human breast" and courage is oft-times begotten of despair. The very qualities that prove our undoing, may, when turned in an opposite direction, work out our salvation. Joe told Vic. that he, and he alone, could save the day, by bringing his powers of eloquence to bear upon the kindly and saintly Fr. Kenna. Him should Vic. beseech for the reversal of his decision on this occasion; for Vic. was going to be a lawyer and this was his first case, to plead for his closest friend and himself. At the same time, Joe, appreciative of the high esteem in which the good and venerable Fr. Young held the powers of eloquence, sought him to use his influence with the President to save the class of '86 from the loss of the most gifted orator that class had developed, and pictured the loss Vic's absence would mean on the fast approaching "Great Day". Fr. Young's influence was secured; and with the weight of



promise and assurance carried in the eloquence of Vic., Fr. Kenna reversed his decision, and the students won the day.

Thus ended, in peace, an event of '86. It was Vic.'s first case and he won. And his host of that day, who tried to pay him a tribute, has often hoped,

when this incident has come to mind, that the Orator of the Class of '68 enjoyed himself more than the Orator of the Class of '86, at the feast in the private dining room of Santa Clara College, on that peaceful, sunny Sunday afternoon.

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## Change

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The lilting music of fairy dreams,  
Flung from the harp of laughing streams  
Calls to the gold moon's dancing beams . . .  
Calls . . . for 'tis Summer time.

'Tis Winter.  
Low muttering clouds are creeping by,  
Forked flames crash from the leaden sky,  
Spring's pearly lakes constricted lie,  
And great snow drifts are piling high.

E. L. NICHOLSON

# Christianity a Failure ?

Francis M. Conneally.



PICTURE to yourselves the universal chaos which has been spread over historic Europe. We see a panorama of blackened and barren wastes, dotted here and there with numerous shell craters, and streaked with endless lines of trenches. Distinguishable, too, are heaps of charred ruins of what had once been the homes of happy and contented people. It is not a mere fanciful war; these ruins are not only in this city and in that, but they are in great part throughout Europe, and "miserable dictu" it is a reality.

What change from the Europe that was! Where are the fields that once were waving with thriving crops? How different the once verdant meadow with contented herds grazing on slope and in the valley, what a terrible transformation from the picturesque landscapes and homes is this, the ultimate issue of a monstrous war, a terrible carnage, the product of Twentieth Century Civilization!

Before our eyes lies the once populous city, but there remains only the charred sentinels of desolation, resemblances of its former grandeur. Cathedrals, the temples of God, magnifi-

cent structures—masterpieces of architecture are razed to the ground. The immortal works of God's most faithful servants lie in ruins, their like or value never to be reproduced in marble or upon canvas.

But that which stands out pre-eminently in the host of ravages of war, is the disconsolate and agonizing cry of the widow, the orphan, the mother, which rises heavenward in earnest supplication for those who, near and dear to them slumber in the peaceful sleep of the warrior. Pity too these poor miserable wrecks of humanity, with the unconquerable enemy, starvation, stealthily encroaching upon them.

And yet, there reigns in all His Omnipotence, Justice and boundless Love, a God, who looks down upon our seething earth, who sees His creatures vainly striving to gain that which by right is not theirs, who hears the groans of the dying, the supplication of the widow—has He forsaken us?

Our misguided pessimistic friends truly believe that His Faith has been an utter failure, and we cannot be too severe on them for such belief, when our ultra-civilized and so-called Christian world is so deeply steeped in barbarism. But in a retrospect of the world's history one can readily see that

the light of Christianity sheds its light as brilliant in our times and even brighter than ever before.

To Christianity, civilization owes the destruction of the ancient and barbaric Roman father's right of life and death, the abolition of slavery, the education of humanity, the fostering of high ideals, the cultivation of Christian-like principles, and this same faith of Christ has also ameliorated the barbarism of warfare.

The Church of God, the Mother of Mankind, has ever labored to obviate conflicts between nations. And her undying love for the predominate virtue of peace in her loving Son, her love for the meaning of those words of the angels, "*Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terra pax hominibus, bonae voluntatis*", that rang out through the stillness of night on the first Christmas, has ever existed and stimulated her promulgation of that virtue in mankind. But, unfortunately, the materialistic world during the last decade has ceased to acknowledge her Divine mission and has turned a deaf ear to all her pleadings. And all this because a great part of the world professes no religion, striving even to obliterate the truth that there exists a Supreme Being, while others follow the superabundant offsprings of our more modern creeds and religious fads.

But yet in the present war, as in every crisis, we see the people turning to God; the nations realize that they suffer in atonement for their folly, sins and crimes, and in their dire afflictions

they recognize the hand of God. As nations, we see France, having persecuted and banished the Catholic Faith in great measure from her borders, now tenaciously clinging to the remaining threads of fervor. Germany, which tended towards Atheism, indifferent England and irresolute Italy turn simultaneously to the long forgotten churches and seek the consolation that only prayer can give. In the trenches, on the march, in the hospitals, yea, everywhere the soldier accepts with great avidity anything religious, and the consolation afforded by religion.

Men who have hardened their hearts against their God, who have incorporated the principles of infidelity, who have sought to drive out the idea of the existence of a Creator—a Supreme Being, so they might have no restrictions to their passions, now fully realize the truth, that there is a God, that He is all Just and that they must in accordance with His Justice expiate for their sins.

But to say that Christianity is a failure, because it has not succeeded in stopping the war would be to say that all philosophy, culture, science, the much-boasted twentieth century civilization too, are failures, for they too have not put an end to the war.

Christianity, in all its purity and integrity has weathered the storms of early persecutions, has piloted her craft safely over the rocky shoals and through the dangerous channels of the Reformation. She has defied the atheistic and free-thinking governments in

their attempts to crush beneath their feet all traces of religion and grind them in the dust—now we say, and with every degree of certitude that she will continue undaunted in the fulfillment of Her Divine Mission.

Yea, when Europe is no more, when our own free America perhaps may be a seething caldron of war, when all the nations of the world are steeped in mis-

ery, the faith of Christ will still be burning. For Christianity is the one power which through the flames of persecution and contradiction remains unimpaired through the ages. All the conceivable and heinous machinations of men as well as the united powers of darkness will never extinguish the guiding lamp which leads the sinner back to his Creator.





# The Redwood

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF SANTA CLARA

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The object of The Redwood is to gather together what is best in the literary work of the students, to record University doings and to knit closely the hearts of the boys of the present and the past

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## EDITORIAL

### Taps

This morning, calling us to awaken, we heard the bugle—the Reveille. Tonight, bidding us sleep, we will hear the Taps. But these same bugle notes, this Taps, has another significance;—it is the bugle call that bids the soldier sleep forever.

Another day is coming. Its morn will call us to awaken by the Reveille, and,

at eve, the Taps will bid us rest—perhaps forever.

Day after day, the hot sun beats down, and day after day the sons of Santa Clara are marching,—toiling,—striving,—that that day shall not find them wanting. At its morn there will be a new note to the morning Reveille, and they will need no second bidding. Their country's flag will be before

them, and the banner of Santa Clara will be before them in the battle.

Need it be asked if they will do their duty? Rather be it asked,—have they ever shirked their duty?

And on that day the sun will beat the mass of cursing—hacking—slaying men, the sons of Santa Clara will raise the banner that has ever called forth the fighting spirit that these walls and these men have ever nourished.

And in the battle your comrades will fall hotter than before,—and from fall beside you, and the faces that you have known so well will wear in death the same smile, but peaceful now, and the lips that have, on the campus, asked you—perhaps for a smoke, will be closed forever.

And when the battle is over, and evening comes, the Taps will sound, and those of Santa Clara's sons who have fought and died, and those who answer "Here", and take their places beside her banner, will have served her as never before her sons have served her and done her homage, and the bugle, sounding the Taps will bid these sleep and rest, and bid these rest—forever.

### Mistakes

Mistakes are things that we all make some time in life. A mistake is not a positive entity—it is the result of what might have been if it hadn't been for a—Mistake.

You might mistake a minister of the Gospel for a Sinn Feiner or vice versa,—you might even mistake an Orangeman for a fruit-peddler,—and men will make allowances for the source—the time of day—the season of the year. In examining drafted men, a doctor made allowance for the fact that one man had a wooden leg, and ordered him in at half wages. That was a mistake.

We all make mistakes, and somebody is always waiting to crow about it. Now the only thing to do, is to laugh and acknowledge the fact. Woe be to the man who does not. He makes the greatest mistake. It is as fatal as the case where—

"The stuff he took for castor oil,  
"Was H<sub>2</sub>SO<sub>4</sub>."

That was a great mistake.

### Prices Higher

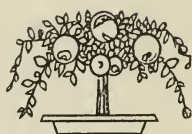
Commodities have increased in price—are still going up, and from present indications will rise further. The working class must ask higher wages, for to live a man must eat. In order that he and his family may eat, he must earn sufficient money. In order that the farmer may produce at a gain, he must ask more for his produce, for he has had to pay more that it may be produced; therefore the wholesalers' prices have advanced, and consequently the retailers'. They in turn have been forced to hire labor at a higher wage and this still further has added

to the price of the marketed produce. Each successive dealer has added to the increased requisite price, until, the laborer having paid his food bill on pay-day, has little money left. His wife and children must be clothed—his wages must be raised, and with them prices must be increased, and I ask,—Are men cheating themselves?

If we cannot get the foreign supply which we have hitherto depended on, of such commodities as we do not raise, manufacture or produce from the earth, may we not, as a unit, help, spare, and do the best we may with the small supply which we have at our command? Is this a time for miserly grasping? Is this a time for individual or corporate hoarding? If such be the case, then must we bow our heads in shame in the

presence of those who have given their sons that this country might live and prosper in God's freedom. That the prices of commodities of those things should so rise that those mothers whose sons are in France may not be able to cover their feet, or to clothe their bodies from the cold, or to purchase for a moderate price the foodstuffs which formerly comprised the poor man's diet; that those mothers, from whose bosoms have sprung the men who are fighting in France that we might be free, may not obtain food to sustain their bodies, while others are reaping profit a hundredfold on account of this very war;—that all this should be, is and will be to our unending shame and disgrace.

—Edward L. Nicholson.





### Holy Cross Purple

First to hand was the Holy Cross Purple. Before entering into details we wish to state that the poetry we found therein was far above the average. There was a merciful lack of free trash—I mean free verse; and the poetry was in true Victorian fashion—chiming rhymes, charming lilt of numbers, and here and there artistic bits of imagery. “Maying-Time” was a song sung rather for the sake of singing than of expressing any particular tune. It was just a song of youth, all aglow with the joy of the spring time of the year and the vigor of the spring time of life. It was really good. Next in the field of poetry, we came upon, to continue the figure, a sad drooping passion-flower of a poem called “Dreams”. A minor key is struck and all the blackness and loneliness and despair of broken dreams is mirrored. “Savoyan Songs” swing along in true ballad form; and we admit the superiority of the first over the second. The “Passers-by” struck us as strong and well-worded; but we find fault with the rhyme. In places it grates a little on our Exchange ear. However it is quite

acceptable, as the excerpt will show:

“Two happy children frolicking by  
Like lambs on a bud-sweet slope.”

And lastly “My Choice”. It is of a piece with the other Holy Cross Purple poetry; and has a natural, human touch that captivates. A bit fantastic perhaps; but in poetry that is not always a fault.

Though the prose does not credit a college that produces such poetry, it is nevertheless deserving of mention. Originality stamps it more than any finesse; but originality always was and shall be supreme. It covereth in truth a multitude of sins. “Brains vs. Brawn”, “Spats”, “Book Bindings”, “On Cramming”, may all be surmised as to their subject matter by their very titles. Although the reading is light, it is however fairly interesting.

### The Tattler

This little publication from the far South, “way down in Tennessee”, as the song has it,—or somewhere around there—, has material within its pages that might well be envied by many another far more pretentious



magazine. From brown cover to cover it is characteristically feminine in its neatness and artistry; and, despite conclusions that might be drawn from the foregoing, it is clever. To tell the truth we half expected on opening its pages to find various young misses endeavoring to describe, in rather vague and halting verses, the light of the silvery moon, and all that. But imagine our surprise at the strength and originality and dash of such verses:

—'night, like a blue flower, drops  
from the cocoanut palms  
As I sit in the Perla de Cuba and toy  
its lights in my glass  
Of bitter brown wine.—The tourists  
crackle in  
To bandy their saints and cigars  
about. From table to court  
Moves Molina, silent and suave. He  
swings at a finger-snap."

We admit that we are terrible prejudiced against free verse—against that wapish diletantism that has sprung like a toadstool overnight. Rhyme and meter are not altogether essential to poetry, but beauty is. And that last verse, though in free style, has a beauty—a beauty almost enchanting with its suggestion of waving palms and low-strumming guitars.

The next article is a dissertation on philosophy, if you may call it such, and the poetry as well, of woman's dress, under the head "A Modest Suggestion". We admit that we are incompetent to criticize it. And after that an essay on "The Influence of Folk

Music on Classical Composers in Russia and Poland",—a work exhibiting such a wealth of matter and written in such a masterly style as to lead us into the assertion that we have never before found in any undergraduate publication a more complete essay on any subject. A broad statement, but one we feel capable of defending. And as to your magazine *en masse*, as they say in other parts, we extend to you, young ladies, the sincerest of congratulations.

---

Yes, Williams Literary  
**Williams' Lit.** Monthly, we have made some remarks about free verse hitherto and they being true as creation, your ears, if you have any conscience at all, should tingle with guilt. We know your May number was your New Poetry Number—to our dismay we had a faint hope that the "New" part might have meant "Original", but in no time were we disillusioned. It was, as we had feared—the form was new, but not the matter. We are hopelessly old-fashioned perhaps, in clinging to the old order which you have discarded. But as one of your essayists cleverly remarks, there is all the difference in the world between Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar" and

"Stir,  
Shake off sleep  
Your eyes are the soul of clear  
waters—  
Pigeons  
In a city street."

However, the whole problem of Free Verse is thrashed out fairly well in this number's prose. The best of the essays in that direction is "Quo Vadimius". "Under-graduate Free Verse" is fairly well written, but the author has some ideas about poetry which have fairly gone to seed. We would recommend that he procure an anchor before he again goes kiting—a study of Shakespeare, or Milton, before he champions this new expression of American aesthetic beauty.

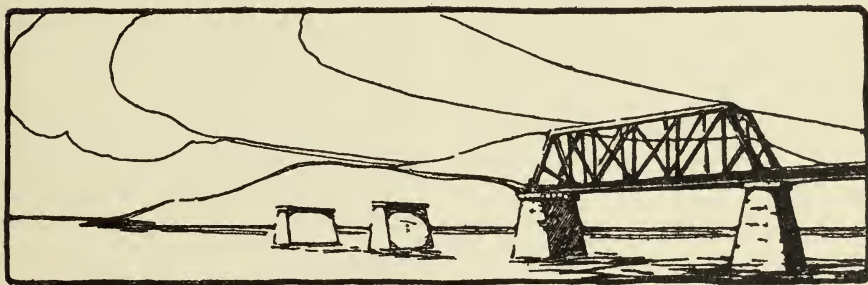
"Tested"—the one short-story is well written, but the complication and reac-

tion of the characters to the complication is too short. It gives the impression that the characters and setting are hardly introduced before the story is over.

"Hawthorne Visits North Adams", is a rather familiar study of the bigness of the author of "The Scarlet Letter" and of his smallness too. The research in this work is to be commended.

If your verse was as good as your prose, William Litt, yours would be a magazine to be proud of.

W. Kevin Casey.



# University Notes



## The Rally

Before entering into a discussion of this particular rally, it might be well to dilate upon and theorize about rallies in general. The **purpose** of these functions is to instil a spirit of enthusiasm, vulgarly known as "pep", into the hearts of the students—a spirit, which is befitting a university and which should always be displayed when there is question of supporting a varsity team. Therefore the program should be arranged with this end in view, all things tending to a grand culmination of this spirit, so that it will burst forth violently, spontaneously, spreading its influence not only over the campus, but over all Santa Clara's supporters. The conventional essence of a rally is the bonfire, with its magnetic glow that thrills the hearts of the onlookers and moves them to grand and noble deeds.

We come therefore to our main business. Saturday evening, September 29th, was the fateful night on which the students held their famous rally. Oh; why be such a hypocrite! In a long, dismal, pepleless column of squads, dragging one foot after another, the

students went listlessly to the University Auditorium. Through the thoughtlessness or listlessness of someone there was no huge crackling fire to quicken their steps and light their way. Someone had blundered. To this unpardonable breach of etiquette was added the backwardness on the part of the students to arouse themselves to the occasion and give their varsity a little encouragement by showing their appreciation of its efforts. Perhaps they were so bashful or frightened, as might happen to a number of grammar school pupils appearing in public for the first time, that they were unable to act otherwise. "Oh, ye blocks, ye stones," how can you expect your football team to be victorious on November 24th if they become disheartened, and I assure you this will be the case if such a demonstration reoccurs. The students were materially assisted by the musical program of the band, which played the funeral scene of some grand opera, leaving its audience in a rather condoling hush from which it never awakened. And yet someone called this a rally, I would call it an old maid's sewing bee with half as much pep.

However, the occasion was not without some redeeming features, although they were few and far between and, as they did not belong to a rally as such, but should be more properly classed with an entertainment, we will refrain from further discussion. It is not too late yet, thank God, so wake up Santa Clara, and revive the old spirit of the Red and White. Do not be slackers in a time of need, but make it possible for a repetition of the glorious victory we enjoyed last year.

### Charles Austin

Gone, but not forgotten!  
This is the sentiment of every student, whether he be athlete, book worm or mere sojourner at this university, when the name of Charles Austin is brought before him. And how true it is, how can anyone who knew Charlie, with his ever present smile, the rays of which he showered upon all, forget him? He arrived here some fourteen months ago, a stranger to the vast majority, and immediately became one, in every sense of the word, of our big family. He was not only our most successful football coach, but an enthusiastic member of the campus life, the friend of everyone, helping them with his inspirations and advice. He gave to Santa Clara a Rugby team which was the acme of football perfection. Is it any wonder then that he leaves us in body but remains in fond memory, and that the blessing which every Santa Claran wishes on him is that he will be as successful in

all his undertakings, and that, most of all, some day he will return to us.

As a small token of their esteem and appreciation for his untiring efforts, the varsity football squad gave to Charlie a beautiful gold watch, chain and Santa Clara seal knife. Small indeed for what he has done, but still it is not the gift of the giver but the spirit of the giver which is worth while.

We have the pleasure of incorporating in our notes for the benefit of the Redwood followers, parts of Charlie's letter lately received by one of the editors. In it he tells us of the hard and novel life of a soldier. Charlie is stationed at American Lake, Washington, and is an acting first sergeant; having only 250 men under him "and every one of these men must be accounted for at most any minute of the day. We rise at 5:45 A. M., and lights out at 9 P. M. We work continuously during the day on drilling and exercising." Charlie also gives the varsity a little advice and wishes them luck, saying, "work together, fight together and pull together on all your plays. You should repeat over again and even make the score larger." He sends his best regards to all his friends.

However, Santa Clara's good fortune has not left her entirely. We consider ourselves highly honored in being able, thanks to Fr. Sullivan, to secure the services of Walter Von Manderscheid as coach and once again we are wearing an optimistic smile as to the decision on November 24th.



**Senate**

The Senate has been sailing along nicely upon the pleasant wings of Success, its great orators shaking the sacred walls of that institution in a manner that bodes ill for the House on the evening of the Ryland debate. On Tuesday evening, October 9th, the literary program of the meeting was set aside in honor of the entrance of Richard Craig Howard, Bolton Mellis, and Raymond Fair into the chambers of this body, there to stay and delve in the mysteries and joys of stately parliamentary proceedings. She Senate now has its full quota, thanks to the Rev. J. W. Riordan, Speaker of the House, who kindly waived the imperative rule that one has to be a member of the House for six months before entering the Senate. Following the initiation of these men, at which Sailor Howard and Baldy Fair entertained the boys with a few songs and dances, while Mister Mellis, our stately and highly recommended member, rendered a most powerful speech, Fr. Sullivan favored the Senators with a few refreshments which were greatly enjoyed by all.

**House**

There comes from the House of Philhistorians a cry of dissension caused by the ambitions of a few and the subsequent resentment of the majority. However, we hope that the difficulties will soon be settled and the affairs of that otherwise intellectual body

will assume their normal aspect with which they moved at the opening session. Do not be too apt, Representatives, to quibble over petty things, but direct your efforts to higher motives and perhaps you will outdo your successes of last year.

At a recent meeting the House debated a very live question in a more live way, the question reading somewhat like this: Resolved: That a Medly should be given to this and last year's Representatives. After much heated discussion, dragging over two meetings, the verdict was rendered in favor of the affirmative. It was at one of these meetings that the Representatives conferred the honor of membership upon Tully Williams, who subsequently assured them of his heartfelt gratitude on being received into their society. Go to it, Tully, and knock them dead. We expect great things of you; one of which is that some day you will run the town of Oxnard.

**Military**

Santa Clara is becoming more and more military as time goes on. Every day finds some addition to its equipment, and every minute gives the students some new knowledge of drill or sees some perfection of movement due to the invaluable teachings and inspirations of Major Campbell. Since the arrival of Colonel Donovan things are executed at the bidding of the bugle. Suits have been ordered, rifles have ar-

rived and soon we will be marching just as the boys in the trenches do, hoping that some day we will be able to serve our country as well as they do. The many Santa Clarans who are in actual service find the training they received while at the University invaluable. It gives them an advantage over the other fellows and places them in line for a commissioned office.

### Colored Movies

On Thursday evening, October 4th, the students and townsfolk of Santa Clara were treated to a novelty in the way of colored motion pictures. These pictures, the invention of Leon Douglas of San Rafael, set forth Nature in all its grandeur as seen in our National Parks. They gave the audience a vivid and realistic view of Yellowstone Park, Yosemite, and the Grand Canyon, great indeed in their natural environments, but fully as great as portrayed by these pictures. They were highly appreciated by the on-lookers, as they realized it would be many moons before they would again be favored in such a way.

### Seniors

Somebody had the audacity to accuse the Seniors of being dead in spirit, and as all such things inevitably reach the ears of the accused so the Seniors heard this. The men of the class of '18 naturally resented this, and to

make their accusers look foolish forthwith hied themselves to their secret rooms and in a very dignified manner, as became haughty Seniors, proceeded to the election of officers. After a brisk contest the following were honored: Rudy Scholz was chosen president; Hilding Johnson, vice president; Howard Kelly, secretary; Cyril Coyle, treasurer; and Charles Murphy, sergeant at arms. We must say that the Seniors have chosen most wisely, and under the guidance of such able men the spirit of the class will be raised on a par with that of the men of '19; and the two classes, shoulder to shoulder, will soon be leading every activity of Campus Life.

Sometime ago the Seniors ordered their class rings and upon their arrival everyone who saw them said that the Seniors again showed rare judgment in their selection.

### Training Quarters

The Santa Clara Varsity now has the most comfortable and home-like training quarters it has ever enjoyed. Due to the hard labor of Coaches Von Manderscheid and Fitzpatrick, who worked for many days repairing the old quarters, the varsity now has a warm and systematically arranged place in which to change for the armor of the gridiron. At one end of the room are the lockers and benches used for rubbing, while the other end has been made into a very pleasant

lounging room by installing a piano and heaters, with many easy chairs and couches. Contributions of old pictures will be gladly received, so that the wall of the room might be made less bare.

### Cadet Officers

With the 400 cadets of the Officers' Training Corps of the University of Santa Clara lined up in battalion formation Tuesday afternoon, Oct. 30, at 1 o'clock in front of Senior Hall, Colonel J. L. Donovan, commandant, read the list of permanent officers of the training corps, as a result of the examinations held recently. The new officers will serve during the remainder of the school year, or until the closing of school in May of next year. The following was the official notice as read:

Headquarters Senior Division  
R. O. T. C.

University of Santa Clara,  
Santa Clara, Cal., Oct. 29, 1917.

General Order No. 2:

1. The temporary appointments of officers and non-commissioned officers in the battalion are hereby revoked.

2. The following appointments and assignments of officers and non-commissioned officers in the battalion are hereby announced to be: Cadet major, Rudolph J. Scholz; battalion adjutant, First Lieutenant, Robert Don; battalion quartermaster, Second Lieutenant, Norbert Korte; battalion sergeant-major, Alvin McCarthy; battalion quarter-

master sergeant, Lemuel R. Bolter; color sergeants, John Muldoon, Hoyt Vicini.

Company A—Captain, J. Charles Murphy, 1; first lieutenant, Adrian V. Prothero; second lieutenant, Horace Wilson 1; first sergeant, Benjamin McCoy 3; quartermaster-sergeant, John Brooke Jr. 12; sergeants, Richard Howard 1, William Volkers 7, Paul Dolan 11; corporals, James Kaney 1, William Koch 8, Emil Nicholas 22, John Grace 15, Oliver Kissieh 18, Thomas Moroney 22.

Company B—Captain, Frank O'Neil 12; first lieutenant, Daniel Ryan 1; second lieutenant, Brian Gagan 2; first sergeant, Benjamin McCay 3; quartermaster-sergeant, Peter McNulty 8; sergeants, Frank Camarillo 3, Clarence Magetti 9, Cyril Coyle 15; corporals, Arthur Spearman 3, Frank Hovley 9, Francis Conneally 13, Raymond Momboisse Jr. 16, Francis Tinney 20, DeWitt LeBourveau 23.

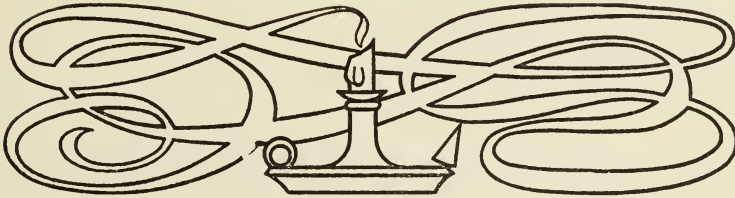
Company C—Captain, William Muldoon 3; first lieutenant, Joaquin Lallinde 3; second lieutenant, Brooke Mohun 3; first sergeant, Arthur Spring 1; quartermaster sergeant, Joseph Taber 13, sergeants, John Bradley 4, Louis Buty 10, Robert Sargent 16; corporals, Leo Fox 6, Wilkie Mahoney 11; John Hiller 14, Kevin Casey 17, Harold Shanahan 21, George Harney 24.

Company D—Captain, Gerald Desmond 4; first lieutenant, Eugene Jaeger; second lieutenant, Hilding Johnson 4; first sergeant, Leopold Di Fiore

2; quartermaster sergeant, Thomas Ford 5; sergeants, Leo Martin 2, Peter Morrettini 6, Harold Flannery 18; corporals, Manuel Selaya 2, Rogelio Cham-buque 18, Richard McCarthy 5, Randall O'Neil 7, David O'Neil 10, Casimir An-tonioli 19.

Band—Chief musician, Samuel Mus-tol; principal musician, Albert Quill; drum major, Jacob Sargent; sergeant, Albert L. Bergna 1.

Norbert Korte and Demetrio Diaz.







The Alumni Association of Santa Clara University at a meeting held just before the banquet last year elected the following officers:

Director of Alumni Association—  
Reverend William Boland, S. J.

President—John Riordan, '05.

Vice-President—John O'Toole, '90.

Treasurer—John Collins, '04.

Secretary—George Nicholson, '16.

With this capable staff of officers the Alumni Association will undoubtedly prosper and a great year is looked forward to.

**'95** Peter A. Breen, a prominent practising attorney of San Francisco, is located in the Chronicle building. Mr. Breen has many anecdotes to relate about the good old times and expects to journey down to Santa Clara in the near future. Come soon and often, Mr. Breen.

**96'** James Emery and wife, who is from Washington, D. C., spent a day at Santa Clara

University recently. Emery was a great friend of Bob Coward. They played on the same football team in the old days and Mr. Emery's first inquiry on reaching Santa Clara was "Where is Bob Coward?" Mr. Emery is making a brilliant success in his chosen walk of life.

**98'** Charles Graham is in Sacramento with a splendid position as demonstrating agent for the Owen Magnetic automobile. This car sells for \$5200 and just about spells perfection in the automobile line. It will be the policy of the Redwood to keep on the good side of Mr. Graham.

Frank Hennessy is at present in the race for District Attorney. He has offices in the Grant Building in San Francisco. All success in your campaign, Mr. Hennessy. George Woolrich, '86, is piloting Mr. Hennessy's campaign and prospects for election are good for his interests are surely in capable hands.

'02 Colonel Manuel Perez Remeira, legate from Mexico to Japan, recently addressed the students of Waseda University, Japan, and in his speech referred to his old days at Santa Clara College. Waseda University is one of the most progressive institutions of learning in progressive Japan and in its roster numbers 9,600 students. Colonel Remeira was an earnest student while at college and is to be congratulated on the niche he has carved for himself in the hall of fame.

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'03 Hon. James D. Phelan is in California after a strenuous session in Congress. Santa Clara owes a deal to Senator Phelan and we take this opportunity to thank him for his efforts for the advancement of Santa Clara. That we have been made a Unit of the Officers Reserve is due in great part to him.

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'94 The two Durfee boys are doing well in Sacramento. Will Durfee went to college with our President, Reverend Father Thornton and can relate many tales of the old days.

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'05 Robert F. Keefe, commonly and familiarly known about college as "Bobbie" during his sojourn here, holds a responsible position at Sacramento with the National Gold Dredging Company. "Bobbie" is married and has been blessed

with two children. Before settling down he made a name for himself as a baseball player, having at one time played with Cincinnati.

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'06 James Twohy is established in the construction business in Portland, Oregon, and was a recent visitor to Santa Clara, where he spent a day in viewing the scenes of his college days. Mr. Twohy is a most loyal son of Alma Mater and we hope to see him on the campus soon again.

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'07 Aloysius Welch had an exhibit of Guernsey cows at the California State Fair and won prizes galore for the high quality of his stock. During these times of stress the farmer is the all important man and Mr. Welch is one of the hundreds of Santa Clara alumni who have taken up farming and made an exceptional success in their chosen line of endeavor.

Dr. Anthony Diepenbrock is in New Mexico with Uncle Sam's troops and does not know whether or not he will be ordered to France.

Jack Maher, a brother of Joe Maher, who attended Santa Clara several years ago, is another of the drafted men.

Robert E. Twohy was recently united in marriage to Miss Marie Deary of Idaho. The ceremony was performed in St. Ignatius Church, San Francisco, by Reverend Father Kavanagh. The Redwood extends its heartiest congratulations to the happy couple.

'09 James Robert Daly kindly sent the Redwood the announcement of his marriage to Marie Teresa Guevera of Caracas, Venezuela. The ceremony took place in the archiepiscopal palace of Caracas, Venezuela. Mr. Daly is now the American Vice-Consul in the South American Republic. The best wishes of the Redwood go with him in his strenuous labor, as well as our heartiest congratulations to him and his bride, whom we heard is a most charming lady. We wish them long years of happiness.

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'12 Hardin Barry, who made a great reputation as a baseball player at Santa Clara, as well as that of a most wonderful student, is contemplating the practice of law in San Francisco. During repetitions for final and mid-year examinations Barry had an easy time, for he was as steady as clockwork in the preparation of his lessons, and knew his work so well that review was hardly necessary. Barry went to Connie Mack for a couple of years and undoubtedly would have made good as a baseball player, but he took to farming and now will take up the practice of the law.

Chauncey Tramutola was recently appointed to deputy in the office of United States Attorney Preston. His new position is a responsible one and the Redwood offers him its most sincere congratulations.

Ed. White, who was graduate-manager and student-body president during

his college days, and who received a block sweater for his ceaseless efforts in the interests of Santa Clara, was united in marriage to Miss Elizabeth Veuve of San Jose in a pretty ceremony at which Father Welch officiated. Ed. attended the Barbarian game and liked the looks of the present varsity.

Harry McGowan paid us a brief visit the other day. He is practicing law in Orland and is doing well. He has been blessed with a bouncing baby boy. The Redwood sends him its heartiest congratulations.

Roy Bronson is getting on famously in the law office of Daniel Ryan in the Hearst Building in San Francisco, and showed his loyalty to Santa Clara by subscribing for the Redwood. Bronson served in almost every department of the Redwood and ended up by being elected Editor. At college he made a name for himself on the cinder path and football field, as well as in the classroom, and was one of the most prominent students of his time, and was Graduate-Manager for 1913-1914.

"Hap" Gallagher, a four-star man in football, who played in the old days when Santa Clara and St. Mary's locked horns, is at Camp Lewis.

Paul Leake is doing splendidly in the newspaper field in Sacramento.

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'13 Harry Curry is another of the recent benedicts and the lucky girl is Miss Bessie Fitzgerald. While at college Harry was a



football and track star and played on the team that humbled Stanford in 1912. Mr. and Mrs. Curry have taken up their residence at Point Richmond. We hope to see you soon, Harry.

Demetrio Harkins, Henry's brother, is also in camp. Harkins was half-back on the team that beat Stanford in 1912 and established a reputation as a rugby player. He was graduated in Engineering.

Ervin Best is doing well in the practice of law in San Francisco.

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'14 Al Newlin, one of the two men who have ever received a J. D. from this institution, is now a member of the new National Army. Newlin was one of the most brilliant of the graduates of the past few years, being the assistant to Father Ricard in his seismological work. He will be sadly missed, but with his keen mind and ability to adapt himself to circumstances he should be able to win a commission before crossing the ocean.

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'15 Ad. Canelo, a former Editor of the Redwood, is at present probably somewhere in France and has written several striking descriptions of conditions in England and in the submarine zone. Canelo, having shown exceptional ability, has been ordered to France to study French guns and to return to America to instruct the American troops. Canelo is one of the most brilliant of the recent

Santa Clara graduates as his high position testifies. He won the commission of First Lieutenant in the First Reserve Officers' Training Corps at the Presidio in San Francisco.

Eddie Ford is in Texas in the Army Aviation camp and is waiting for the commission of First Lieutenant for which he has already qualified. At present Ford is doing the work of a Major in the absence of the Major, and that he will make good in the army goes without saying.

Orvis Speciale is the latest alumnus to join the ranks of the benedicts. He was united in matrimony to Miss Anita Barsuglia of San Jose in the college chapel. Fr. Sullivan performed the ceremony, which was attended by some of Speciale's old classmates. Congratulations, Orvis.

Miles Fitzgerald is working in a law office and reports that he is getting on well.

We learn from recent newspaper reports that Harry Benneson has been chosen athletic coach at the army camp at Allentown, Pennsylvania. Benneson won his position by his ever evident athletic ability. He came out first in a field of famous long distance runners in a four-mile Marathon. Harry was one of the best long distance runners who ever attended Santa Clara and holds the mile record of the University.

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'17 Richard Fox, another of the brilliant Engineering graduates has returned to Santa



Clara in the role of Professor in the College of Engineering. He will undoubtedly be an ideal professor and we wish him all the success possible. The men under him are most enthusiastic about his teaching.

Paul Campbell, E. E., has a splendid position in Visalia as Chief Estimator for the Western Division of the Great Southern California Edison Company.

Henry Harkins, of last year's Engineering class is at American Lake.

**Ex-'18** Pete Marenovich, who is one of the S. C. delegation studying medicine at St. Louis, was at college during the past month. He has been home to Watsonville on a vacation, but returned East this month. He reports that the Santa Clara contingent at St. Louis is doing well. There are about fifteen Santa Clara men at St. Louis at present. We mentioned them by name last month, but by some mistake omitted the name of Rodney Yoell; he, of all, deserves well of the Redwood, having been its Editor and one of the most versatile contributors it has ever had.

Ernest Schween has a good position with a prominent beet company at Pleasanton and visits Santa Clara once in a while. He likes his position and is advancing rapidly.

Arthur Olcott is acting as an automobile salesman in Tucson, Arizona, and from all reports is getting on well.

Ken Johnson, of track fame, has en-

listed in the Commissary Department at the Presidio at San Francisco and expects to be in France before long.

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**Ex-'19** Eddie Amaral, star forward of the 1915 rugby varsity and All-American star, was drafted and has been transferred to the Medical Corps. Eddie is one of the faithful sons of his Alma Mater and the best wishes of the old fellows go with him in his new vocation. Eddie is bound to make good wherever he goes.

Harry Miller has left for Camp Lewis and was around to see the fellows before departing. Henry leaves a lucrative business but is glad for the chance to serve his country. With his optimistic views of life and with his ever ready smile Miller is bound to make good in Uncle Sam's service.

Jack O'Neill is in the Aviation Corps and expects to proceed to Omaha soon. Jack should make a good flier, judging by the way he used to go up into the air after the high ones in the vicinity of shortstop and second base on the varsity baseball nine.

F. Buckley McGurkin, former Editor of the Redwood is reported to be in the sea service of Uncle Sam, somewhere in America.

Herbert McChrystal, First Lieutenant and Adjutant of last year's battalion at Santa Clara, is now at the Officers' Training Camp at the Presidio. If any young fellow that we know has the earmarks of a soldier it is Herb.

Keep your eye on him; he is going to get to the very top.

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**Ex-'20** Beaumont McLaren has received the commission of First Lieutenant in the Aviation Corps and expects to leave for France soon. McLaren was elected track captain for this year, but failed to return to college on account of his enlistment. He is to be congratulated on his quick work in winning a commission.

Leo Fitzgerald is at St. Louis, busily engaged in the study of medicine. Fitz should make an ideal doctor if application counts for anything.

"Dutch" Berndt, who played a stellar game at wing in last year's big rugby game with Stanford on Ewing Field,

is another of the drafted men. "Dutch" was an all around athlete and one of the speediest men on the turf.

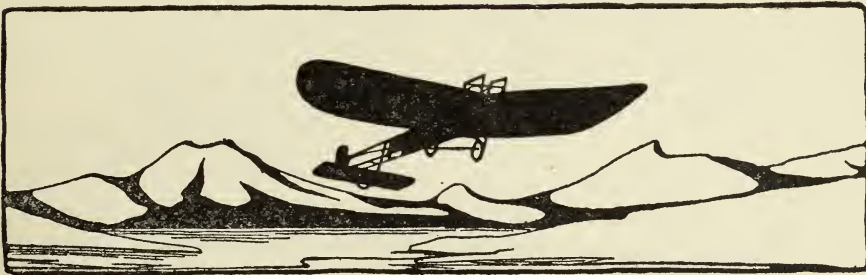
Joaquin Fields is at the Camp at American Lake and writes that he enjoys the new life even if it is a bit strenuous.

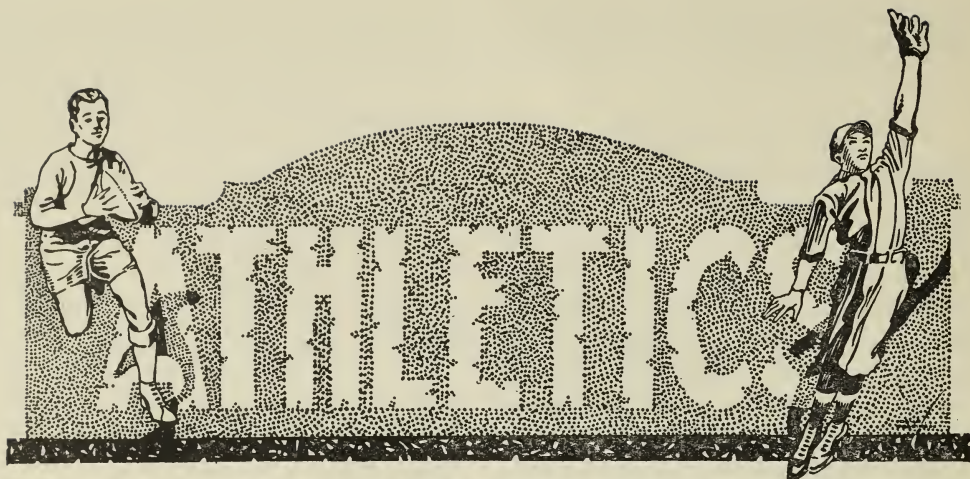
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**Ex-'21** Roscoe Burke being below the age of 21, can win no higher office than First Sergeant for a year yet, but he has qualified for that position and will undoubtedly receive a commission upon his arriving of age.

Leo Lucas is on his father's ranch at Cucamonga, driving a tractor. Since leaving school Lucas has been engaged in farming and likes the work.

J. Charles Murphy.





At the present writing the Varsity has run up a total score of 199 points to their opponents 3. This is one of the best records attained by a fifteen on the coast, and with the big game only a short time off, a victory seems almost certain. Prospects never looked brighter for the Varsity to come home on the long end of the score.

While the loss of Charlie Austin was a hard blow the acquisition of Walter Von Manderscheid has raised the hopes of the Red and White supporters to the highest degree.

The Big Game with Stanford is scheduled for November 24th, and with that date but a few short weeks off we cannot but be anxious over the outcome, the more so since Stanford is showing an unusual burst of speed just at present, which augurs well for a mighty close game.

**Santa Clara 30**

**Olympic Club 0**

In the first preliminary varsity game of the year, the Olympic Club went down to defeat by a score of 30 to 0. The result is remarkable considering that the Varsity squad had been out for practice only a week prior to the contest.

In the first half, with the exception of five minutes immediately following the kick-off, the ball was wholly in Winged O territory. John Muldoon and Manelli scored in this period, but both conversions failed.

In the second half a majority of the scores were the result of several fine passing rushes. Vicini, O'Connor, Garcia, Grace, Manelli and Diaz scored in quick succession. The clubmen did most of their good work on short kicks to touch, and dribbles, while the Varsity found passing rushes to be the most effective. Larrey converted three of the tries in the second period.



Curtin, Guerin and Flannagan among the forwards, Young, Larkin, and Fitzpatrick, in the backfield, were the stellar performers for the Olympians; while for the Varsity Manelli, the Muldoon brothers, Ferrario, Don, Garcia and LeBourveau showed to good advantage.

**Varsity****Olympic Club**

Manelli	Front Rank	Curtin
Berg, Dana	Front Rank	Milliken
		Millington
J. Muldoon,	Lock	Myers
Sheehy	Lock	Wilmons
B. Muldoon	Breakaway	Guerin
Kirchoff	Breakaway	Flannagan
McCarthy		(Capt.)
Ferrario	Rear Rank	Glasson
Bergna	Rear Rank	Getkins
Korte, Vicini	Rear Rank	Postlewaite
Don	Wing Forward	Slater
Diaz (Capt.)	Half	Catton, Young
Garcia	1st Five	Larkin
LeBourveau	2nd Five	Hawkes
Cota	Center 3	Fitzpatrick
Scholz	Wing	Turkington
O'Connor	Wing	Wallis
Larrey	Full	Smith

Joe Braden, referee.

**Santa Clara 31****Palo Alto Club 3**

The Varsity had little or no trouble in defeating the fast Palo Alto Athletic Club on their first appearance here this season. The Paly Club presented a strong line-up but lacked condition. As on the previous Sunday, the Varsity used passing rushes with telling effect, while the clubmen contented them-

selves for the most part, with dribbling. The first score was the result of some pretty work by Garcia, LeBourveau, Cota and Scholz, the latter tallying. Gus O'Connor scored the next try when he picked the ball up on the five yard line and dashed over. Jackson converted both tries. The Paly Club, by individual work, dribbled the ball over and Chandler fell on it for their lone score. Templeton failed to convert.

In the second half tries were made by Dana, Scholz, Diaz and Manelli. The latter scoring twice. Jackson converted three of the tries.

For the Varsity Manelli, Scholz, Kirchoff, Vicini, Cota and O'Connor played a star game, while Cashel, Swarts, Risiling, Meese, Chandler, and Esola were in the limelight for Paly. Peter Flannigan, the internationalist, refereed the contest.

**Varsity****Palo Alto Club**

Dana, Berg	Front Rank	Butterfield
Manelli	Front Rank	Flugel
J. Muldoon,	Lock	Cordsen
Sheehy	Lock	Brainard
B. Muldoon	Breakaway	Cashel
Korte,	Breakaway	Barkley
Kirchoff	Breakaway	Brown
Vicini	Rear Rank	Swarts
McCarthy		
Ferrario	Rear Rank	Loomis
Bergna	Rear Rank	E. Soder
Don	Wing Forward	A. Soder
Diaz	Half	Nagel
Garcia	1st Five	Risiling
LeBourveau	2nd Five	Meese
Cota	Center 3	Chandler





Vicini	Rear Rank	Flannigan	LeBourveau	2nd Five	B. Louden
Ferrario	Rear Rank	Postlewaite	Garcia	Center 3	Price
Don	Wing	Forward Gettings	Cota, Judge	Wing	Gill
		Turkington	O'Connor	Wing	Pedreau
Diaz	Half	Larkin, Hyland	Jackson	Full	Bean
Garcia	1st Five	Larkin, Carroll	James Peter Fitzpatrick, referee.		
Young	2nd Five	Fitzpatrick			
Cota	Center 3	Hawkes			
Chase, Grace	Wing	Swigart			
O'Connor	Wing	Malloy			
Jackson	Full	Smith			
Lock Card, referee.					

**Santa Clara 60****Barbarians 0**

The Barbarian game developed into a rout and the Varsity rolled up a total of 60 points. The Barbs did not put up the least bit of competition. The Varsity ran up 23 points in the first half, while in the second period nine tries were scored. LeBourveau with three, Diaz with two and Korte with two, were the scoring stars of the game. O'Connor, Garcia, J. Muldoon, Sheehy, Don, Judge and Vicini each added three points, while Jackson converted eight of the scores.

**Varsity****Barbarians**

Ferrario, Dana	Front Rank	Doyle
Manelli	Front Rank	Flugel
J. Muldoon	Lock	Lejeal
Don	Breakaway	Meheen
B. Muldoon	Breakaway	Louden
Kirchoff		
Sheehy	Rear Rank	Fisher
Korte	Rear Rank	Nevin
Vicini	Wing Forward	Graff
Diaz	Half	Hyland
Young	1st Five	Bozinger

**Santa Clara 30****Palo Alto Club 0**

On their second appearance here the Paly Club put up a determined fight, but to no advantage. The Varsity ran through them in the first half for 22 points, while in the last half the Varsity added 8 points more. Bill Muldoon, Scholz, Kirchoff and Merritt each tallied, while Bobbie Don went over twice. The majority of the tries scored were of a high order, being the result of snappy passing rushes.

In the second period Paly put up a hard battle and the best the Varsity could do was to score twice. Bill Muldoon and Scholz planted the ball over the line for scores. The contest was one of the best seen this year and clearly showed an improvement over past performances. The score would have been larger had not Coach Von Manderscheid given several Freshmen an opportunity to display their wares.

**Varsity****Palo Alto**

Ferrario	Front Rank	Flugel
		Butterfield
Manelli	Front Rank	McMillan
J. Muldoon	Lock	Kinsey
Carmella		
B. Muldoon	Breakaway	Nevin
Don	Breakaway	Barkley
Sheehy	Rear Rank	A. Soder

Korte	Rear Rank	Cordsen
		Edwards
Vieini, Angell	Wing Forward	Card
Diaz, Young	Half	Hyland
Garcia	1st Five	Hunter
Conneally, Judge		
O'Connor	2nd Five	E. Soder
Merritt	Center 3	Cobb
Scholz	Wing	Kirksey
Kirchoff	Wing	McLaughlin
Jackson	Full	Phippen

Jim Fitzpatrick, referee.

### Santa Clara Freshmen 8

### Stanford Freshmen 16

The Stanford Freshmen defeated the Santa Clara Freshmen in the hardest game played on the Stanford turf this season. At the outstart of the contest th Missionites did some fine work, and the Stanford goal was in danger many times. Only hard fighting saved the Cardinals. Then Stanford carried the ball into the Saints' territory by a series of rushes. In a passing backfield rush Repath went over for the first try, Doe converting. Santa Clara followed with a try shortly afterwards, when Captain Garcia scored in a passing rush. Larrey converted. In the last of the half Devereaux tallied; Doe failed to convert.

Stanford scored in the second half when Repath went over from a scrum; Doe failing to convert. Judge went over from ruck in a pretty run of 30 yards; Larrey failed to convert. In the last minute of play, with both teams fighting their hardest, and the game still in the air, Nagel scored after a

passing rush; Doe converted, bringing the score up to 16 to 8.

For the Stanford Frosh the stars were Doe, Clark, Campbell, Devereaux, and Repath; while Ferrario, Manelli, Sheehy, Kirchoff, Garcia, O'Connor and Judge played the stellar game for Santa Clara.

### Santa Clara Freshmen

### Stanford Freshmen

Ferrario	Front Rank	Dickey
		Marx
Manelli	Front Rank	Henry
Carmella	Lock	Clark
Berg, Davitt	Breakaway	Campbell
Dana	Breakaway	Patrick
Sheehy	Rear Rank	Wallace
Kirchoff	Rear Rank	Adams
		Hansen
Heafy	Wing Forw'd	Schofield
Baratona		
Young, Pipes	Half	Doe
Garcia	1st Five	Devereaux
O'Connor	2nd Five	Sheldon
		Nagel
Merritt	Center 3	Morse
Grace	Wing	Falk
Judge	Wing	Repath, Parker
Larrey	Full	Reynolds

Geo. Faulkner, referee.

R. Craig Howard.

### PREP NOTES.

Well, the Preps are still in their victorious stride. You know, if we were to moralize, and we do so now and then—particularly now—we would be inclined to say that everything con-



sists in a good start. One reason for that may be that having started well, people expect a great deal of us and human respect and mere pride keep us ever on our toes; for fear that slowing down ever so little men may call us quitters. So it is with the Preps. They got started well, and going well still they are. Amen.

### San Jose High 0

### Preps 23

The fact that the Preps have a real honest-to-goodness rugby team this year was never brought home to the minds of most of us around here so strongly as on the day that they met San Jose High, which is quite the king-pin in High School Athletics around these parts of this now prune-picked valley. At any rate San Jose fell, and great was the fall thereof, a fall of twenty-three points. There was never any doubt about the final outcome of the game. The going was all the Preps' own way, and go they did for a total of seven tries and one field goal. Superior in every department of the game, they displayed their skill both in the forwards, who packed around the ball like last year's Varsity pack, dribbled and passed when occasion required in a way that gladdened the hearts of those who three years ago first started a Prep Team, and in the backs who got rid of their passes snap-pily and accurately and who were ever with the man carrying the ball. Of the back field men, Chase at center three, Grace at wing and Young at 1st five, looked particularly good; the first

named romped over the line for four tries. But Fate seemed to have sort of bunched the tries of a whole season for him; for a few days after, the same Mr. Chase sprained his ankle, rather badly at that, so that he will have to wait patiently until next Fall to make any more tries for the Preps; for their season is now practically over. Among the most aggressive of the forwards were Captain Costa, Caramella and Heafey. All three of them have shown remarkable improvement over what they were last year. The lads from San Jose got possession of the ball several times, but were quite powerless in their efforts to attack our defense. Undoubtedly more points would have been made, had any of the tries been converted; but Larrey, our regular boot-artist happened not to be here, or rather happened to be not here; ditto for Alfredo Ferrario, who is some meat in the scrum.

---

### MIDGETS.

It strikes us, looking at things very dispassionately, as befits us of a philosophical mind, that those scrappy youngsters deserve about as much praise as the Varsity. Every night they get out and work, and the improvement they have shown is little short of wonderful. To a man almost, they knew about as much concerning the game of rugby at the beginning of the season as I do about mathematics (consult my report-card); but now let me say they know some rugby. Anything that bears the



slightest resemblance to a football team they challenge to deadly combat, no matter how big they look. In fact the bigger they are the harder they fall, so say the youngsters. To write an adequate history of the achievements of these Midgets of ours would require much more space than is granted to recording the doings of the Preps, but a word or two must suffice.

They humbled Centerville High Seconds 3-0; St. Joseph's High of San Jose tasted defeat to the tune of 35-0; but, strange things do happen, for a week later these same St. Joseph's lads came over here and played a 3-3 tie game with the Midgets. There is no explaining the fact other than that they must be Irish. The last game we have to record was with Livermore High. The latter all seemed to be six footers, or pretty near it at any rate. They had the Midgets on the defense during the entire game, being very much heavier and stronger; but they were not able to get the ball over the youngsters' line; and the final whistle found neither team credited with a score, so our babes came home tired but satisfied—they weren't beaten; such was their consolation.

More games are scheduled with Palo Alto Intermediates and San Jose High Midgets.

The Midget squad runs thusly: Henry, Bardue, "Tub" Williams, Rogers, Brizzoloed, O'Brien (capt.), McGinn, Viault (manager), Geoghegan (fierce tackler), Woods, Regan (of Crockett), Duffil, Symons, Argenti (Tootsie nosster), Guthrie, Mulaney, Nolan, Fogarty, Scribner, de Cazotte, Lucas, Bonetti, Curley, Goodbody, Labrovich.

The Midgets wish to take this occasion to express their thanks and appreciation to Coach Von Manderschied and Father McElmeel for the extraordinary interest taken in them and for the time and patience so graciously accorded in teaching them a few ideas about this great game of Rugby.

---

### BASKETBALL.

Up to date but little attention has been given to basketball; however a few wild-eyed enthusiasts don their suits and practice ringing them; and among the new men there is some likely material in Grace, Humphrey, Howell, Reddy, Mollen, "Little Moose" Korte, Egli and Donovan. These, together with the vets of last year ought beyond a doubt to form a Prep Quintet, the speediest that Santa Clara has ever seen.

Fred Moran.



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Top Row, left to right : Capt. Diaz. Bill Muldoon, John Muldoon, Le Bourveau, Korte,  
 Second Row : Angell, Merritt, Kerchoff, Garcia, Larrey.  
 Third Row : Ferrario, Cota, Don, Howell, Young.  
 Fourth Row : Sheehy, Manelli, Vicini, Scholz, O'Connor.

# The Redwood.

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NO. 3

## Christmas

**B**LEAK night of snow  
Attaint with pestal breath,  
Thy mantled ice reverts the rays  
Of stars that shine on death.

Far breaks the sky  
In surfs of steel barrage,  
Up-tidaled on the wounded world  
By Mars unloosed menage.

Ah gentle Sun—  
The sleeping soldier starts.  
Oh God! A dream? Those tidal flames  
But blunted sunrise darts?

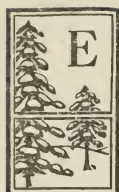
'Tis Christmas day.  
And the snowy plains  
Bright peace outshines the flaming Mars,  
And Infant Jesus reigns.

ARTHUR DUNNING SPEARMAN



# Hooverizing

Louis Buty.



EARLY in April, with our entrance into the war, the Administration realized clearly that it would be our duty to feed and supply the armies and population of our Western allies. President Wilson, with that dispatch which has characterized his every action during this period, summoned Mr. Herbert Hoover, then at the head of the Belgian Relief Committee, to act in the capacity of Food Administrator. Congress, gave him free rein by passing "an act to provide further for the national security and defense by encouraging the production, conserving the supply, and controlling the distribution of food products and fuel."

His duties outlined, Mr. Hoover gathered about him a staff of the ablest men in the country. His task was enormous. However, during those few months which have already elapsed, he has accomplished more than had been expected.

He has succeeded in speeding up all farm production as much as possible, guarding at the same time against draining the fertility of the soil and thus depleting future crops. The bean crop has increased 1000%, the State of Michigan producing more beans this

year than the whole country did before. The potato crop has shown a general increase of 20 to 35%. This year the corn crop of the country was 3,248,000,000 bushels as against 2,650,000,000 bushels last year, an increase of over a half billion bushels. Other food crops have shown a corresponding increase, and indications are that the United States will have produced the largest food crops in its history.

To accomplish this, the Food Administration had to mobilize 6,000,000 farmers. This was done by appealing to their patriotism, directly and indirectly, and by pointing out to them the responsibility which rested upon their efforts. Throughout the country, this appeal was brought to them by posters, circulars, and trained speakers. And to their credit, it must be said that they have responded loyally.

However, the production of food, is only part of the Administration's duties. Equally as important as the production is the "conserving of the supply, and controlling the distribution". To this end, a whole week has just been devoted, and a half a million canvassers have undertaken a campaign to induce the housewives of the country to sign the pledge to conserve food during the war. In a very short time they

had already succeeded in getting over 13,000,000 pledge cards signed, and more will be added from time to time. This means that practically every citizen will be forced to eat less beef, pork, pork products, wheat, butter, and sugar, during the remainder of the war.

The pledge also exhorts all to waste no foodstuffs. This is one of the most interesting features of the campaign. Last year the kitchen waste totalled \$700,000,000, a most stupendous sum. However, by the establishment of methods by the National Food Administration to educate the country in scientific selection and preparation of wholesome foodstuffs, which make both for economy and efficiency, as by substitution of whole wheat, grain, corn meal, brown rice, soy beans and cow peas for such foodstuffs as will be beyond the means of the ordinary home, it is hoped that the reduction of the annual kitchen waste will be scaled down by many millions of dollars next year.

Also, through the indefatigable efforts of the Administration under Mr. Hoover, such movements as the establishment of war restaurants, and inducing restaurants to serve war food, the inauguration of wheatless days, meatless days, and creamless days, and the formation of the "feed yourself" campaigns—all these will diminish decidedly the consumption of the supporting products of life.

The "proper distribution of food products" perhaps affects the people

in general more closely. The conditions which arose several years ago, and which have not been remedied as yet, vitally threaten our national domestic welfare. It will be remembered that when it fell upon the United States to supply the combatants in Europe with food, because their own crops had been devastated by the unruly Mars, certain speculators in these commodities saw fit to "corner the market," and thus pocket the pecuniary recompense which would accrue therefrom. They succeeded and consequently the commodity took on a greater market value as days went by. This seemed a good way to make money, and consequently sooner or later commodities became more valuable also "on account of the war." However, the raise in price, in most cases was uncalled for, and Mr. Hoover was appointed to seek out the secret stores of the "food hoarders," and see that there is a proper distribution throughout the country.

The latest move along this line, is the fixing of prices at which food and fuel must be sold. These were arrived at, only by the closest observation and investigation on the part of the administration.

As much as the Administration has succeeded in what they have undertaken, yet their work has just begun. The responsibilities and importance of a correct food administration can be better understood from the following from the Wall St. Journal:

"A condition precedent to a success-

ful termination of the war is the maintenance of the health of the people and steady employment of labor. A plentiful supply of food, fuel and clothing at reasonable prices is a first requisite. Extortionate prices lead to demands for higher wages, strikes and un-

rest. Diminished production is the result, and our fighting forces crippled."

Along with this it must be borne in mind that as eagerly as we hope for peace our calculations for the future must be based on war.



## To Mother

---

A VOICE there is, a voice of tears  
That will go ringing down in years,—  
When all the merry belfries chime  
In unison at Christmas time.  
I hear that voice, so sweet and low  
And soothing like the driven snow;  
And moved to tears I sit apart  
To still the beating of my heart.

It is my mother's voice I hear,  
And know that many a wayward tear  
Has trickled down her wrinkled cheek,—  
She, uncomplaining still and meek  
Ever forgave her wayward boy,  
Her grief transmuted into joy.  
How often have I caused her woe!  
Can I repay the debt I owe?

No face so sweet, no eyes so blue,  
No heart so beautiful and true,  
No soul so loving, firm and strong,  
No mind so free from thought of wrong.  
In vain I seek a token meet  
To lay in reverence at your feet,—  
Mother, I offer you my hand  
And know that you will understand.

—J. Charles Murphy.



# Consolidated

Francis M. Conneally.



YOUTHFUL figure with bowed head slowly ascended the steps of a pretentious dwelling situated in the residential district of Fifth avenue. In one hand he gripped a natty suit-case, while a heavy overcoat was thrown over his arm. He opened the door and stepped inside.

Here he stopped, it was evident that there was a bitter struggle going on within him—the downcast expression, however gradually gave way to a cynical smile.

Mr. William Walstaff, senior partner in the firm of Walstaff and Warner, ship building contractors in New York, sat alone in an elaborately decorated library. The morning paper absorbed his interest, so much so that he was unaware of the presence of another person in the room. He glanced up suddenly.

“Why hello!” he said, somewhat surprised. “Is school out so soon—why no—it’s only November the fourth.”

“You’re right, dad, but I’m out a little early”—blandly replied the youth as he opened a gold cigarette case.

“But I do not understand. Are you ill? Have you been granted special permission—what’s the trouble—you seem to be worried about something. What is it?”

There was no answer. The young man tossed a large envelope upon the table, then gingerly seated himself upon a leather couch to await results.

Mr. Walstaff, senior, adjusted his glasses and with a disturbed expression, and began to read the contents of the letter.

St. George’s College,  
Utica, New York.

November 3, 1907.

Mr. William Walstaff.

Dear Sir:—Circumstances far too painful in their nature to relate at present, cause us this unhappiness of sending your son William home. -

His conduct since the beginning of the school year had been excellent up to three days ago when he, apparently maliciously broke one of the fundamental regulations of this institution.

Out of respect for the integrity of the College and as an example to others, we, the faculty have duly expelled your son from this institution.

Respectfully Yours,

The Faculty.

The king of ship-builders crumpled

the note in his hand, sinking feebly into his chair. Then he arose and all of the fury of his passion was given full vent.

"You ingrate—expelled! A disgrace not only to yourself, but to your parents," Mr. Walstaff was trembling with rage—with a firm hand he clutched his son's coat collar.

"You are a worthless cur—"

"But father," pleaded the terror-stricken son, "I did nothing to deserve such punishment. They are prejudiced, they won't listen to me—besides—"

"You lied to them," cut in the father, "and now you lie to me! To-day you leave this house—I don't care where you go—I'll not give you a cent, and never communicate with me in any way. Your life is now what you make it. Go!—out of my sight. Go or I'll——"

Crestfallen and ashamed the youth slowly obeyed the parental command.

The hot noon-day sun found him seated on a coil of rope down on the East Side quays. Idly he watched the ships in the harbor load and unload,—the numerous launches, yachts and motor boats served to distract his thoughts.

Slowly and sadly he passed over in his perturbed mind the events that had transpired during the previous few days.

"So, after all, I am a fool—an utter failure at twenty—expelled from college—driven from my father's home—

banished as an exile. To think of wasting three, or at least the greater part of three years at college and then to have my career crowned with the degree of expulsion. If it was a punishment which I really deserved I would bear my lot without whimpering. But on account of the rampage of several feather-brained freshmen coupled with the blissful ignorance of an officer—I am what I am. My alibis wouldn't work—for they'd sure get me for coming in from the Cedar Grove dance at two bells—Aye, Sherman was right—Life is just—" and so he mused.

It so happened, or mayhap Fate had so ordained, that the large liner "Leuitan" was loading for Brazil, and being of a curious nature Walstaff picked his way through the endless chain of stevedores, sweating beneath a broiling sun, to the side of the ship.

"Poor devils," he muttered as he watched them scurry to and fro like so many rats at the bellowing of an officer.

Suddenly the thought came to him. "I'll start all over—maybe I can get a job and ship to Brazil—", and then he went in search of information.

With an inward feeling of wretchedness brought on by his past actions he approached his would-be benefactor with a sheepish air.

"Pardon me, sir, but I would like to work my passage to Brazil—do you need any one? or do you think you could use me?"

The first-mate looked him over and with a whimsical smile replied:

"We need a couple of stokers, but you look too soft—I'm sorry—"

"But you can try me, can't you—just give me a chance."

"Sorry young fellow, I got to have some references—who knows but that you are a spy, eh?"

"Don't be too hasty, I'm merely—well, I'm just an ordinary college student, only I sort of got canned, and I wanted very much to ship with you. I'm in some mighty hard luck and I cannot afford the fare."

"But those hands of yours cannot stand the graft—"

"How can you tell, just give me a chance," challenged the applicant. "On the level, I've made up my mind to go—even if I have to go stowaway."

"Got a lot of ambition, eh—well, I'll give you a berth—come this way."

It was hot. Walstaff had never in all his days experienced or had he ever imagined what heat really was. His natty suit of blue serge as well as the immaculate shirt and those smart dressy oxfords were replaced by a pair of overalls, heavy shoes and a strip of cloth that had once been a shirt.

The grim dust from the "black-diamonds" suffocated him as he heaved shovelful after shovelful into the door of the blazing furnace. His hands were no longer beautiful and white—blisters large and raw had come and broken—shoveling was painful. After three hours of the hardest labor ever accom-

plished in his life, he sank to the floor exhausted. A pail of water directed by skillful hands into his face brought him out from his slumber and he went back on the job with a buzzing sound in his ears, but with determination.

As days went on he became accustomed to his task and eventually chummy with the men about him.

They had nicknamed him "Nerve," but some comical heaver bestowed the appellation "Adonis", and it stuck. When the shifts changed and the little group huddled in their bunks, Adonis would entertain them with an incessant chatter. He would drift from baseball, to dancing, to the movies, to the chances of being wrecked on a desert isle. But he stopped at nothing, even though he was adrift on a sea of mispronounced names and faulty facts. His was no more and no less than many a college student's line—which is termed by many to-day as the art of "Camouflaging the public". However, it was through this medium that "Adonis" annexed to himself the herculean stokers as his boon companions.

\* \* \*

Dark purple clouds hung over the distant mountain tops, softening their rugged outlines. A damp thick fog screened the outline of the booming shore, but gradually the sun broke through and the whole dwindled into an indistinguishable grey mass revealing the port of Rio de Janeiro.

After waiting, what seemed to him as a life time, for the boat to dock, the

soot having been scrubbed out of all the pores of his body, "Adonis" emerged attired in his former raiment.

"Hello! you don't look like a stoker," greeted the first mate as Walstaff entered his cabin.

"You may be right, but see these calouses," he extended his palms for inspection. "I'm proud of them."

"Indeed, you have right to be so, for if I am not mistaken, they are the results of the first work you have ever done. I had exactly the same experience as you. Yes, I shoveled from Liverpool to good old New York, and, young man," he continued, "I owe my success to the calouses which came while I started on that bottom rung of the ladder."

\* \* \* \*

With forty dollars as his capital, William Walstaff began the life for himself in a strange land among strange people.

## II.

Ten years had come and gone. December had come again and held New York in it's icy tentacles. But, nevertheless, all was astir with the life and good cheer of the coming blessed season.

Mr. Walstaff folded his napkin and left the breakfast table. "Martha," he said, turning to his wife, "I will have the honor of Mr. Gains' presence at dinner to-night.

"Mr. Gains?" questioned his wife.

"Yes, you know the gentleman with whom I have been dickering for the

past three months. He is the representative of the Peruvian Steamship Line and I believe that immediately following to-night's business the Peruvian Steamship Company will consolidate with the Walstaff and Warner Company."

"Really!"

"Yes, Martha, I'm anxious to place the business of the firm in a position to cope with Lloyd's—well I must be gone—dinner will be at six."

Five o'clock found Mr. Walstaff awaiting the arrival of his visitor, Mr. Gains, at the Central Station. The train was seemingly late so the great ship-builder reclined in the muchly upholstered seat of his limousine. Patiently he waited—but when the great clock of the station registered five-thirty he grew decidedly impatient. Opening the door of the car he called to a porter who was walking past.

"I say, my man, has the Limited arrived from Atlantic City?"

"'Deed she has boss, she come in bout'n hour ago."

"Well, have you seen any gentleman in the waiting room who seems to be awaiting anyone?" questioned the irritated builder.

"Lo'd I wish I had—I'se got a telegram fo' a Mr. Walstaff, but dis here gent aint a goin' all ober the city fo' him—no suh!"

"What—I'm Mr. Walstaff—give it to me," he ordered impatiently.

"Yo are—well boss, here it am—I's gettin' mighty hoarse paging you," he



pocketed the coin and was gone, dreaming of the "little pork chop" the money would no doubt purchase.

The financier opened the yellow envelope and read:

Atlantic City, 1:30 P. M.

Mr. Walstaff,  
Central Station.

Am delayed on business—will arrive at your home at 6:00. Do not await my arrival at station. Gains.  
(Pd. Page Call).

"Methodical person. Very business like—By Jove, I'll be glad to meet him face to face—home John."

The machine snorted and went buzzing up the avenue. Presently it drew up in front of the ship king's home and the chauffeur was dismissed.

"And where is Mr. Gains?" questioned Mrs. Walstaff as she met her husband in the hallway.

"He was delayed, but will be here in time for dinner. I just received this telegram at the station, so we will await his arrival," and the two retired to the library to wait.

Promptly at six o'clock the butler answered the door and ushered into the parlor a large bronze-faced man about thirty years old. The stranger politely handed his card and the uniformed gentleman returned to the library.

"Mr. Gains," said the shipper as he took the card from the tray. "Send him in directly."

With a super-dignified bow inherent in all butlers, "Brass-buttons" drew

out. As he passed the hall-way a figure slipped cautiously behind the portiers and remained motionless until he had reached the parlor. Then, with a quick step, he entered an adjoining room and wholly unobserved entered the library in the rear of the awaiting couple.

"Ahem!"

Walstaff and his wife were startled. The ship-builder's hand slowly sought the drawer of the table.

"Never mind the gun, dad, you don't need it."

They turned—amazed—stupefied—

"What—William—"

"Yes folks, it's the prodigal returned."

The thrills of whole-hearted joy, the loving embraces, the apologies of the father, and the repeated outbursts of welcome are better left to the imagination than expressed in mere words.

Time passed by unnoticed as the forgiven son told the story of his trials and sorrows in a distant land and how after struggling at the bottom of the ladder of success he painfully drew himself up ever nearer the goal. Tears were in the old man's eyes as he thought of the day when he had repulsed his own flesh without even listening to a word of defense from his son.

"Pa, I did deserve what I got—every bit of it. And I thank God that it happened. For there in the land of labor, where I have struggled for ten years I have learned a lesson. There is noth-

ing so great in this world as a clear conscience, and thank God I have one."

About an hour later, the butler, who had been trying in vain to get a word in edgewise finally succeeded.

"Mr. Walstaff—er—I went to the parlor—and Mr. Gains—"

"Oh! Yes—yes," replied the shipper. "Pardon me, William, there is a certain party, a Mr. Gains in the parlor with whom I am doing some business—I must leave you to mother for a few moments—"

"Hardly any need of that, father, I don't think Mr. Gains is in the parlor."

"What, has he—did you see him leave?"

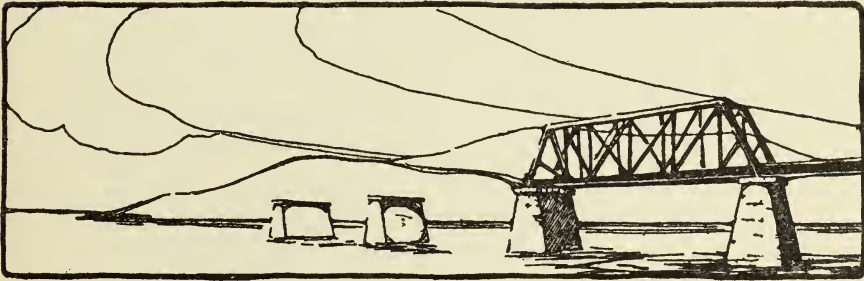
"Not exactly, but I think he came in here some time ago—and he handed his father a small visiting card.

The old man read the name:

"You—are you Mr. Gains?"


"At your service, dad. By the way how about those contracts to be drawn up?"

And surely no one can say that there was never a more tranquil and happy Christmas spent in the Walstaff mansion for a decade of years.



## A Frost-Bitten Rose

---

 HE fox-gloves love the wildwood alleys  
And the blue-bells bob in the lanes;  
But on uplands bleak and in sheltered valleys  
The royal rose ever reigns.

But the rose of my love is a meager thing  
Chilled before it's time;  
And O, had it flourished where breezes fling  
Warm breaths in some kinder clime.

In the summer hills I met you—  
I had known you long before;  
So winsome I could not forget you,  
And so queenly I could but adore.

But haughty and sure of self were you,  
And just as haughty was I;  
Though I loved you well, who loved me too,  
Before telling our loves would we die.

So attracted by love and repelled by pride  
We dallied the days away—  
Blind wanderers led by a blinder guide  
Through a love-land strange and gay.

Each when alone held the other dear  
And froze the other when nigh,  
As fools are fain at those jewels to jeer  
For which when bereft of, they sigh.

In the arms of the sun yields the virgin snow  
When spring thrills the world with delight;  
But the snow of our love more cold would grow  
In the sun of the other's sight.

For the self-same pride that stung your lips  
To words of pretty disdain,  
Held me to hurt you with cruel, small quips  
That I knew would cause you pain.

While you mocked me so sly in that old, old tale  
Of the king with the asses' ears—  
Your smile so set and your lips so pale  
Told me how near were the tears.

And in turn of a wooer of yours I spoke,  
Whom you once liked passing fair—  
How I heard he had ta'en the benedict's cloak;  
And you blushed to your gold-brown hair.

And that rain-bow rain-flecked season of trial  
Soon came to it's brief, sad close;  
As we parted you left me a careless smile  
And the bud of a frost-bitten rose.

And often I've longed with a heart that bled  
That the bud had burst and bloomed  
To a living flower, warm and red,  
With the fragrance of life perfumed.

—W. Kevin Casey.



# War's Men

---

Thomas J. Moroney.



OPENED my eyes to encompass a myriad of fast fading stars twinkling their way into oblivion, through a cold, thin, gray mist which swept along swiftly, silently, on and on, breathing its icy breath alike on friend and foe. And as I watched the wonders of nature, watched the glancing rays of the morning's sun, spread their golden hues against the background of ethereal emptiness, and caught the last faint fluttering of the struggling stars I marveled at it all, and in doing so felt myself grow very small and insignificant. The feeling was almost sickening. Involuntarily I shuddered and nestled down more snugly in my improvised bed.

It was as yet half an hour before dawn, and the sounding of the bugle, which would mark the commencement of the day's work. "The day's work". I repeated it aloud bitterly, and with all the feeling at my command. Indeed a few months previously I had given but little thought to the horrors of war, while safe at home enjoying all the conveniences of the twentieth century.

How eagerly all war news was

searched out and devoured by my utopian mind, and how I had been fooled. I viewed it at the time in the light of an adventure, a lark, something not to be taken seriously, but I had come, I had seen, and I was changed.

How foolish and unreal it all seemed! The quiet hours of dawn unbroken by a solitary sound, with the dim forms of my comrades, scattered about, peacefully sleeping even in the very arms of death itself and dreaming the dreams of uncertainty.

How many of those still forms, all life and healthful and whole, would on the morrow lie even more quietly, but torn, trampled, and tread upon to rise no more! While away back in America some poor, old, lonesome mother, broken hearted, yet hopeful, is waiting for her boy who will never come back.

A sharp blast of the bugle brought me back to reality with a start. As I dashed the cold water in my face, I criticised myself severely for falling into this contemplative mood, for it is dangerous for a soldier to contemplate. So it is, and the stage is again set for the game of chance, heralded by the rising of the sun, and closed by the curtain of darkness, lost to many and still to be realized by others.

# And She Never Knew

Randall O. O'Neill.



O the intimate friend, as well as to the no less casual observer, it would appear, and the appearance was not in the slightest degree deceiving, that here indeed was an ideal couple. And from this fact it oftentimes happened that they were the object of secret envy on the part of those who had been less fortunate in the choice of a life-mate.

They had one little girl who was born on Christmas Eve; and consequently when that happy time of the year came around there was always an added reason for rejoicing—for thankfulness was there in addition to happiness. But one Christmas things in general seemed to take on a different aspect; the erstwhile affectionate, open-hearted husband seemed to have lost interest in home. Indifference as to his cozy fire-side appeared to have gotten the better of him. Wife and the little one were provided with all that money could buy; nor was his love sprouting in any other direction, entwining itself around the affections of another. But he merely of late had developed a sort of care-free, Rip Van Winkle disposition, and probably from the very same cause that helped so materially to de-

velop the ways and manners of that ancient and august character.

Of his wife it could not have been said that she too was in any way indifferent, for the fact that she took upon herself, as did Xanthippe of old, to correct this fast developing trait of her beloved, bore ample testimony. But whether or not she adopted the right and most advisable course is still an altogether debatable question. This fact remains true—she used a woman's only weapon, her tongue.

Now it must by all be agreed that the tongue is a most admirable instrument, small though it be. For if our memory plays us not false we recall that it was no less a personage than St. James who likened the tongue to the rudder of a ship—small indeed, but, Oh my! And if this be true with regard to the tongues of mere man, of what will a woman's tongue not be capable of? And what woman cannot accomplish by the use of her tongue is hardly worth mentioning. It was woman's tongue that put the skates under poor old Adam. It was woman's tongue no less than her looks that got Greece and Troy into such an ungentlemanly brawl. It was woman's tongue that got Sampson into such serious trouble. And I

have a little underhand suspicion of my own that when this war is all over, and we get to the bottom of it all, we shall find that a woman's tongue was in the back of the Kaiser or whoever it was that got the whole world a-fighting. So be not surprised if a woman's tongue was in some slight way instrumental in bringing about that which is to follow in this brief recital.

The particular night to which I refer was a Christmas Eve; and as was usual with him of late, he sat around in his listless, detestable way, and she started the fire-works with her usual, detestable wagging.

He listened awhile with seeming patience, and then getting up, walked around a bit, pacing to and fro with his head and eyes cast down as if buried in the depths of thought. But she did not even stop for breath; for the hundredth time he was "a heartless wretch." Shortly, while her rapid fire was still directed at him, he put on his coat and hat, and mumbling something to the effect that he thought that she was right, he left the house.

Now the next day was Christmas, and early the church bells began to proclaim to all the world that He who was to bring joy and gladness to this old world of ours, was born. And when the people with bright, cheery faces began to file out into the streets on the way to their respective houses of worship, with a "Merry Christmas" here and a "Merry Christmas" there, the whole town seemed filled to overflow-

ing with the spirit of joy and happiness which the new-born King had brought.

But in this town there was one little house and two big hearts which this joy did not penetrate; and the reason, "Papa" had not returned since his departure the night before. And so Christmas, with its good cheer, passed lazily by; and still the loved one did not return.

Nor had he returned when the longest lingering week had passed; and every day and night this sad wife's and mother's heart was being pierced by ten thousand bitter pangs of sorrow. Why had she treated him so? What made her talk so much? After all what had he done? Where did he go? What did he mean? These were but a few of the questions that she tried to answer a thousand times; but each time failed utterly. But Oh! if he only would come back, how good she would be to him! and how happy they would be! But time fled fast along, and still he did not return.

Five weeks passed and an early morning's paper flared with the headlines:

WILLIAM P. HARDING, MISSING FOR FIVE WEEKS, FOUND DEAD IN WEST SIDE PARK. MURDER? SUICIDE?

And then the article went on to tell how, when the body had been found, although decomposition had set in to a great extent, the man's wife and friends had succeeded in identifying the body from his clothes, papers and

other effects that were found upon his person. He was given a respectable burial, and after some time his worldly affairs were settled in a way that left his wife and daughter in a position that kept the wolf a good many miles from the door.

Nothing was now left for her to do, but to sit back and await the graying of her hair and the growing of her daughter, mourning the while the loss of the best and only husband she ever had, and ruing the possession of a tongue that had wrought such havoc and devastation.

\* \* \* \*

But as the saying has it, and but too often is it true, "out of sight out of mind," after three short years William P. Harding's widow was the object of the attentions of a prominent young doctor. It seemed that the baby was indisposed for a time; a doctor was called. And he was very nice; so was the mother of the child. He had no matrimonial affiliations, neither had she to speak of; and those that she had were in the grave. So it chanced that the doctor's attentions were agreeable to all concerned, and his chances for success were quite favorable.

For by the following Easter the wedding bells again rang out, announcing to the world that another couple had been so joined that no man could put asunder. Their honeymoon was short, pleasant and to the point, meaning thereby that it was a honeymoon. It

being over, the wife sold her old household effects, and she and "Babe" who was now five years old, went to live with their "new papa".

Two more years had slipped by, and everything was going along famously; for she had learned her lesson, and was determined not to be again trapped by too much nagging. And now again Christmas was at hand; and for a moment her thoughts roamed back to that Christmas long gone by; but she caught herself and hurriedly put it from her mind, hastily burying herself in preparations for the present.

Now in many climes, it is often said, that Christmas is a time when the poor and afflicted, the forlorn and the tramps are subjected to divers and sundry and various sufferings, caused by hunger, poverty and lack of the comforts that go to make this time of the year so agreeable to most people.

And so it was in this particular locality on this particular Christmas eve. The houses were all brightly lighted, and one standing in the cold and sleet and ice of the outside could not but think as he gazed through the window that some of all that good was intended by the good Lord of all for him too.

But of all the houses none was so brightly beaming as the home of a certain Doctor Felldon. And by Fate, or perchance by Providence driven, there happened along this very street a man, a beggar, all forlorn, ragged and torn; and before this particular panorama of opulence and comfort he stood and



feasted his eyes to his heart's content on what he saw glittering within.

And with that came the thought, why need he be so honest? Here he was all down and out, so why not lie around until all had retired, and then slip in and help himself. Surely they would not miss out of their abundance whatever he would take. A moment's reflection determined him. Backing away to a distance, where he could still keep an eye on the house, he cuddled himself in a heap and began to devise a plan whereby he could force an entrance and get out again without detection. And visions of a full Christmas, at least as far as his stomach was concerned, loomed large before his eyes as the immediate result of the booty thus obtained.

He had not long to wait, for very soon he could see that preparations for bed were being made, and one by one the lights went out, leaving the house in total darkness. He waited two hours longer, until half past one. Then creeping stealthily down the street to the house he succeeded in effecting an entrance through an unlatched window.

Once inside, his flashlight showed him the Christmas tree, around which were clustered presents of all sorts both great and small. So promiscuously were they scattered around that the newly-made burglar betook himself to the work of garnering those that appeared the most valuable.

Hardly had he set himself to the task when he heard the door open very, very

softly behind him. A lifetime of thought passed through his head. Was he caught? Trapped after being honest so long? Was he to hear a pistol shot and feel a piercing bite that would end him then and there on this Christmas Eve at the foot of a Christmas tree? Or would he be caught, detained and sent to prison for a number of years?

He dared not look around; yet he knew not what to do. So he waited, waited for a century for something to happen. Then he heard soft footsteps coming toward him.

"God!" he thought, "I am caught."

But instead of a flash, a bite, a ring, he heard the soft, mellow voice of a child of about seven.

"Oh, my! are you dear old Santa Claus? They told me that I would not be able to see you when you came."

And forthwith she walked over, and putting her arms around his neck, kissed him.

"You dear old muggins, you. What did you bring for me? But where is your beard and your fluffy white clothes? And did you leave your reindeer outside? And when did you leave the North Pole? Does it get very cold there? Are all the people up there going to war too?"

The man played his searchlight on the features of the childish face, and the thought somehow struck him that he had seen that face before.

The child again spoke. "Won't you stay with me here, Santa Claus? Papa and Mama will be tickled to have you

with them for dinner tomorrow? Or do Santa Clauses eat dinner?"

"Oh, yes," the disconcerted Santa replied, "when I get it. I mean, when I am not too busy."

"Yes, I know Papa and Mama will be awfully glad to have you. See, there are their pictures on the wall."

The man played his light on them. Again that likeness which he had seen in the child. He gazed for an instant, he understood, and then the light fell from his hand to the floor. Picking up the child he was about to smother it with kisses when a familiar voice broke the stillness.

"Babe," came the voice from upstairs, then, "I'll bet she went down to the tree."

That was quite enough for the would-be burglar, now playing the role of Santa Claus in disguise. He gently put the child down and without picking up a thing, made a rather accelerated, if undignified, exit, lingering just long enough with merely his head inside the window to hear and see what would follow.

The lady on entering the room was greeted with, "Why Santa Claus was just here; and you had to come and scare him away." On looking around she saw the pile of Christmas things which she had so neatly arranged before retiring. She picked up something black.

"Why what is that?"

"Oh goodie", put in the child, "his light; maybe he'll come back and get

it; because he has to see when he goes to bring the things to other little girls' houses. Won't that be nice? Then you can see him too. He was awfully nice." And she clapped her hands in glee.

The woman picked up the light, and on it was crudely carved the initials W. P. H.

"Familiar letters," she remarked. And then an idea suddenly struck her, and she very naturally and womanishly screamed and fainted away. In a minute the whole house was in motion, and our friend Santa Claus was also in motion. He made the first corner in nothing—flat, and the next two or three in less than that.

Now, although Mrs. Doctor Felldon had recognized the initials as those of her dead husband, still she never knew the story I am about to unfold. That night, five years ago this very night, Harding did really go to West Side Park. Once there he was still quite undetermined just as to what he should do. The thought of ending it all right then and there did in reality occur to him; but from lack of courage, or from the thought that he was not as badly off as he imagined he was, or from a vestige of some moral objection he refrained from jumping off a pier, turning on the gas, blowing out the few brains he had, tying himself to a railroad track, or of performing any of those deeds of daring in common and accepted use among those who find life a burden to themselves and a source of objection to others.

So he sat on a bench, head in hands, and began thinking just what he would do with himself. At last he determined to leave the old "crank" and go away forever. His only difficulty was as to how he would be able to make a clean get-away. For as it was, the police would be cheerfully given all necessary data and information regarding the personal appearance, habits, life, character and inclinations of a certain William P. Harding by a wife already too much inclined to say things not entirely to the credit of her husband.

The fates seemed to play right into his hands, for to his great surprise two men rushed passed him in the dark.

"Hurry up, Joe, hurry; it is only an old bum. That's all. Too bad he had'nt something on him." One of them was heard to remark.

Harding looked around, and not many feet from where he sat, lay a

man writhing in all the agonies of death. He had neither seen nor witnessed the attack, so busily had he been thinking over his domestic trials and tribulations, but by the time he reached the victim he was dead.

Now, then, here was a chance. He would change clothes with this man; thus would he obliterate all knowledge of himself. This he did, pulled him into the brush, and then, he thought would lie there some time before being found.

With this Harding started off to begin life anew. But it had been an utter failure, and little by little he drifted among the human flotsam and jetsam gradually back to whence he had started,—back to where he was given the chance tonight, Christmas Eve,—of giving his very own Christmas Child one lingering, fatherly Christmas kiss.



## Over There

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**L**ORD, shall I die on Christmas Day?  
Christ, shall I martyred be?

Kneel ye beside me then and pray,  
And raise no shaft o'er me.

Pray to the God whose Son hath died—  
Suff'ring upon the cross;  
Pray to the Babe of Christmastide,  
"Lord may we share Thy loss."

Then though the shaft be riven,  
And enemy o'er me trod,  
Thou by thy prayer hast given,  
Honor of me to God. . . .

—Edward L. Nicholson.



# A Phase of Reconstruction

Frank X. Hovely.



WITH the entry of the Great War upon its fourth year, and its end still a matter of the wildest speculation, with the addition of another factor, the United States to the conflict, and with a renewed determination on both sides to carry the war to its bitter end, we cannot but look to one result—an era of destruction unrivaled in history.

And since the destruction will be so great, the reconstruction after the war must be of a corresponding magnitude. Unless Europe wishes to lie in the midst of ruin and of monuments of hatred and destruction she will have to bestir herself and raise out of her present chaos such edifices as will do pride to a progressive people.

There exists one class of edifice, however, which will all but defy the work of reconstruction, and this is, the Cathedrals. Hard have they fared wherever cannon boomed and howitzer rumbled. Rheims, Louvain, Antwerp, and many other cities all had cathedrals, where now but hollow shells, and in many instances very little of even that shell, remains.

Notre Dame, that historic monument of Parisian virtue, narrowly escaped the ignominy of forty-five years ago.

How near she came to being a stable for Prussian chargers for the second time every Parisian trembles to tell. Even yet is she the subject of sporadic outbursts of a necessarily restrained destruction, for at frequent intervals is she greeted with tokens of remembrance in the form of dynamite from high-soaring Taubes, or cigar-shaped Zeppelins.

Not only at the hands of the fierce Hun have the cathedrals of Europe been demeaned, but from time to time have we seen pictures in our current periodicals of British, not French, soldiers, holding theatricals amid their sacred walls. Flaunting their vain buffooneries before the very face of God, forgetting that they are not in a mere meeting place, but in a temple erected by the hands of a devout and loving generation to the Almighty, they cause us to pause in our thoughts as to whether the outcome of the war will find men's minds converted to God, or focused more than ever on the things of earth. But we digress.

To reconstruct the historical cathedrals of Europe, those medieval monuments of the days of faith, will be a task scarcely less in magnitude to that of the original edification. For here the talent of the artist will be handi-

capped. Unless an entirely new monument is to be erected, all the labor will have to be that of imitation, which spells death to creative genius. No artist, even if any exist today capable of producing works on a par with those of the old masters, will be able to throw aside his creative influence and produce a work of equal value and of exact similarity in the slightest detail to that which made the European Cathedrals halls which came nearest to be fitting places of God's earthly residence.

As a concrete idea of the view of modern governments in regard to their Cathedrals, we may take as an example Italy, blessed with the greatest and most artistic structures this world has ever seen. St. Mark's is today being protected in every way by a government which formerly exacted the greatest tribute from its priests. Every wall is doubly barricaded against the bombs of aerial destroyers, the historic Rood Screen, and every other work of art is swathed in cotton and bound with canvas to the extent that a severe blow would do them but little injury.

And for what purpose is this elev-

enth hour solicitude? Why this sudden governmental interest? The answer is easy. Tourists visit Italy to view the temples. Italy needs the tourists, and after the war she will need them more than ever. Hence one need not be uncommonly skilled in the process of putting two and two together in order to detect Italy's motive.

But this is a degradation which is easily apparent. Not because St. Mark's is the house of God is it protected, but rather because it is superior to any museum in drawing the gold-dispensing tourist. Thus does the attitude of those who would protect St. Mark's differ very essentially from that of those who built it.

This then is the task of reconstruction, first to rebuild the temples, and as nearly as possible approximate their former grandeur and stateliness; and secondly, when they are rebuilt to keep them from being relegated into mere museums; but to preserve them as temples of the Most High, as evidences of man's faith in God and love for Him. And of the two tasks the latter is by far the more difficult, but assuredly the greater and more noble.

# Forsaken

John G. Hiller.



IT was one of those quaint peasant houses so numerous in the western part of France; and it stood in one corner of its scanty four acres, in all the glory of a newly thatched roof. The time was early morning—a morning when December was quite young, in the first year of the war, and the clear air was chilled by a slight frost.

The old peasant woman goes about her daily tasks. She has just returned with a large earthenware jar full of fresh, sparkling brook water. Old though she is and slightly bent, she is still quite tall and well proportioned, evidence unmistakable that in the days of her youth and beauty, the eyes and heart of more than one sturdy peasant lad were turned in admiration and love to her.

Entering the house she begins at once to busy herself with the few dishes, for she was alone, out of which she had just eaten her morning meal. She works as if her life depended on it; under a tension of some kind; she seems extremely nervous.

Having the dishes ready, she finds she has warmed no water for them. Startled, she rubs her brow, as if she were working with a mighty effort, as

if thinking were difficult. And for the first time the deep wrinkles on her forehead and the hunted look of fear in her eyes, strike our attention. We notice too, that her skin, which is an unhealthy white, is stretched tightly over her cheek-bones.

Suddenly she stops. She drops weakly into a chair and holds her head between her hands.

“Oh Pierre! Mon Pierre!” she wails, “where are you? I will die for want of you? Are you dead or alive?”

The look of fear deepens in her eyes as she speaks her mind. Rising before her is a picture of a shell-torn battlefield; and in her mind’s eye she sees shells falling to the earth and bursting. The groans and shrieks of the dying are borne upon her ears, as she beholds a band of men making a futile charge from shell-craters near the enemies’ line. She sees each one either crumple up or leap into the air to land in a flat heap. One she sees clutching the earth in his death agony.

“Pierre! Pierre!” she sobs, “Oh good God! bring mon Pierre back to me. Pierre—my son!”

There is a sharp rap at the door. She jumps up, startled frightfully. Hastily she opens the door. It is the postman.

"A letter from the War Bureau," is his greeting.

The hand that takes it trembles. She cannot read; but she sees the official stamp of France in the corner. That much she knows. She wishes to cry to the postman, but he is gone.

Helplessly she gazes at the letter. Two sparks of terror kindle suddenly in the depths of her eyes. She tears madly at the letter clutching it to her heart.

"Pierre! Oh Pierre—dead!" And she falls weakly forward in a faint. Presently her eyes open. "Pierre, you died for love of France. I die for love of you. God rest my soul!"

Thus was she found the next morning, cold and rigid. Beside her lay an official letter commending her son for bravery and granting him a furlough over Christmas.

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## Whence

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I often wondered who you were—  
Whither you came, and why:  
If from the forests of pine and fir—  
Dark when the clouds rolled by.

And now at last your name I know;  
Why you to me God has brought—  
Soft'ning my smile, soothing my woe—  
They call you, 'Forget-me-not.'

JOSEPH SHERMAN





# Communications



## Letters from S. C. Men in Service.

"In Camp"  
Somewhere in France.  
Sept. 8, 1917

To the Manager of The Redwood,  
Dear Friend:

I don't know who it is I am writing to; but it's one of the "old boys" of Santa Clara who is sending this; and he is a long way from home, and would like very much to see a Redwood once in a while and hear from his old friends. So let the boys know that a letter from them would surely be appreciated over in this part of the world.

I believe I am the first real honest-to-goodness Santa Claran to come over the pond under "Old Glory"; but I am sure many more will follow in answer to their country's call.

I am writing this in a hut, and it leaks, and it's raining; so you can imagine how I envy the boys in Senior Hall; but if it's never any worse than this I'll not mind.

How is football going? Give Stanford a good beating again; and for the love of Mike send me all the news, and tell the boys to do the same. Sometime when the Student Body is together tell them "Hello" for me and good luck.

I am thanking you in advance, as I am sure you will appreciate how I would like to hear from the old school; and send me all the dope.

Kindly give my regards to the Fathers and to all my friends.

Sincerely yours,

"PINKIE" LEONARD, '17.

M. J. Leonard,  
Co. B, 18th Engrs., Ry.  
A. E. F., via New York.

South Western Hotel,  
Southampton,  
Sept. 24, 1917.

Dear Father:

It's only a few lines—but from a long way off, to say "Hello" to you. I'd like to send you a real newsy letter, enlightening you on all the latest scandals; but I'm afraid the censor would get even by the use of his broad black stamp—which would leave you very little to read—so I must keep all the excitement until my return.

We had a wonderful trip over, and I'm happy to report I was not sick one minute of the time. In fact they claim it was one of the most pleasant runs this summer.

We're learning more and more every day relating to the censorship. We just found out that no picture postcards of any description will pass the Board. I don't know what they'll do, probably hold them, and deliver them after the war.

The weather has been fine. Today you would think you were in California, it is so beautiful and mild. I trust it will continue when we get across the channel; for we'll be over in France in a few days now.

Father, I know you are remembering me in your prayers; so I take the opportunity of thanking you. Please continue, for I can only say I need them. I shall say adios, for this time, with my best wishes and my best hopes for hearing from you soon.

I am as ever devotedly yours,

AD. CANELO, '15.

P. S. Please remember me to all my friends, and when you write, Father, tell me all about the team. Thanks.

AD.

1st Lt. Adolph B. Canelo, U. S. R., F. A.,  
United States Expeditionary Forces.

San Pedro, Cal.,  
Dec. 17, 1917.

Dear Father:

Sometime ago, a month at least, I was very much elated to receive an interesting letter from you containing news and happenings of the College; and I felt ashamed beyond measure that I should have delayed so long in answering it. The more so since you were so prompt in answering my last. I hope your charity will prompt you to forgive me as well as urge you to answer this one soon.

I notice you speak hopefully of the Big Game; but now that is a thing of the past, and unfortunately Santa Clara was not successful. I had hoped for a victory, and called up paper offices all over Los Angeles the night of the game, but could get no information. You can imagine my chagrin at finding we had been defeated; but turn about is fair play, and Stanford had to have her revenge for last year.

I was much interested in your story of the Fresh-Soph battle; it speaks well for the maintenance of good old college spirit. I hope the boys are digging in with a vim and doing things in great shape for old Santa Clara. Would that I were back to do my bit in stirring up enthusiasm. There goes the bugle call for breakfast, so I will have to continue later.

Well, our breakfast, which consisted of two biscuits, a plate of beans and some bum coffee, is over, and if you hear any of the fellows at Santa Clara complaining about the food there, tell them I said to join the Navy. Sometimes the food is very good, sometimes it is very bad, but generally is fair.

I am glad to notice in the papers that Santa Clara has been recognized as a military school. I am sure that is a feature that will bring new students at this time.

Joe — tried to enlist in our outfit yesterday, but was refused on account of being under weight. Benny Fitzpatrick will be down here soon. As for myself, I am at present in the Yeoman (clerical) Division, and I consider it a promotion, as I get more pay and have better and cleaner work all around.

At the present moment I am sitting on the edge of my cot with the cover of a box

for a desk; so if I write poorly or make other blunders please excuse me. Already this morning I have had Swedish exercises and breakfast and have written this letter, so I feel that I have gotten a good start. I now have to move my cot and other gear out in the open air, so the deck may be scrubbed down. In ten minutes bugle will sound for assembly, so I must "cease firing".

Give my best regards to all the fellows, and tell Al Quill and Earl Douglass they owe me letters; also they might tell me about the game.

With best regards to yourself and the other good padres, I am

Sincerely,

EARL D. DESMOND, Ex-'19.

Yeomon Division, U. S. Naval Training Station, San Pedro, Cal.

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Fort Winfield Scott,  
San Francisco, Cal.,

Nov. 3, 1917

Dear Father:

Your most welcome letter of Oct. 29th was gladly received and doubly appreciated, as it awakened me to a sense of responsibility to my friends whom I have long neglected. As you wisely reasoned I am "with the colors", and have been since August 5th. However, my military exploits have led me no farther than Ft. Winfield Scott, which is so close to San Francisco that we still suffer from the fog. We live here in tents (probably the reason for calling it intensive training), and receive daily instructions in scientifically destroying the enemies' complacency with seacoast guns, bayonets, sunken mines and "red tape".

Of course with us it has now grown to be a mere matter of regular routine like shaving or pawning one's watch. But I expect you are intensely interested in the conduct of the war, so I will tell you how it is done at Ft. Scott.

Being C. A. C. we were not shipped to Linda Vista or to Menlo, where footwork is all too prevalent, but were assigned for our training to a coast fortification, which is as it should be; and it makes an admirable beginning. There were ten companies of us hiked out here from the Armory that fine day in August, after parading down Mission and up Market, and being laughed at for our pains, being arrayed in a motely array of uniforms that were quite the right thing in Santa Anna's day.

However, we "arrove", and the A. C. immediately began their intensive training on sore feet. But after a few days proper clothing being meagerly meted out, we grew accustomed to the graft, and began our training in earnest.

Each company was assigned to a battery. Disappearing guns 10" and 12", mortars, rapid fire and other guns began to receive a daily harrassing by a jealous lot of young students of frightfulness. We were assigned to a two-gun battery, 10" D. C. (excuse the hieroglyphics), I mean disappearing carriage, model 1898, range app. 1700 yds., small birth mark below the buffer pipe, etc., etc. I hold the position of range recorder on one of the said brutes.

You know I was always something of a poet, and consequently have nicknamed our windjammer; a fact I have not disclosed to any of my comrades. I call her

"Venus", a cognomen that owes its birth not to her beauty, but to her charming qualities of destructiveness. Quite cynical is not not? Yes it is not.

To continue, we spend three hours daily attending to milady's education. But I will follow the course of events as they occur, thereby departing from the modern school of literature.

We are awakened by the brazen and blatant blasts of a bugle at 5:45 a. m. Setting up exercises, washing and mess occupy us until 7:00 a. m. Then comes camp police. This does in no way resemble the shining glory of the blue-coated, wide-girthed custodian of our cities' peace. Rather it embraces a combination of chamber-maid, janitor, street sweeper, etc. Eight o'clock ushers in bayonet and skirmish work Ah! What a beautiful and blood thirsty work it is. The instructor calmly informs one that one's bayonet should not enter one's opponent for more than six inches, and that it is shocking bad form to allow one's carver to become stuck in an enemy's ribs. However, should you be so unforaunate as to commit such a breach of etiquette you must endeavor to release your weapon by twisting it. This failing, pull the trigger. It never fails. Then as skirmishers we dash madly around the Presidio hills, slide 40 ft. on our abdominal cushions, and bring up on the firing line. And your one and only uniform is inspected every Saturday.

The hour of slaughter over we lay panting on our bunks until 9:30 a. m., when we go out for battalion drill. This progresses steadily for an hour, while a major hollers for you to keep step, and a drowsy file closer in a rear squad murmurs "hep-hep", forever on the right foot. 10:30 a. m.-1:00 p. m. rest and mess. Then come the delightful three hours with "Venus", undoubtedly the most interesting of all. Retreat 5:00 p. m., 5:30 mess. Sometimes a pass out and sometimes none. This routine is varied by Sentry duty, Kitchen Police, cat fights, and rarely—O! so rarely—Pay-day. However, none of us is starving. Have gained around 25 lbs. myself and a knowledge of how to chew tobacco. Ed Harter is amongst us, or rather I should say Corporal E. H. He is in the 29th Co.

I note with pleasure your reference to military work at S. C. For some time have I wanted to get down your way, but either could not get off, or was broke. However, I will try again, and will most certainly be at the game. If you are in S. F. at all come out and see me. Union St. car to Presidio, bus to Ft. Scott, inquiry as to exact location of camp, and you are there.

Well, Father, I am about fed up with writing. Write again soon, and don't forget to pay me a visit.

Your old friend,


BILL IRWIN, Ex. 20.

Pvt. W. A. Irwin,  
26th Co., C. A. C.,  
Ft. Winfield Scott,  
San Francisco, Cal.



# Nevada

---

 HERE'S a land they call Nevada,  
O'er Sierras rocky crest.  
It's a land of gold and silver,  
It's a land that God has blest.

Where the murmuring pines and cedars,  
Gaze from the mountains high,  
Over the fertile valleys,  
And into the pale blue sky.

Where the coyote and the mustang,  
Roam o'er it's treeless plain,  
And the eagle from his rocky nest,  
Looks down in cool disdain.

Where the desert sands and sage-brush,  
Are cooled by the summer breeze,  
That sweeps over the snow-capped mountains,  
And down through the sighing trees.

It's a land of chance and fortune,  
One of nature's lotteries,  
Where the strong and weak alike can share  
Gold's Opportunities.

—Francis A. Riordan.

# The Redwood

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF SANTA CLARA

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The object of The Redwood is to gather together what is best in the literary work of the students, to record University doings and to knit closely the hearts of the boys of the present and the past

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## EDITORIAL

### To Men of Good Will

The great time is at hand again, when the revolving year completing its cycle warns us by the many signs to be seen about us, signs in the shop-windows, the daily papers, and in the somber purple at Sunday Mass, that the anniversary of the birth of the Prince of Peace is at hand. And listening we hear in our im-

agination the words caroled by angelic hosts: "Glory be to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will". And as we catch that word "Peace", we marvel where that peace can be found, when the whole world is a warring. On but meagre ground can the dove of peace alight now-a-days,—in Spain perhaps and in Switzerland. But even there the distant rumblings of war ruffle its wings.

Yes, if we confine our attention to the world about us, precious little peace do we see. But there is another world, greater by far than this material universe and vastly more important in God's pure sight—the world of each man's heart. Well indeed has man been called a microcosm, a little world. And the peace of this little world, neither king nor kaiser can take from us. To acquire it and to retain it depends upon ourselves. It is the peace of a good conscience. Such is the peace then that we wish as our Christmas greeting to our Fellow Students and to the readers of *The Redwood*.

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### The Shepherd

In the meadows we have seen the sheep and we have heard the gentle shepherd's voice and we have seen the flock follow him. He has called to them, huddled together in the darkness, and they have fled from the wolf-pack and gathered about him for safety. He, in the hour of anger, has not gone forth to cry aloud against the wolf-pack and allowed the eagles to swoop down upon the lambs; neither when there was great danger from the surrounding wolf-pack, did he point out the black sheep and reprove him.

The gentle herdsman, in the midst of danger, did not go forth to proclaim against it, but strode onward, his flock about him. He was administering to them, to their wants and needs, that they might safely reach the Southland,

and the wolves and eagles dare not touch them while the gentle Shepherd was amongst them. So did Christ, our Lord, heal the sick, cleanse the sinner, and provide food for him who hungered. He did not point out and condemn the sinner, but by His love he won him to Himself. So, in His gentle love, condemning none, accusing no one, casting aside greatness as the devil's tool, He gathered His flock about Him; and sparing His voice, He taught them in gentle tones, righteousness and love of God. And thus He led them on through the gates of Heaven,—and the penitent sinners whom He had not condemned loved Him for it and followed Him.

There are different laws in different places—one is that the owner must fence his cattle in to keep them from wandering into his neighbor's close and being beaten, and another law is that the owner of land must fence his land against the transgression of wandering cattle. So too may a minister of the Gospel follow the example of Christ, the Gentle Shepherd, or the man who fenced his cattle in, and kept them from the touch of danger; or he may, as Christ did not, dash forth into the eyes of danger and the world, to abate that danger, shouting down from his pinnacle of greatness, a few words of advice now and then, all forgetful of the Gentle Shepherd who led his flock safely on.

**Shifting**

This life is spiced with uncertainty;—and when it's all over and the parson says "Amen", then there's the uncertainty again.

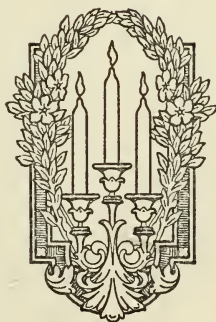
Variety is the spice of life, but when, in these days when life is war, it comes proclaiming in the same voice that uncertainty is the spice of warfare—then the variety and uncertainty cease to be spices and become malignant.

It's all right to go to war, but when you say "Good-bye" to your friends, and they all ask you to drop them a postal saying where you were, and not where you are,—then you take it that if they know anything about whereof they speak, you won't be in any place very long at a time, and the inclination is to buy a compass or perhaps an anchor.

There are lots of people whose happiness in life depends on the slogan "Keep moving, and get an education", but there's nothing that will draw you into the eternal crevasse' quicker, unknowing and unknown, than the shifting quicksands of life, if you once let them drift in under your feet.

Too truly is it said that we may not look past the Great Turn in the road, and probably it is rough, but such a roughness lies upon the surface which the Fates have nicked in their game of hide and seek, but below, underneath all this lies a road-bed which we have built for ourselves and built with the strength of God's right hand by the three principles—sincerity, consistency, and the golden mean.

Edward L. Nicholson.





# University Notes



## Bishop Cantwell

It was the privilege of Santa Clara to have been chosen by Bishop John Cantwell, the new bishop of Los Angeles, as the place where he made his retreat prior to his consecration, on Dec. 5th. Being in retreat, he was not well able to meet us all, but we pride ourselves on the facility with which we can judge from externals. We used to watch the then Bishop-elect walk up and down the garden either saying his office, or in meditation; and we must say that he looked awfully good to us; the type of a real, big-hearted, American Bishop that has long been our ideal. We hope that now that he is consecrated he will shortly come to visit us; indeed, we warn him that if he fails to do so we are liable to change the good opinion of him that we have formed. But to Bishop John Cantwell, Bishop of the Diocese of Monterey and Los Angeles, go our heartfelt wishes and prayers for unlimited success and for many years in which to be the Shepherd of Christ's little ones. Ad Multos annos.

## Rally

It is with great pleasure that we chronicle the happenings and suc-

cesses of the eventful evening of November 22. Living in the atmosphere of the "Big Game" the students gave expression to Santa Clara's mighty spirit in such a fashion that she enjoyed the greatest rally of her history. Inspired by the magnetic glow of the huge bonfire and electric "S. C." shining from the highest tower, they spent that spirit so freely that soon the enthusiasm knew no bounds, thrilling the onlookers and calling every Santa Clara man to the "ranks". This manifestation, flavored by the mock funeral of Stanford, the electrifying speeches of the evening's orators, and the sizzling fireworks of Messrs. Howard and McNeil, which at times even threatened the lives of the visitors, became mightier every moment, until at the close of the evening it had reached the zenith of its influence. Led on by their able Yell leaders O'Neil, Taber and Mahoney, the Mission lads plunged into a fray and waged a great battle with habit, finally winning and calling from his sleep the greatest of giants, Santa Clara's old spirit. Their work completed, they went tired, but nevertheless happily to a well-earned rest, leaving to the campus the glow of a once

great pyre. It was undoubtedly the greatest rally Santa Clara has ever seen.

success, and the Senior Class, under whose auspices it was arranged, is to be heartily congratulated.

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### After the Game

On the night of November 24, Santa Clara once more stood out victorious. Although she had been defeated on that afternoon, she was glorious in her defeat, having gone to the enemy's own camp and returning a magnanimous and sportsmanlike loser. She returned to enjoy her moral victory; and the only thing regrettable about the whole affair is that we are unable to portray it adequately in words. The refectory, clothed in Red and White almost to profusion, was the scene of a great and spirited banquet. The menu being that of kings and the beverages fit for the gods. To this dinner sat down Students and Alumni and guests. Every available inch of space was utilized, and all still influenced by the excitement of the afternoon, were happy smiling individuals, enjoying themselves to their heart's content. Through Fr. Sullivan many stars of the vaudeville stage were offered for our inspection, and the selections and songs rendered by these artists were certainly a treat to the hearers. After this elaborate program was concluded there still remained many things of interest and amusement; the chief attraction being the "gym", where the guests and students mingled quite freely. The evening was a great

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### Uniforms

The old saying that clothes make the man is not altogether foolish, as sometimes we may be inclined to believe. At least it has been verified to no little extent by the recent "visions" in olive drab to be seen flitting about our campus for the past few days. In other words, to be more explicit, our uniforms have arrived. To be sure they were arriving every day for the past two months; but finally the efforts of Father Sullivan have been crowned with success; for on returning from our Thanksgiving vacation we were greeted by that same honored gentleman's mellifluous voice "get checks from the Treasurer for your uniforms." Of course the more bold amongst us were toggled out from head to foot in the insignia of our common Uncle Sam after a comparatively few moments. But the more conservative students hid them in their rooms, putting them on and taking them off again a dozen times a day in the private of their chamber, to familiarize themselves in lacing trousers, shoes and leggings so as to be able to remain in bed until the last bell in the morning and still hop out in time for formation when assembly blew for setting-up exercises.

But there is another advantage to the wearing of uniforms, one I feel confi-

dent in saying which was never intended by the Government, but which strongly appeals to us students of the R. O. T. C. And it is, that garbed alike, from a distance we look alike; a fact not to be entirely disregarded or lightly sneezed at when there is a watchful Prefect to be taken into consideration. Formerly, when slipping out into town at forbidden time we, (by the we, of course, I do not mean ourselves, the writers, for we are in all things exemplary), would pull our hat over our eyes so as not to be detected; but in spite of our efforts a familiar coat, or sweater, or hat, or at any rate some article of clothing would often betray us. But now that we all look like twin brothers, we can scarcely be distinguished at a few hundred feet, the more so when the shades of night are our allies; all of which is as it should be. But we fear the Prefect's watchful eyes will from now on make a particular study of each individual's walk. So we fear our paradise will be short-lived.

---

### Staff Banquet

On Sunday evening, Dec. 9th, the Redwood Staff "ate". Nuff ced. But in explanation let us say that when it comes to looking after what and how and where to get good things to eat our efficient Business Manager, "Deacon" Muldoon is altogether without an equal. That we had a splendid evening goes without saying. And it is such things,

coupled with the spirit of fun associated with it, that encourage to even greater efforts in behalf of The Redwood.

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### Sanctuary

As we go to press we hear that the reception of members into the Sanctuary Society is scheduled for Sunday, Dec. 16th. The candidates to be received are: Messrs. J. Muldoon, Casey, Tremaine, Moran, Bradley, Brooke, Berg, Camarillo, B. Donlon, Wilson, Ferrario, Quill, O'Connor and Trabucco. After the reception is to be the Banquet; and if it is to keep up the standard of former Sanctuary Banquets it will be all that one's heart could desire.

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### Senate

The pride of Father Sullivan's life, the honored society of the University, we mean the Senate, though it actually interrupted its dignified proceedings to the extent of one whole meeting, owing to the exigencies of the Big Game, has once more settled down to its ordinary routine. On Tuesday, 11th inst., was held a semi-public debate, the last of the semester, at which were present several honored and distinguished guests. That they were duly impressed and edified goes without saying; and that the Senate more than lived up to its reputation could be easily discerned from the satisfied countenances of the evening's visitors.

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**Condolence**

At a special meeting of the Junior Class of the University of Santa Clara, held November 21, the following resolutions were adopted:—

Whereas it has seemed good to Almighty God, who is infinitely wise, to call to Himself the beloved Mother of our classmate, Leopold DeFiori, and

Whereas we realize almost as much as he and his family what a blow it must be to them all, and how deep must be their grief on the loss of so excellent mother,

Therefore be it resolved that a testimony of our heartfelt sorrow be accorded to our beloved classmate and his afflicted family, and that resolutions indicative of this our sympathy be drawn up, and

Be it further resolved that a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the grief-stricken family, and that they be printed in the next issue of The Redwood.

President, Norbert Korte.

Vice-President, R. Craig Howard.

Secretary, Keith Volkers.

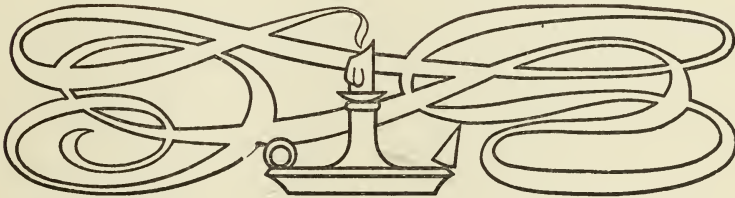
Treasurer, Brian Gagan.

Sergeant-at-Arms, Demetrio Diaz.

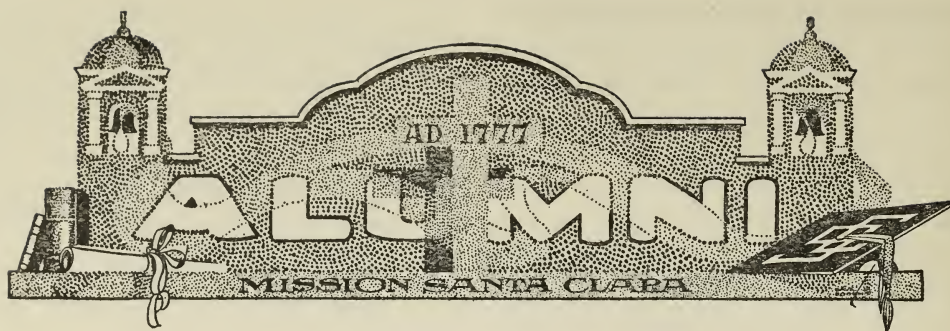
The Senior Class wishes to take this opportunity of expressing its condolences to one of its members, Robert Tremaine, and to his mother and family on the loss of his little sister. We who have seen her can well realize how great a blow to the family the death of so sweet a little character must be. Our heartfelt sympathy is with them all.

---

Norbert Korte and Demetrio Diaz.







In the alumni world there is one fact that stands out like a tower on a plain. The fact is that Santa Clara's Old Fellows are loyal to a man when it comes to supporting their Alma Mater in times when help is needed. The Big Game is an instance where the Alumni can perform invaluable services for the advancement of the University; and in the Big Game held this year at Stanford field we can say with pride that a larger crowd filled the Santa Clara side of the field than graced Stanford's bleachers. And this success can be attributed in great measure to the efforts of alumni. The committee which worked so well together in the region of the bay cities was composed of many of the old time fellows headed by Father William Boland of the University Faculty, Francis Heffernan, John Ivancovich, John Riordan, John Collins, Joseph McDevitt, Royal Bronson, August Aguirre, Martin Merle, Argyle Campbell, Robert Flood, George Nicholson, John Shea, James Sex, Reverend Thomas O'Connell, James Fitzpatrick, and many others who rendered

them valuable aid in their work, are to be thanked and congratulated upon their signal success.

After the Big Game one of the most remarkable events in the history of Santa Clara took place. The event referred to was "Campus Night" held under the auspices of the Senior Class. Father Sullivan's idea was carried out in all its details by the Class of '18, and the affair went off as it was intended it should, and the spirit of loyalty and love of Alma Mater among the old fellows present made the affair an unqualified success. After the game dinner was served in the refectory for the visitors and students alike, and entertainers were taken from the ranks of the Alumni and students. Louis Bergna, the Hawaiian three, composed of Joseph Sherman, Joseph McKiernan and James Bonetti; August Aguirre, James Brennan favored with a pleasing mingling of instrumental and vocal numbers. Numbers were also rendered by Mrs. Duffle, Miss Butler, Miss O'Brien and Miss Ratanzi.

It seems proper at this time to offer

the thanks of the Student Body and Alumni to Mr. James Woods of the St. Francis Hotel for all the favors and courtesies extended to Santa Clara during the season of preparation for the Big Game. Mr. Woods' kindly aid was much appreciated by the students and Alumni, and we take this means of thanking him.

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In the Reserve Officers' R.O.T.C. Camp which has just closed, many of the sons of Santa Clara received commissions. Herbert McChrystal ex-'19, Percy O'Connor '13, William Cannon '16, Bradley Sargent '13, and Eugene Charles '16, received the commission of provisional second lieutenant in the regular army. Robert Fitzgerald '06, also received the commission of second lieutenant.

---

'06 "Nick" Whealen is at present salesman for the Maxwell organization in Stockton. Nick is married and is getting on nicely. He was down to the Big Game. In his day he was one of the best footballers who ever donned the Red and White, and played on the Varsity against St. Mary's. Nick was Johnnie Jones' side-kicker while at college. Nuff ced.

---

'08 Harry McKenzie was a recent visitor on the campus, and we hope to see more of his smiling countenance.

Constantine Castruccio has '13 been drafted and is serving his country in the National Army at American Lake, Washington. Castruccio is one of the most brilliant of the recent graduates and was doing exceptionally well in the practice of law in Los Angeles, being besides Santa Clara's and the Redwood's greatest booster in the Southland. He had just finished a course at Columbia University. Good luck, Cass.

Larrey O'Connor is somewhere in France fighting for the cause of democracy and writes letters to his brothers frequently.

---

'15 Louie Milburn, captain of the 1916 varsity which humbled Stanford, writes that the quail and deer are falling by the hundreds under his trusty rifle. As a huntsman Louie has few equals in the State. Louie is waiting for the draft and expects to put his gunning experience to good advantage. Louie is betting four to one on the Allies to beat Kaiser Bill in two years. Besides his other deeds of valor and chivalry, Louie will be remembered as having written the Redwood's Athletic Notes for four years.

Phil Martin, who gave up a lucrative cafeteria business in San Diego to enter the aviation corps is now somewhere in Italy mastering the technicalities of flying and will soon be attacking the Boche in his lair.

Jim Fitzpatrick has signed up in the

balloon section of the aviation corps and will soon report at Omaha, Nebraska. Jack O'Neill is already there.

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**Ex '15** Bob Ryan who enlisted in the aviation corps is now taking a course of training at the Long Island R. O. T. C., and from all reports is getting along exceptionally well. He will win his commission at the end of the course and will then probably proceed immediately to France.

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**'16** William Herrin is the right-hand man in Attorney McInerney's office in the Hobart Building and is a frequent visitor on the campus.

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**'17** "Swede" Jensen has been called in the Naval Reserve and left for San Pedro on the 12th of December. Jensen was transferred to the aviation corps of the navy and will be one of Uncle Sam's naval fliers. At college he is one of the most earnest and well-liked fellows who has ever registered and his speech on the night of the last Football Rally was a little masterpiece of enthusiasm and loyalty to Alma Mater. Jensen won the Owl Elocution prize two years ago and was a P. G. until his call.

---

**Ex '17** "Pinkie" Kavanagh, the human mosquito, was yell leader at St. Louis Univer-

sity in their game against George Washington. "Pinkie" is to be congratulated on his success. While at school he made a name in Mountain League circles, and was somewhat of a baseball player, according to his own modest admittal. The boy wonder from Palo Alto has the "go" that will push him to the front wherever he is placed.

"Pinky" Leonard is with the American expeditionary forces in France and writes to the effect that Senior Hall, several thousand miles away seems good for he has to sleep out in the cold many a night. He was one of the first Santa Clara men to go with the American forces and writes that a fellow so far away from home craves news from the land of his birth. His letter in full will be found elsewhere in this issue. "Pinky's" address is Company B, 18th Engineers Railway-American Expeditionary Forces, France, and he says that the mailman cannot be kept too busy.

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**Ex '17** Adrian V. Prothero, law student par excellence and first lieutenant of Company A, University Battalion, has been drafted, and is now at American Lake. Prothero was one of the most sincere and earnest fellows in the present Senior Class and did much to uphold the scholastic reputation of the men of '18. Prothero should make good in the National Army and we are looking to hear of his rapid advancement.



"Husky" Trayham, the terror of 4th High, is at Fort Mason, enlisted in the infantry. He played against the Varsity on the Fort Mason Rugby fifteen and showed lots of the old time fighting spirit that makes him an ideal soldier.

Clarence Canelo has enlisted in the medical corps and is at present at Fort McDowell. Canelo studied pre-medical while at Santa Clara and will undoubtedly make a success of his chosen branch of the service.

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**Ex '18** "Les" Sheehan, baseball captain for two successive years and one of the most popular men on the campus during his college days is now a sergeant at Camp Lewis, Washington. "Les" was one of the most consistent and heady players on the Varsity and played on the team that beat Stanford in the intercollegiate series.

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**Ex '19** "Jiggs" Donohue is another of the drafted men who are drilling at American Lake for service overseas. "Jiggs" was one of the most popular men in the yard and he and Joe Sneeze were the life of many a show and skit in the University auditorium.

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**Ex '20** "Pablo" Soto is surveying for the Spreckels Sugar Company in this vicinity and dropped in to view the old school be-

tween working hours. He was also at the Big Game and "Caruso" was one of the most disappointed in the bleachers when Stanford made the last try.

Bert Sparks is at present sojourning at his home near Sacramento, but may enter Stanford in the near future. "Handsome" was down to the Big Game as indeed was every loyal son of Santa Clara and was yelling all the time.

Malcolm Barrett is working at Prescott, Arizona, and is getting along well, but misses the college steaks according to a letter received a few days ago. "Shorty" was one of the most popular fellows on the campus and everyone in the present Sophomore class will be glad to hear that he is doing well.

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**Ex '21** Tom Conneally is reported to have received his promotion to petty officer in the naval aviation corps and is on his way to rapid advancement. Tom is one of the corps of naval fliers and was at school before he left for training. He is one of the pluckiest youngsters we have ever met. And if he won't be mentioned for bravery—well, I'll miss my bet.

Bill Scott is at present on his father's ranch near Sacramento and has been doing nicely since leaving school.

Carlton Moore, at present has a responsible position in San Francisco and will enter California University in the College of Architectural Engineering next semester.

J. Charles Murphy.





Autumn has gone, Autumn with its coat of scarlet, face of bronze, breath of frost. and sundry other poet-given appendages. But we may still find its traces, sometimes in the crunch of fallen leaves, but much more frequently in the lilt of college rhymsters. And whatever Muse mothers modern poetry, she has given a broad touch of Autumn to last month's publications—Southend and Northend alike.

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### Holy Cross Purple

And few songs of this Autumnal anthology surpass "The Song of the Falling Leaves", found in the Holy Cross Purple. Refreshing in its simplicity, yet not startlingly original, it dances along to a simple ballad meter with an effect quite pleasing. "His Day Off" is not painted with Autumnal brush; rather it is a study in shade—well done as to dramatic effect. Its merit lies in its result as a whole, rather than in any particular passages. "The Sweetest Song", "The Present and a Prophecy", and "Our Pilot", all of which are done in Bishop Beaven's honor, are really the best of the

poetry. Their spiritualism elevates them, and renders them far above the ordinary ranting or moaning so prevalent at the present. "Camouflage", the single short story, could have been developed into a wonderful tale; for the character and plot are both appealing and interesting. Its brevity however lends it the appearance of a character sketch rather than a story. However, we must say, Holy Cross Purple, that this was an excellent issue.

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### The Dial

"Paint a sky of shifting  
white

Dappled with the chang-

ing light,

But add a patch or two of blue  
To let the sun come dancing through,  
And the departing flowers delay  
With tender wooing the livelong day.  
Dye deep with blood the blue hill's  
crest

As the olden sun sinks through the west  
Autumnal Day."

We only wish that we had sufficient space to quote the whole of this exquisite little hymn to Nature. It indeed reflects credit upon the Dial in whose

pages we came upon it. "To a Fallen Leaf" is also good, and bespeaks as well the Autumnal influence."

"Down the Stretch" is a snappy story of Kentucky "horseflesh" with a rather engaging plot. It was crudely handled however; nor were the characters developed as they should have been. "Daniel O'Connell, the Liberator", cannot have too much praise. The subject which is very opportune, is handled with a sympathy and clarity that gives us a greater appreciation of Ireland's stoutest champion and a keener insight into his talents and virtues.

### The Martian

The best thing in the last month's *Martian* was the fragment of a play, "A Day's Work". Its character threads compensate for its plot, which must be acknowledged to be a little ordinary. However we await eagerly the ensuing installments.

It has been said that it is impossible to write an original story of a college football game, the subject being hacked to an early death. "Alfred Neil" certainly bears this out; for it is the old case of the hero winning the Big Game even after he was nearly tricked out of his position. When Goldsmith cried "I love everything that's old", he assuredly had no thought in his mind of short story plots. "Truth vs. Love" is another short story. While "Alfred Neil" was long drawn out and

uninteresting, this has exactly the opposite fault. It is interesting, but the fault does not lie there; its brevity is our cause for complaint. We're sure it would, with its engaging plot, have made a magnificent story if only a few "frills" were added; a few more complications, a few character and incident hints, and a few situations would have made a world of difference. The poetry of this number is fair; and of the verse "You're Out"—which swings along in true newspaper style—is clever. Very good, *Martian*.

### The Champion

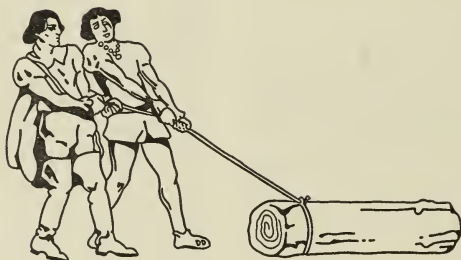
In "The Champion" no less than in other publications, is found the imprint from Autumn's touch. "Autumn" is well and simply done. Delving around for something else worthy of special notice, we happened with surprise and delight upon a little monologue breathed out in true Browning style. This lament over a sister's grave is tense with grief, and has the merit of imparting its dramatic atmosphere to the reader.

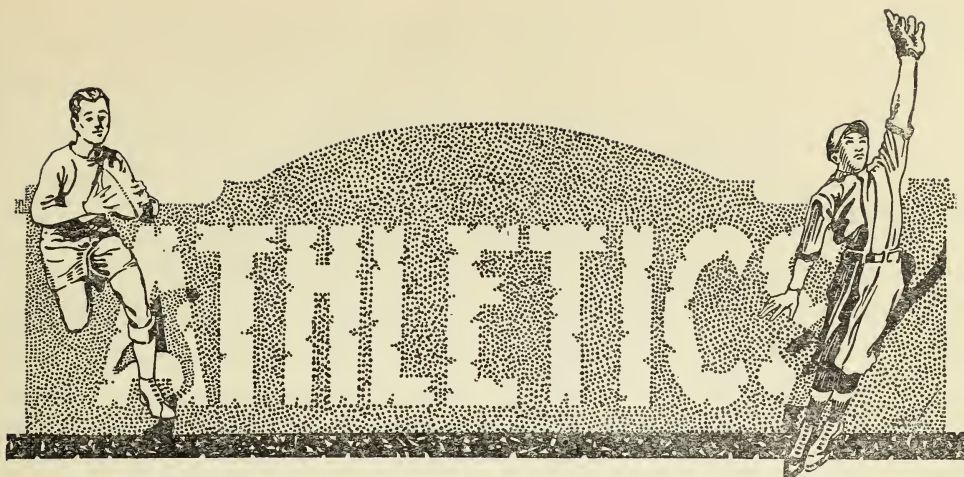
"Providin'" is rather crude compared to our ideal of the short story. We would caution its author against interspersing his own wisdom between his hero's lines and against an excess of the narrative form. "Action in English Oratory" is quite original, while "Alexis Nordhoff" has the same fault as has the common run of stories, a magnificent plot being underdeveloped.

We are forced to say that the prose of "The Champion" was not up to the standard of its poetry, a statement, however, that may be construed as

praise, for in the latter most college magazines are woefully deficient.

W. Kevin Casey.





**Varsity 29.                      Olympic Club 0.**

The day following the Freshman game saw the Olympic Club with the strongest lineup that had appeared against the Varsity this season. It was the last appearance of the Post St. clubmen this year and they intended to, at least score if not to defeat the Mission ruggers. But the Olympics could not penetrate the superior defense of the Red and White fifteen, while the Varsity rolled up a total of 29 points.

After the kick-off play see-sawed up and down the field until a passing rush, started on the Olympic's 25-yard line, in which the ball traveled from Howell to Ferrario, to Korte, to Don, to Diaz, to Merritt, to Garcia and back to Diaz, who scored. This was the best and most thrilling try seen on the turf in recent years. During the rest of the period Garcia, "Jawn" Muldoon (2), and Diaz, managed to cross the line.

In the second half the play was al-

most entirely in Olympic territory. Shortly after the kick-off Scholz, with the aid of Diaz, Young and Le Bourveau, went over for a score. The Olympians came close to planting the ball behind the posts by a series of short kicks and a run by Davis, but the latter was stopped before he crossed the 5-yard line.

The remaining tries were chalked up by Korte, Vicini and Scholz, making a total of 29 as only one try was converted. For the Red and White ruggers, Howell, who played his first game of the season, Korte, Don, Diaz, Le Bourveau, and Scholz showed to the best advantage, while Hanly, Carroll, Jim Fitzpatrick, Curtin, Jacomini and Myers played the stellar game for the visiting team.

#### **VARSITY**

Ferrario,  
Manelli

#### **OLYMPIC CLUB**

Front Rank      Curtin  
Howell, Davitt      Front Rank Millington



VARSITY		OLYMPIC CLUB	
J. Muldoon,	Lock	Myers	
Korte		Wilmans	
B. Muldoon	Side Rank	Guerin	
Don	Side Rank	Flannigan	
		Postleware	
Korte, Kirchoff	Rear Rank	Glasson	
		Hunter	
Sheehy, Bergna	Rear Rank	Jacomini	
Vicini	Wing For'd	Braden	
Diaz	Half	Hyland, Larkin	
Young	1st Five	Hanly	
Le Bourveau	2nd Five	Carroll	
Merritt	Center 3	J. Fitzpatrick	
Scholz	Wing	Best, Kirksey	
		Davis	
Garcia, Cota	Wing	Hawks	
Jackson, Angell	Full	Tarkington	
		Hyland	

Reading, referee.

### Varsity 32. Palo Alto Club 0.

The Varsity had little difficulty in disposing of the Palo Alto Club. The latter fifteen did not present as strong a lineup as in previous games. The Red and White team was weakened by the absence of the Muldoon brothers and Fat Howell, who were out of the game owing to bad legs or knees.

In the first half Vicini, Diaz and Le Bourveau went over for scores. The last named scoring twice. The backfield made long gains by a few snappy passing rushes.

In the second period practically all the scores were the result of passing rushes, both the forwards and backfield handling the ball like Australians. Scholz scored two tries, while Korte,

Kirchoff, Manelli, and Garcia went over once. The score should have been larger as only one try was converted.

For the Paly Club Phippen, Graff, Angell, Hyland, and the Soder brothers were the shining lights, while Ferrario, Manelli, Kirchoff, Vicini, Young and Garcia were the stellar performers for the Red and White.

VARSITY		PALO ALTO CLUB	
Ferrario	Front Rank	Phippen	
Manelli	Front Rank	McMillan	
Korte	Lock	Kinsey	
Kirchoff	Side Rank	A. Soder	
Don, Heafy	Side Rank	Graff	
Sheehy	Rear Rank	E. Soder	
Bergna	Rear Rank	Schnell	
McCarthy			
Vicini	Wing For'd	Springfield	
Diaz	Half	Wallace	
Young,	1st Five	Angell	
O'Connor			
Le Bourveau	2nd Five	Hyland	
Merritt	Center 3	Kirksey	
Scholz	Wing	Farmer	
Judge, Garcia	Wing	Berdolla	
Cota	Full	McLaughlin	
Jim Fitzpatrick,	referee.		

### Varsity 63. Barbarians 0.

The Varsity rolled up the largest total of the season in the last preliminary game against the Barbarians. The tries were scored so fast and frequent that the final total was obtained with difficulty. A pleasing feature of the game was the snap with which every man on the Varsity handled the ball. There were very few of the tries that were

due to individual efforts, as nearly all were the results of long passing rushes. Cota, Kirchoff, Vicini, Manelli and Scholz with two tries, ran up 18 points, while Bobbie Don added 8 by converting four of the six scores.

In the second half the Barbs put up little opposition, but Coach Von Manderscheid taking no chances of having his men injured put in many substitutes. Eight of the tries scored were due to backfield passing rushes. Scholz led the Varsity in scoring tries with four to his credit, while Cota, Le Bourveau, Merritt, Bergna and Young each tallied once. Don converted three out of five and Angell two out of four.

Manelli, Sheehy, McCarthy, Young, Cota, O'Connor and Scholz played the best game for the Varsity, while Fischer, Mehean, Wallace, Hyland, Price and Gill showed to advantage for the Barbs.

#### VARSITY

Ferrario, Davitt	Front Rank	Henry
Manelli	Front Rank	Moran
Sheehy	Lock	Fischer
Don, Bergna	Side Rank	Moessner
McCarthy	Side Rank	Moore
Korte, Whelan	Rear Rank	Mehean
Kirchoff	Rear Rank	Lynn
Vicini,	Wing For'd	Clifford
Baratono		
Diaz, Farmer	Half	Wallace
Young	1st Five	Hyland
Le Bourveau	2nd Five	Price
O'Connor		
Cota	Center 3	Conneally
Scholz	Wing	Gill

#### VARSITY

Garcia Wing  
Angell Full  
Peter Flannigan, referee.

#### BARBARIANS

Momboisse  
Larrey

#### The Big Game.

When Referee Amos Elliott blew his whistle at three o'clock on November 24, he started, what all the critics were unanimous in saying, the greatest rugby game ever seen on the Pacific coast. After Santa Clara had run up a score of 11 points in the first ten minutes of play the attendance witnessed a real thrilling battle. Santa Clara on the one hand crippled, staving off the rushes of the apparently better conditioned Cardinal fifteen, and at times making an attempt which on several occasions nearly culminated in a score.

The early stages of the game had showed the well-oiled machine of Santa Clara playing cat and fiddle with the lowly Cardinals who seemed to be powerless against the Red and White. Eleven points were earned in electric fashion and many more were promised. Those dazzling passing rallies between the Santa Clara backs lifted the occupants of the bleachers to a height of enthusiasm that knew no bounds. Never was there a better exhibition of combination work in an important game. Each team scored the same number of tries, yet Templeton's goal-getting boot made a margin of four points for Stanford.

Spectacular gains were made on countless occasions by Scholz who

shared the honors with Lilly of being the most brilliant man on the field. O'Connor, Diaz, Le Bourveau, Cota and Garcia were also often prominent in long gains and their passing was much cleaner than that of the Stanford backs. The defense of both teams left nothing to be desired and tribute must be paid to all occupants of the back-field for this. Angell did some of the cleanest tackling on the field.

O'Connor passed to Le Bourveau four minutes after the start. Templeton tackled him on the line, but he regained possession in the succeeding play and scored, "Bag" Muldoon landing a good goal. Cota featured with a thirty-yard run through the scattered field but was unable to go over. Dumpie Diaz sent O'Connor away clear, Cota taking the ball down before passing to Garcia. The latter was nailed near the line but Diaz was on hand and dashed over. Don failed to convert. The Cardinal backs figured in a few loose plays at this juncture and then the Red and White backs got to going again and the ball traveled to a try via Diaz, Cota and Scholz, the latter going over. John Muldoon failed to convert. Lilly scored the first try for Stanford, Templeton converting. Chandler scored shortly after, Templeton again converting. At half time the score was 11 to 10.

The second half opened with Stanford making desperate efforts to wipe out that one point, but the Santa Clara defense was sound. Each time Lilly or

Falk would feature in a long run the Red and White pack would gradually work it back in rucks and loose plays. It was a heartrending struggle for both sets of rooters. Scholz and Cota thrilled with long runs that promised a score, but the Stanford backs were equal to the occasion and with good tackling saved the day. Stanford won the game with only seven minutes to go, Swartz plunging over the line with the winning score, Templeton converting, making the final count 15-11.

Not to deduct any glamour or credit from Stanford's well-earned victory, it is lamentable that so many wearers of the Red and White were injured. John Muldoon and Vicini were forced to leave the game through injuries, while Don, Le Bourveau and W. Muldoon were out at various times during the contest.

Immediately after the game the players assembled in the training quarters and selected Norbert "Moose" Korte for next year's captain.

There is no one on the team who is better qualified and fitted to lead the Red and White than the captain-elect. A veteran of three big games, he possesses a knowledge of the game that is second to none on the squad. Under his leadership the 1918 season promises to be both bright and successful.

To Coaches Von Manderscheid and Fitzpatrick, and Captain Diaz much credit is due. While the team was not successful in winning its big contest, it put up a game the like of which has

never been seen on the Pacific coast. Some of the critics are of the opinion that the better team lost, while the greater team won. Though this paradox may or may not be true, the fact remains that Santa Clara had a rattling good team which was due solely to the efforts of the above mentioned three.

Father Sullivan and Father Walsh, Moderator of Athletics, and Jerry Desmond, Athletic Manager, must also come in for praise for their constant energy and interest in management of athletic affairs.

SANTA CLARA		STANFORD
Howell	Front Rank	Betts, Barneson
Ferrario, Manelli	Front Rank	Curtice
J. Muldoon	Lock	Swartz
Sheehy		
Don	Side Rank	Adams
W. Muldoon	Side Rank	Campbell
Kirchoff	Rear Rank	Righter
Korte	Rear Rank	Pettingill (Capt.)
Vicini, McCarthy, Bergna	Wing For'd	Winham
Diaz (Capt.)	Half	Hauser, Doe
O'Connor	1st Five	Lilly
Le Bourveau	2nd Five	Chandler
Cota	Center 3	Heron
Scholz	Wing	Wark
Garcia, Young	Wing	Falk
Angell	Full	Templeton
Amos Elliott, Referee.		

### ALL-STAR GAME.

While there will be no All-British, All-American game this year, a con-

test to succeed it has been planned by the Rugby Union. It will be held for the benefit of the Red Cross. Two teams, known as the Whites and the Reds will meet on the Stanford turf. Selections for places were made by the Rugby Union at a meeting held shortly after the Big Game. Members of the Olympic, Palo Alto and Barbarian Club and those who took part in the Stanford-Santa Clara game were eligible. From Santa Clara Korte, Kirchoff, Diaz, O'Connor, Cota, Scholz, Garcia and Angell were chosen. The brothers Muldoon and Don would have undoubtedly been chosen but injuries will keep them out of the game.

### BASKETBALL AND BASEBALL.

With the football season over Manager Jerry Desmond is confining his efforts to baseball and basketball. The former sport will not start until next semester, but basketball activities are in full swing. Indications point to a most successful season for the indoor game at Santa Clara. With four of last year's veterans and a wealth of new material, the Red and White will without a doubt put another crack quintet on the court.

Practice has started with John P. Korte, Don, Diaz, Scholz, Vicini, Curtin and "Jawn" Muldoon appearing every day on the court. Manager Desmond has received so many applications for games that his nimble brain is at a loss to select those which will provide the most competition for the Varsity.

R. Craig Howard.



**PREP NOTES.**

The man who says that the Preps are quite useless junk around these premises and who prays that the day will come when the place is rid of them strikes me as uttering a bit more than his prayers. For, if we are to judge by actions rather than by words, (and men of experience and common sense tell us that that is the most reasonable criterion of human actions), we would say that the Preps, far from being useless in these parts, are on the contrary, quite an important cog in the wheel of Santa Clara's machinery.

You may ask whence this mighty display of reasoning powers and of abstract ideals, why this occasion for moralizing. Listen, and I shall tell you. We had a rally and with it a bon-fire not so many moons ago in anticipation of the Big Game. And as you doubtless read elsewhere in this issue, the rally was the best ever, the bon-fire was marvelous, and the whole jafest was simply all jake. But on the side, did it ever strike you that, though the mighty Seniors or presumptuous Freshmen might be out for gathering unto themselves the laurels for this grand party now that it has proved a success, were it not for General Harold Keefe and his able lieutenants J. J. Jackson, Smith, "Moose" Riordan, Leek, "Jeff" Costa, "Bish" Bassett, and "Pop" Rethers, (all of Prepdom, be it remarked in capital letters), we would have had no bon-fire, and since a bon-fire is the sine qua non of a rally, it consequently follows that previous little rally would we have had without these men. These able leaders were aided and abetted by scores of other

youngsters of the Prep Department, both in hauling wood, in putting up the pyre and in guarding it once up against the nightly attacks of daring Stanfordites on arson bent. Even Jack Lipman, small, but Oh my! did work that would put many a husky college man on the blush. To Harold Keefe et aliis then are due three rousing cheers. Let 'er go, Professor.

---

The last and impressive rites were officially carried out the middle of last month, and King Football, once so greatly honored, was given a decent burial until he is disinterred at the beginning of next fall semester. But in retrospect we must say with all due humility, that our season was a most successful one. Without once having suffered the pangs of defeat we can lay him away with a clean record.

But never were the determined Preps known to be at all lax in sportdom. Immediately casting aside the football cleats they forthwith donned the rubber-soled slippers of the basketball court. And with the knowledge of last year's team, its string of victories of well played games, I have a strong hunch that the "Vets" will have to show the skilled eye of our ever aggressive coach and moderator, Father McElmeel, real unadulterated class before they land a berth on this year's quintet.

Those out for the team are Captain Ferrario, Fellom, Moran, Grace, Humphreys, Howells, Neary, Reddy, Hyland, Young, Kaney, Woods.

Fred Moran.

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WALTER F. THORNTON, S. J.,

- -

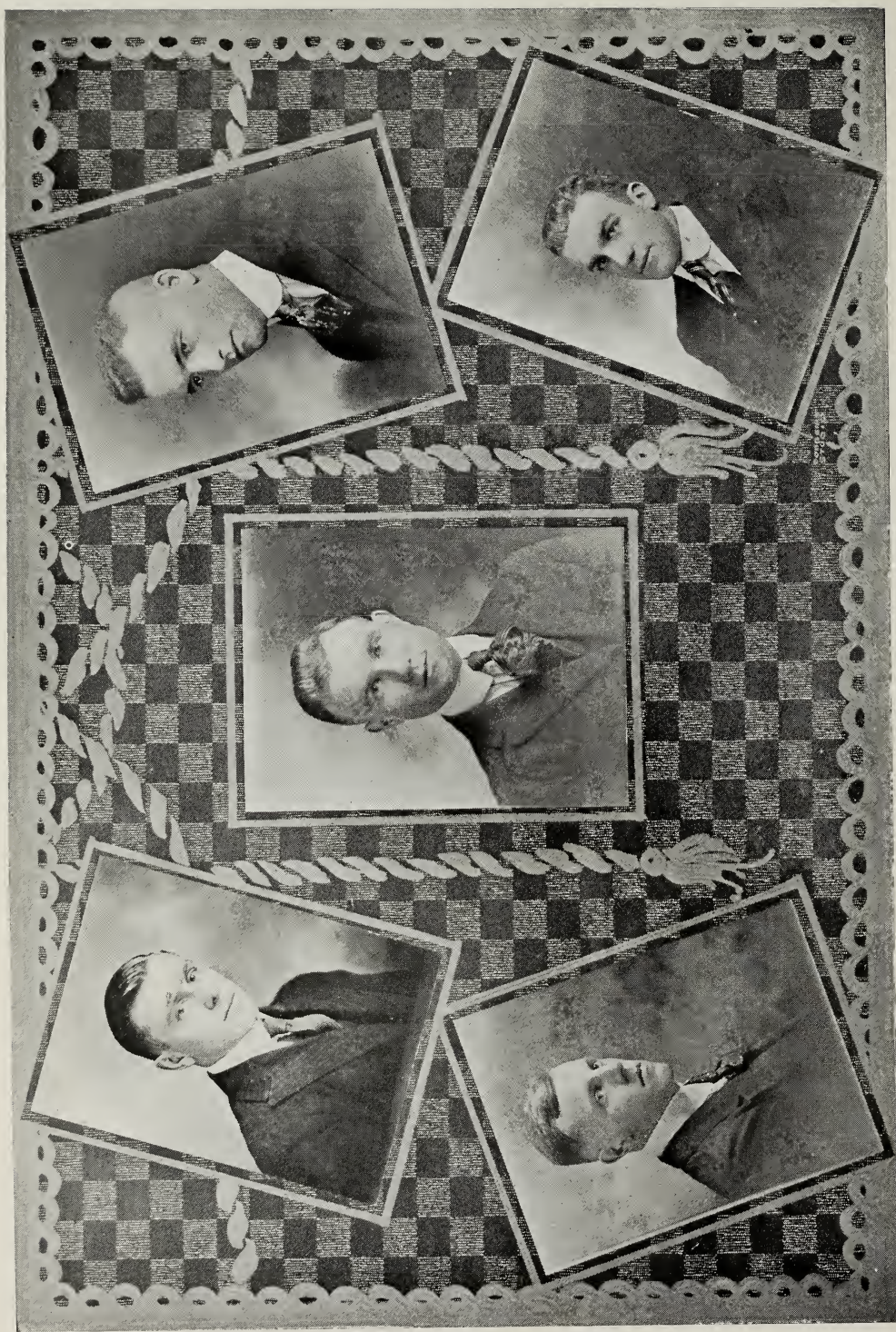
President

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# The Redwood.

Entered Dec. 18, 1902, at Santa Clara, Cal., as second-class matter, under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879

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VOL. XVII

SANTA CLARA, CAL., FEBRUARY, 1918

NO. 4

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## To Mother

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AS ever pen so faint or tongue so dumb,  
As not to give the honor all to thee,  
Thou who hast sacrificed the love that floods  
As sun at eve across the tossing sea?

Has not the blood that stains the trodden field  
Flown from thy kind heart torn and gaping wide?  
Has not thy voice which soothed the restless babe  
Called o'er the field and soothed him as he died?

Can we heal up the torn and bleeding breast?  
Can we give back her heart, her soul—her son?  
Nay, better let her bear the cross God gave,  
And rest upon it when her task is done.

EDWARD L. NICHOLSON



# Dedication of Santa Clara as a Unit of the Reserve Officers Training Corps.

Francis M. Conneally.



SUNDAY, Jan. 20, was indeed a gala and a memorable day in the history of Santa Clara; it was really an epoch-making day, one that should be writ in gold in the history of the University. For it commemorates the transformation of Santa Clara from an institution, long known for and dedicated to the arts of peace, into an institution of learning where hand in hand with the arts and sciences is associated instruction in the stern business of making war. Santa Clara is now a strictly military institution, having been made a Unit of the Reserve Officers Training Corps, Senior Division. And Jan. 20th was the day chosen to proclaim this to the world at large amid a fitting background of military display.

True, ever since last fall when the telegram was received from Adjutant McCain of the War Department, declaring Santa Clara a Unit of the R. O. T. C., and appointing Captain Joseph A. Donovan, Commandant and Professor of Military Science and Tactics, has Santa Clara been conducted along military lines. Daily drill and

military lectures are a part of the curriculum for all; but for resident students especially has life at Santa Clara taken on a considerably martial aspect. For them Rising, Setting-up Exercises, Chapel, Mess, Study, Class, Drill, Retreat, Tattoo and Taps,—each in its turn is ushered in at the brazen blast of the bugle. Formations have been held before meals and chapel exercises; inspection is held every day, and everything is carried on with military exactness, even to the establishing of a student-guard to keep within bounds those not properly attired in regulation uniform, or those not supposed to be out at that particular time.

Most of this has been in force for months, during which time the University Battalion was being fitted out with uniforms and guns. And when all was in readiness, Sunday, Jan. 20th, was set aside as the particular day to proclaim solemnly to the world by means of a battalion review and other exercises what Santa Clara was doing in a military way.

—And 'ere the day was done and evening cast its somber shadows upon the historic Mission town—Time had

written in the book of tradition with letters of brightest gold, a single word—Success.

Throngs swarmed about the University Campus early in the afternoon and even before the bugle sounded assembly every available spot and advantageous position was occupied by the expectant onlookers. As those brazen notes of the bugler were carried to every corner of the University, there came forth, each spick and span, the uniformed members of the Reserve Officers Training Corps. Those same men who less than a year ago appeared in a competitive drill before the public attired only in civilian clothes are now standing in line fully equipped in the olive-drab uniforms of Uncle Sam, and each and every one of them is proud of those colors.

Commanding officers with sabres drawn brought their respective companies to attention and the Battalion whose watchword is "SNAP" marched to the parade grounds.

There they formed a battalion front on the south field in front of the reviewing-stand. As each company marched up to the Adjutant's line, in perfect step and hands swinging in unison, the applauding of the multitude rose higher and higher. Truly this was a transformation! It was the effect of Patriotism on the College student, the young man who formerly was contented to participate in minor athletics or who strolled lazily about, hat tilted at an angle, hands shoved deep in pockets

and the "inevitable" cigarette drooping perilously from the corner of his mouth—see him now standing straight, with head erect and shoulders thrown back presenting arms to that emblem of Honor and Freedom. No, this transformation was not exacted—it came into being simply through the channels of true Patriotism.

At the command of the Major the entire battalion swung gracefully into a column of squads and then marched by in Company front. As they passed the Reviewing Officer, Col. Smiley, the command "Eyes Right" was given, and, acting as a unit, each head snapped to the right with that precision which so characterizes the soldier.

Following the Parade and Review they formed in column of Companies in front of the stand to listen to the speeches of California's shining lights. Col. Smiley of the 8th Inf., Camp Fremont; Captain Donovan, Commandant and Professor of Military Science; and His Grace Archbishop Hanna of San Francisco, poured forth words of eloquence that were most appropriate and which were caught up with eagerness by all within hearing distance. The Archbishop is always most gracious and princely, and this accounts for the reason why he is San Francisco's most respected citizen; but on this occasion he was particularly eloquent and gracious.

Now came the most solemn event of the day. Built on the steps in front of Senior Hall and most artistically dec-



orated was the altar where Military Benediction was given by Fr. Richard Gleason, S. J., Provincial of the Jesuits in the West. Befitting it was, to conclude the afternoon with this most solemn and inspiring event. As the twilight began to gather her forces in the neighboring hills, it was as if Santa Clara had closed one volume of its life work and had time for serious reflection before opening the second. The tender strains of the "O Salutaris" and "Tantum Ergo", rendered so beautifully by the Battalion ensemble, gripped the entire audience in reverential fear. At the Benediction proper the Battalion came to "present arms" and the roll of the drum took the place of the sound of the bells, and as our Lord was raised in Benediction upon the bowed and kneeling multitude, one could almost feel, the strengthening, uplifting effect of its grace.

From here it is but a few paces to the flag pole, in front of which the next scene finds the men of Santa Clara in their last duty of the afternoon. Here retreat was sounded, and our country's emblem lowered to the tune of the National anthem, and the Battalion turned and marched back into the inner campus to be dismissed. The thousands, gathered to witness the spectacle, melted away for the time being, well satisfied with the way in which they had spent their afternoon, and with the determination formed to return again in the evening to see what these men could do on the stage, in

what had been forecasted as an original military theatrical affair.

Not long were the men in uniform left to their own pursuits, for shortly the welcomed notes of mess call sent thrills of pleasure through their bones, and in a few minutes they were on their way to the mess hall. Here a feast, such as is seldom to be had, and then only on festive occasions, was spread before the boys, and they did as much justice to themselves in this line of duty, as they had earlier done in the drills, they had taken part in. Dinner over, all were free until 8 o'clock, the time scheduled for the show.

The curtain rose and the bugler gave vent to his feelings by means of Harry Lauder's song, "It's Nice to Get Up in the Morning, but It's Nicer to Lie in Bed." He then turned and sounded Reveille. Soon men came straggling on the stage, half-dressed, hair uncombed, stretching, lacing leg-gings. And then was had an original military skit entitled "A Day at Santa Clara." As it started with Reveille so it ended with Taps, and in between were deliciously sandwiched songs, choruses, drills, jokes, formations; and the whole affair was carried on so smoothly and promptly that it was one of the most pleasurable events we have sat through in the Auditorium for many a moon.

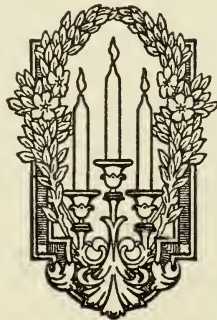
But the treat of the evening was the address of the Honorable Delphin M. Delmas. Many years have run their

course since he, as a young man stood within the shadow of these historic mission walls. 1867 was the year that saw him take his degree hence; but during all that interval it is doubtful if Santa Clara ever turned out a more brilliant scholar, a greater advocate or more eloquent orator. Nation-wide has his reputation grown. And now in his mature years did he come back to us to speak words of wisdom and advice to us whom he looked upon as his younger brothers. Rich in the knowledge of the human heart, deeply drunk from the troublesome stream of experience, mellowed by the softening touch of declining years Mr. Delmas stood before us as a seer who had a message to communicate to us who are to embark upon life's sea in these unquiet times.

And every word he uttered fell upon the ears of a spell-bound audience. For Mr. Delmas is still a great orator. Al-

though he may not now be "that strength that once moved earth and heaven" he has the dignity and impressiveness and sincerity that only one of his rank and attainments and experience could impart. Like Nestor he spoke words of wisdom; and his voice, full and round and resonant penetrated like a bell every corner of the crowded auditorium. His speech will be found elsewhere in this issue, as well as that of Mr. John J. Barrett, who introduced him, and it is well worth the reading several times over. Nowhere have we read, much less heard, a more eloquent tribute of patriotism, a more sincere and dignified exhortation to stand to the last by him whom Divine Providence has entrusted with the destinies of our country.

Indeed, Sunday, January 20th, was a perfect day.



## Changes of Time

---

Oh yes! 'tis gay to march away  
From your town with deafening cheers;  
On a summer's day indeed 'tis gay—  
Midst ladies' smiles and tears.

'Tis gay to step to the drum and fife  
When the long streets sway with the crowd,  
And your hope is big in your love of life,  
And your chin is tilted proud.

But when long hours slowly drip  
Like dew from the branch of night,  
'Tis far from gay to silently slip  
Through towns with shell-fire bright.

'Tis far from gay when the day's still gray  
To break through jagged wire,  
And a bayonet's steel at your heart to feel  
While your life-blood dyes the mire.

'Tis then ye see what breed men be—  
For his primal self strives each.  
The brave for their land are eager to die.  
The cowards mercy beseech.

W. Kevin Casey.

## Introduction by Mr. John Barrett

---



ON the occasion of the Dedication of Santa Clara as a Unit of the Reserved Officers' Training Corps, Sunday, January 20, 1918.

Rev. Fathers, Ladies and Gentlemen:

The duty has been accorded me suddenly but still most pleasingly, of presenting to you the speaker of the evening. I might, in spite of the presence of the military here, take, however, this much liberty with the instructions that were given me to merely present the speaker of the evening to say that it would be hard for anyone to restrain himself from expressing the profound admiration, the lasting impression, the edification which I am sure we all felt at this day's events. It was a memorable event in the history of this memorable institution that this, the first institution in California to raise its banner in dedicating itself to the education of men for the arts of peace, should be too, the first to hang side by side with that banner, the great banner of dedication to the interests of our country in this unfortunate and terrible war.

I remember as a student, when this institution, now a quarter of a century ago, was under the spell of a tradition that existed here at that time, going to consult for myself, that I might know

at first hand of its earliest days. I knew without reference that Santa Clara College had presented to this State a man, who, in the halls of Congress had reflected credit upon himself, his country, and Santa Clara College, the ablest Senator California ever had, Stephen White. I had the pleasure of hearing him say here one day after his election to that high office, that he owed all that was in him to the instruction and example and atmosphere of Santa Clara College. I knew that in addition to giving this State the best statesman it ever had Santa Clara College had presented to this State its best soldier—James F. Smith.

But I wanted to find out for myself the foundation for the tradition that Santa Clara College had given this State its brightest and foremost lawyer, its leading advocate, and I went back to the catalog of the early sixties and I found there that in 1862 a young man had been tendered a public audience in this institution to test his scholarship, to test his learning, to test his culture, that he submitted to a public examination to translate from Greek to Latin to French to German to English, and had been able to achieve that task to the delight of all, even the most scholarly, in the audience. And I found that even in those days his remarkable attain-



ments attracted eastern magazines, and I saw with my own eyes an article written by one to whose attention had come this promising and remarkable student.

I have since followed somewhat his career upon those lines and I think I deal in no exaggeration when I say that the culture of this State, the ability of the Bar, the splendor of the Forum has

been in no small degree enhanced and made a source of edification by the splendid talent, high culture, and sterling ability of the Honorable D. M. Delmas.

I take great pleasure, Rev. Fathers, ladies and gentlemen, in presenting to you the speaker of the occasion, the Honorable D. M. Delmas.



## Speech by Hon. D. M. Delmas

---



LET me at the outset express my grateful appreciation to the faculty for the invitation which enables me to be among you tonight.

That invitation brings me this evening to familiar scenes. Standing on this very spot nearly half a century ago I took part in the dedication of this hall and it has often felt to me since then to be a participant in the scholastic exercises which have taken place within its walls. But on no occasion have I come under such circumstances so affecting as the present. The momentous events now transpiring in the world in their far-reaching effects have even reached the peaceful precincts of the venerable college in which my youth was cradled. Its evidences are manifest before us. The peaceful halls in which the arts and sciences of peace have been so long protected under its sheltering arms are now to re-echo to the sound of the voice of military commands. The discipline of the school is to yield to the training of the camp, and the lessons and teaching of military science are to have supremacy over the lessons and the teaching of the arts and sciences of peace.

Little did the men who in olden times laid the modest foundation of

Santa Clara College look forward to such a future. But if it be vouchsafed to the spirits of the departed to partake of the labors and the joys of those left behind, we may rest in confident assurance that their spirits look down with approval upon the transformation. But at this hour in the world's history no education could be more needed, no duties could be more imperative, no vocation could be more elevating and ennobling than that education which is henceforth to be cultivated here, the duties which are henceforth to be inculcated and the vocation to which the youths under the sheltering arm of Santa Clara University will devote their lives hereafter.

It was a fitting and appropriate sentiment therefore which dictated that the impress of Religion should be made upon the exercises just heard, and that for their solemnization there should be set apart a time void of all secular pursuits, and which throughout all these changing peoples of the world is dedicated to objects of devotion. Fitting it was and proper that instead of taking place on a week day these exercises should be held on this day held holy by our Religion.

And now, my young friends, whom I look upon, you who are today the soldiers and may tomorrow become the

heroes of America, to you I would speak a word upon the nobility and grandeur of the cause in which you are enlisted, upon the solemnity of the duties which it imposes, and upon the religion for which you are going forth to fight, and it may be to offer up, like the martyrs, your young lives.

The world has settled down long since upon the propositions that wars of oppression undertaken for purposes of conquest, subjugation and aggrandizement are morally indefensible. But the war in which we are engaged today is no such war. We did not begin it. We are not the aggressors. It is not of our seeking. We have done everything in our power to keep aloof. When it broke out upon a distant continent, the men in whose hands Providence had entrusted the government of our country did everything and in the opinion of some, more than everything to avoid the conflict.

And it was not until after the cup of patience had been drained to its very dregs; until our inaction had been construed into weakness and our magnanimity into cowardice; until outrage and outrage, insult and insult, violations of the most elemental and sacred rights of a nation had been heaped up mountain high; it was not until after we had discovered that it was the intention of those who professed their amity, as soon as they emerged successfully from attack to attack again; not until we had found out it was the purpose of the Central Empires as soon as by their

warfare they had reduced England to starvation and consequent submission, until we had found out that after the annihilation of France they intended to invade our shores; not until we had discovered that the plans of such invasion had been worked out by means of spies that had infested our country by the German staff with the staff detail by which they planned the invasion of France; until we found the German embassy at our capital was but a nest for plans of destruction, to place infernal machines in our ships, to blow up factories, to incite our workmen to sedition; until we had discovered that the German Secretary of Foreign Affairs while keeping up outward semblance of amity was trying to incite Japan and Mexico to make war upon the United States;—it was not until then our patience broke down, and realizing our danger, realizing the destruction which threatened not only our future but our very existence, that we resolved to pursue that course, the only course which Honor left us to pursue and to make war, a war of self defence for our own protection.

What before this conclusion was reached had we not endured? What insults had not been heaped upon us? We had seen it at the very outbreak of the war. We had seen the invasion of the little kingdom of Belgium, that kingdom whose name ought never to be pronounced but with uncovered head and with reverend lips, that kingdom which shall stand in after time as the

extreme and unapproachable type of human heroism, that kingdom which should ever be remembered as having sacrificed its liberties, its life, voluntarily upon the altar of Duty that the world might live, that the civilization that barbarism sought to destroy, should survive, that the religion of Christ, the religion of Him who said that the first duty was to love God and the second was to love your fellow man and that in these two commandments were embraced the laws, that this should not give away and be swept from the world by barbaric practices in which the goddess of the infernal demon of Hate should be substituted for the God we worship.

We endured without a murmur, without a protest. We have practically abdicated our rights of a sovereign State to protest against the violations of international law which found in history no equal save that invasion of Cilicia, by Frederick the Great. Yet the safety and neutrality of that kingdom of Belgium had been guaranteed, but such bad faith had never been equalled in the annals of human history. It had been guaranteed by all the great powers of Europe in 1892, recognized and confirmed by Bismark; ratified by all the civilization of the world, Germany included, at the great Hague Convention in 1900.

Then followed a series of outrages. But why should I enumerate them here? Why should I go through the dreary catalog? You know it all by

heart. It stretches back to the days when the Lusitania and the Sussex were destroyed, and it reaches down to our own time when we, driven to desperation, entirely deceived and utterly wearied by false pretenses and promises of good faith, of honor and of honorable dealing, which I have placed before your eyes, were forced into this most fearful conflict.

And remember young men why you are in war, why you are going to participate in this war. You will answer me that as good Americans it is sufficient to know that your country wills it, and that what she demands can not be but right; but right or wrong, not yours to question why, yours but to do, aye, and if need be, to die. And it could not be but a source of encouragement, of consolation, of strength to you in the days of endurance and of suffering which may be before you, to know that the war in which our country is engaged is a just war, just by every standard of human and divine justice, just, just, and a thousand times just. You are now pledging your allegiance to your country, you are now placing upon her altars all that you are, all that you hope to be, placing your young lives ready when she calls if need be to make the supreme sacrifice.

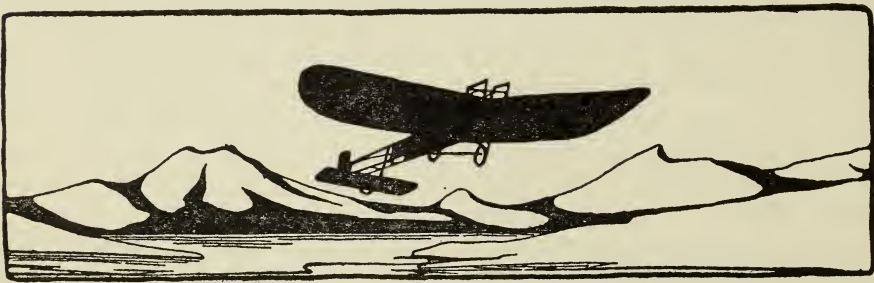
But you are going to fight in the cause of Justice, you are going to fight in the cause of Humanity, you are going to fight in the cause of Religion, because Religion is Justice and is Humanity. And remember that the



thoughts of America today are not of peace but of victory. Remember that this war is not to end until that victory is achieved. Engrave upon your heart the words of him who has been selected by Providence to voice the thoughts of one hundred million freemen, of him who speaks for the souls of America and who has said until the sounds of his words have reached throughout the length and breadth of our country like an inspiring clarion, "Our task is to win this war and we will never be diverted from it until that task is accomplished."

I have taken the liberty, my young friends, to usurp a privilege which per-

haps may be ungrudgingly granted as to an elder brother, of holding up before your eyes the great objects, the great duty, the great consecration which you are making upon the threshold of your lives. Let that thought ever remain in your mind and remember that when you go forth in the dreary struggles of the battlefield, remember watches of the battlefield, remember the scenes of your youth here. Remember the old College, the young University of Santa Clara, and go forth remembering that her prayers accompany you and her benison is laid upon your head.



## What Fates Await ?

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What season of my Life has passed away  
When all the world seemed bright and free from care,—  
And memories of happy hours gone by  
Throng in the shadows of the mist of Time.  
And oftentimes we love to go apart  
And seek a lone retreat—a sunlit lane  
With fairy blossoms fluttering down like snow,  
Or linger in some dim cathedral wood,  
Where stillness reigns, and gazing toward the sky,  
Beholding how the stately branches reach  
And seem to touch the heavens and proclaim  
Their nearness to the One who bade them spring  
From sterile dust; we feel ourselves a part  
Of this great world of Nature; oftentimes  
We seek a prospect of the heaving sea,  
The sands aflood with moonlight, or again  
We stand upon a hilltop and discern  
A light afar. But yesterday I stood  
On such a mount and peering forth behold  
An all-gigantic Loom and Distaff. There  
The three gaunt Parcae sit and weave the threads  
Of human destiny. Beheld my life  
Untrained as yet to hold an ordered course,  
And all uncertain like a bubbling rill  
That darting here and wildly plunging there,  
Finds in the end that each attempted way  
Leads to the mother, Ocean. Now I know  
That all the trails of Earth lead on to God.

What matter though the impartial Three deny  
The priestly stole and vestment, and a sword  
Is thrust within an all too willing hand,—  
The God who said that man shall live and fight  
And die if need be for his country's cause  
Will guard the priceless soul He died to save.  
And when the golden moonlight floods the West  
Where march the millions of the Wars of Time  
In ordered rank and file, I know that He  
Will guide their wearied footsteps in the way  
That leads to Love and Peace and Happiness  
That leads where God and all His angels are.

J. Charles Murphy.

# Ivonne

Arthur D. Spearman



HE desert glided past his tired eyes; the range, dotted by scattered cattle, stretched away to the distance.

The hours continued and the even line of the horizon, breaking at times into striking table-lands resolved always to expanses of arid vegetation, white in the noonday sun.

Paul Eastman, watching impatiently from the Pullman window, turned to the magazine that lay on his lap. Glancing through it for the last time he threw it to the seat opposite, stretched his feet across and settled into deep dejection.

"What a fool—", he muttered to himself, "What a fool I was." Running his finger aimlessly through long dark hair, he reflected. Only two nights before they had danced together, Ivonne and he, happy in each other's presence. Standing on the terrace of the Country Club they had looked westward to the falling moon. They had planned, as it sank gently into the Pacific, how wonderful life would be.

Disturbing his reverie, the porter spoke.

"You'll just have time for lunch before we reach Corazon."

"Thank you, porter, I had forgotten I was hungry—I'll eat now."

A hearty meal and the full stomach resulting therefrom worked wonders upon his drooping spirits, and when the porter dusted him with unusual severity, the reward was generous. The train soon slowed to a stop and Eastman alighted, the porter set out his luggage and the Pullman moved away. Looking about, Eastman found himself surrounded by the familiar desert. To the east and west, the railroad ended under the horizon, and on either side the expanse opened deep and flat, changing in the southeast to uneven mountainous country. A little distance down the track stood a denatured freight car acting for the time as section house. Near the door two Mexican children looked up from their play to watch the approaching stranger. The bright eyes of the little ones attracted Eastman and he paused to talk.

"What do you want?" asked a heavy woman peering from the interior shadow.

"Where is the auto from Las Jacaras?"

"It will come soon, senor; the young don Miguel said last week he would

come." She closed the door and Paul walked to a view of the road which wound artlessly to the southeast and entered the canons of the Cantiles. He grew tired of the loneliness, and the heat was oppressive, when a cloud of dust rising over the distant trail warned him of Michael's coming.

"Pues como estamos?"—"Y Miguel?" the friends met with hearty hands and Michael, stepping back, surveyed him from head to foot.

"I can't say you look sick, Paul."

"Nor you, Mickie—"

"Come on, now, no sarcasm. It's late, let's start for the ranch."

The two jumped in and tore for twenty miles across the desert.

"The Mexes have been pretty lively." It was Michael speaking. "They caught one of the punchers down in Plumas Canon. We trailed them to the border. They must have tortured him, the body was in frightful condition."

The two grew quiet and the road engaged Paul's attention. The rutted surface caused many interesting slews and when Michael, breaking into the Cantiles foothills, skidded around a sharp curve, race-fashion, and hovered over the edge of a river bottom, Paul was thrilled. Threading the canons, the long afternoon drew to a close and as the road opened into the fertile valley of the Juniata, the sun, hanging reluctant, outlined the tile-roofed buildings of Las Jacaras.

"So **you** are Mr. Sanchez?" she looked demurely at him.

"Yes," he smiled resignedly. "An exile from my Mexico and robbed of my estates. But one day I will regain them—then, Miss Ivonne—but let us dance again, I adore the American dance." They were walking to the ballroom from the terrace.

"And not the American dancer?" Ivonne had turned in the doorway. The light from within made clear his face; hers was in shadow. The situation, the remark, was nothing, but in his eyes—strange, uncertain eyes—she found cause for dislike.

"I am very tired," she countered to his appreciations. "I have danced too much this week, let us go home—thank you." She smiled before his flattering words could change to argument. Shortly after, re-appearing with her wraps, she was disappointed at his composure. She had thought to irritate him. Walking under an arbor they came to his car and drove from the club house between arched trees to the main road. Sanchez turned to the right, surprised, she questioned him.

"Are we going to the ocean?"

"Yes, you don't mind?"

"I do mind, it is too late—turn around and take me home."

He sneered slightly and continued forward. She turned and spoke sharply. His countenance had begun to terrify her. He laughed, a brutal coarse laugh. "You'll do as **I** say tonight." The road ahead was melting into the hot glare of the headlights. A reflection in the windshield caught San-



chez' eye. Ivonne spoke again sharply.

"**Turn back!**" this time he did, and through every long mile that followed, a slight, pearl-handled pistol chastened his every move.

Unnerved and exhausted, Ivonne entered her room. Sitting before the mirrors of her dressing table she reflected on the night's adventure. The strain was over, but in its place thoughts of another man and another evening came to torment her. It was Paul who had given her this protection tonight—long after she had wounded and done with him. She recalled the gift now—the words he had spoken.

"Ivonne, you are too lovely," it had been the night of their engagement. "You go into these poor neighborhoods, an angel in their troubles, and you don't realize that some day your beauty will betray you." He had kissed her. She raised herself from her thoughts, and a small silver box, a gift of her mother—she was an orphan—brought her attention to the table before her. Her mother, dying, had directed her, in trouble, to open it.

Paul and Michael, alighting from the roadster, made their way between the flower beds of the courtyard to where Senora Laveaga with little brother Lawrenzo at her knee, sat enjoying the pink-fired afterglow. She smiled in welcome and the twilight fell kindly on an old and pleasing countenance as she extended her hand to greet him.

"Welcome, Paul, to Las Jacaras. We have not seen you in many months. Stay long this time and make it up to us. Are you tired? Go get something to eat with Miguel and tell us everything tomorrow."

Paul went early to his room; it was familiar to him—for he had often visited Michael—the beamed ceiling, heavy adobe walls, a niche with a crucifix and statue of the Virgin, and on the dresser the same youthful picture that always startled him. "She is a distant cousin from Mexico—Marguerité de la Paz—their ranch is a short ways over the border." And that was all he could learn from Michael—Michael himself seemed interested—perhaps that was why they had never met at Las Jacaras—The American and this wonderful picture. Slipping into bed, sleep came quickly. Only a short time had passed before something disturbed him—a dull clatter, many voices—then the heavy walls seemed only to mock him. He slept, and it was morning.

Coming into the dining room for breakfast, he found no one. Puzzled, he walked out into the courtyard. Senora Laveaga, surrounded by frightened maid-servants, stood with eyes intent on the distant gulch. There, the river breaking from the Juniata into the foothills, had carved the Canon of the Plumas.

Hearing his footsteps, the senora, her face tense with anxiety turned to him.

"Oh, Paul, the men have gone after the bandits—Mexicans from over the

border who have my little cousin, my poor little Marguerité."

"Why didn't someone call me!" exclaimed Paul. "Where is there a horse, I'll catch up with them."

"No, Paul, they went early last night, you could never find them."

"What did the scoundrels do, did they attack here?"

"No, an old servant woman came last night to get help for Marguerité, they carried her from her home a year ago, only now she had a chance to get word to us,—poor girl, may Mary protect her. The brutes murdered her family and carried her off to—", she broke into tears and Paul stood silent. Unable to bear the inactivity he went to the corral, roped a horse and set off to meet the returning party.

Gerardo Sanchez was not so easily to be repulsed. He had found in Ivonne a girl he might use as a stepping stone. She was beautiful, more than enough to intoxicate his heart, if any he had, and he knew further that she was very wealthy in her own name. He would have marriage then—short and sweet—divorce would be easy, he had not found even that technicality necessary in previous experiences. "Strange," he thought to himself, "that my band should turn against me. Perhaps I played them too hard. But that is past, I'll play the Americans now—no counter-revolutions to spoil the game. A short marriage and a merry one." Such was Sanchez, the Mexican bandit. Little wonder then that Ivonne detest-

ed him. The pleasure of her parties was gone; at each he turned up to force his attentions on her. She regretted angrily that his easy grace and smoothness of tongue had admitted him to her circle of acquaintances.

Late one night, Ivonne again sat before her dressing table. Soft brown tresses in thoughtless disorder lay wonderfully fallen around her shoulders; her head, bent forward, rested in her hands and her breathing was above a beating heart. He had come again tonight—as she walked in her moonlighted garden—like a snake appearing from the bushes at her side. She screamed—in a stride he had caught her to him,—pressed his unclean lips to her own. A servant, coming to her aid prevented further humiliation. She realized now that he sought more than money—and she was frightened. The silver box on the table lay before her.

Paul, threading the turns of the cañon as it wound through sandstone ridges, spurred his horse past a considerable slide of loose rock and came abruptly in view of the water course stretching far ahead and steeply downward. This part of the wash, he recalled, had trapped man and beast in the furious cloudbursts of the rainy season. Now it lay idle and quiet. At the lower end he saw Michael, with a limp form supported in the saddle before him; the weary expedition was returning. Spurring forward he drew rein beside his friend.

"You found her?" Michael bent

mutely over the dark hair, tenderly pushed it aside and pressed a kiss on the pale features that rested on his breast. Paul noticed then that he was wounded, a drop of blood fell on the up-turned face. The girl was unconscious, but in its troubled beauty Paul recognized the picture on his table—Marguerité de la Paz. How strange she looked—how—but there **was** a wedding ring on her finger—the men rode silently forward.

Ivonne closed her fingers about the box—it was a miniature chest with bands and hoops chased in the silver. On it too was an enameled crest—the motto in Latin: *Dum Spiro, Spero*—the arms were quartered and in one field the five dots of the Medici. They stood in relief on the surface, and when Ivonne pressed two, the box flew open. Since childhood, when her mother, saying good-bye had left this secret to her, Ivonne had wondered and guessed what the box might contain. Now, before her on the table lay a small sheet of vellum. On it were inscribed many names, strange Spanish names and after each but two were small crosses. All was written in ink, each more faded and old than the preceding. Her own name, Ivonne, was unchecked—the other?—Carlota Laveaga, and after it the address, Corazon, Las Jacaras, Nuevo Mejico. With the tablet was a card awaiting only a signature, and Ivonne, filling it out, the letter sped to its destination.

Midway between the hills of the Caniles, seeming almost at a standstill between the rough country and the sundried landmark called Corazon, a motor car hurtled over the yielding trail and drew up to the right of way to receive the bag when the mail train from the west, pounding into the station, dropped the sack, thundered through and was gone. Reaching the ranch after sundown, Paul brought in the mail and having distributed it, stopped for a chat with Michael. The conversation turned to Marguerité.

“She is married, at least?”

“Yes, he forced her into it; nice of him though to take the formality, the damned bandit.” Michael’s features contracted in a throb of pain—the bullet had creased his skull—and cleared again.

“I asked her to marry me a year ago—she loves me—but she was only sixteen, her parents asked us to wait. She tells me they are dead now; she is married, deserted, and—good God,—my poor little Marguerité.”

Senora Laveaga entered, kissed Miguel, accepted Paul’s chair and asked him to listen to news.

“Miguel, the card from the silver box came today; the duplicate of ours—another cousin needs our protection, one is never alone in trouble. I will answer her tomorrow and she will soon be here. You see, my son, you have laughed at my little box, and just the same you are wrong.”

She arose, kissed her son again and



walked to the door. Turning, she spoke again.

"You, Paul, may go to meet her,—perhaps", she smiled. "She is beautiful."

Maddened by her continued refusal to his attentions, his outlaw blood fiercely aroused, Sanchez determined to stop at nothing. A newspaper notice of Ivonne's departure for the desert cousin's home supplied the information he wanted. He drew the remainder of his bandit gold and took train for the border, he renewed old partnerships and a life of license.

Paul, talking to the little Mexicans that swarmed over his roadster noted No. 4 with a heavy train approaching. It was April and the flood of the eastern travel was on. Slowing into the station the engineman waved a greeting and Paul replied. The Pullmans came evenly to a standstill and he found himself the center for speculative interest of a group on the observation platform. A vestibule opened ahead, the porter stepped out and a very trim girlish figure followed. The vestibule closed and the train moved on. Searching the desert, she failed to see Paul till he was at her side.

"Miss Ivonne—are you the guest for Las Jacaras?"

The coldness of the question hurt her; inclined to make up with him, she hardened her heart—it must come from him.

"I am," was her reply.

Silence held reign as they sped to-

ward the distant hills. In danger, tormented by regret and breaking under loneliness Ivonne's heart burned with a longing for Paul's sympathy. His love seemed part of her life—but her pride forbade to confess. The ride for each became unbearable and Paul comforted himself with reckless speed as they plunged through the cañons of the Cantiles.

In the doorway stood the Senora.

"My little cousin, you will find shelter and love at Las Jacaras," the kindly lady pressed her to her breast, and Ivonne, melted by her tenderness, cried—as a lonesome child will cry—safe in the senora's arms.

Two months passed. At Las Jacaras, a little one had come, and in God's mercy, gone again. Michael, always guarding his loved one, took long rides with her in his roadster, and when she was able again they turned to saddle-horses. After Ivonne's coming, Paul explained the situation to Michael—placing the blame on his own shoulders—and suggested that he leave immediately. Michael expostulated—if the blame lay with Paul why not ask her pardon—she was his cousin now and Michael swore Paul should have a fair hearing—but departure—never.

Marguerité and Ivonne, to the delight of both, found each other most welcome. Great was Marguerité's pleasure in showing her friend all the wonders of the ranch. They rode together inspecting the herds that dotted the valley and found shelter in the



neighboring cañons. For a long time Paul remained passive, and Ivonne, timid in her womanhood, feared to open her heart.

Across the Rio Grande, Sanchez, again the terror of the border, spread bloodshed and hell in the paths he rode. He had not forgotten the girl Ivonne and even now, at Las Jacaras, one of the punchers was his accomplice; through him he was informed of her movements and laid the plans to trap her.

After dinner one night, Marguerité told her maid, Ancilla,—as with Ivonne she planned to go in the morning to study the ferns in Plumas Canon,—to have a light lunch put up. Ancilla, speaking to the cook, was overheard by Sanchez' spy. Riding that night, the chief was informed and the trap laid for the morrow.

Soon after breakfast the girls set out. Paul and Michael, idle, were casting about for diversion.

"Paul, the deer begin to run about this time of year. Let's go into the hills west of the Plumas, get some venison, raid the girls' party and give them a feast." With rifles slung at the saddle pommels the boys soon appeared and spurred from the courtyard. Waving adios to the senora they quickly gained distance toward the hills.

Marguerité and Ivonne, glorying in the wildness of the Plumas, darted in and out of the shadowy hollows, stopped occasionally to pick specimens of

fern and when the sun stood high in the heavens retired to a blind cañon where a cold spring gushed from the rocks. Here, preparing their luncheon of sandwiches and cake, they had scarcely begun to eat when Marguerité uttered a startled cry.

"There is my husband!" and fainted to the ground. Ivonne, springing to her feet, turned to face the exultant grin of Sanchez, gun in hand and backed by three well-armed bandits. Her heart beat wildly, Ivonne stammered and could not speak. Sanchez, at his ease, eyed her till the cold perspiration broke on her forehead. Advancing then, slowly, that his prey might suffer the more, he raised his hand to lay hold of her. Loud in the cañon a thirty-thirty snapped, whip-like and echoed among the silent rocks.

Deer tracks were plentiful and Paul and Michael rode into the hills; almost at once a doe and two very young fawns broke from a covert within touch. The boys were sportsmen and passed the chance—unfortunately it was their only one. Rather disappointed, toward noon, they turned their horses to the high land above the Plumas into a heavy stand of pine. Tethering the animals, they walked forward in the hope of finding squirrels. Paul, walking nearest the cañon rim, was startled by a scream in the hollow below. Running to the edge he took the situation at a glance. Sanchez, gun in hand, was approaching Ivonne. The angle was dangerous—Ivonne stood

with her back to Paul. His hand trembled for an instant as the head and shoulders of the girl he loved stood clean cut in the sights. Sanchez' gun was raised—if Ivonne resisted? Pausing for a heart beat, Paul pressed the trigger. The blood spurted from the bandit's neck—falling, he threw back a shot that splashed at Paul's feet, and dropped dead to the ground. At the first report his comrades had made haste for the border.

Slipping and jumping down the embankment Paul and Michael ran to

Ivonne, who, at the side of Marguerite, knelt trying to revive her. In a moment she opened her eyes.

"Michael, come to me," she pleaded. He took her in his arms and pressed kiss on kiss to her lips. "That man, Michael," she looked at the prostrate form, "was my husband—he is dead now—Michael?"

"I do, my own darling, I love you!" Forgetful for a moment of themselves, they turned to Ivonne; but she had found her own, and Paul's kiss burns forever.



## Dreams

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WHEN the ghosts of wars have passed away  
    Into the silence thin,  
    Dreams of veterans, day by day,  
    In this peaceful world begin.  
Night, and nightly, neath the stars,  
    Under the stars and moon,  
Souls of those who went to wars,  
    March to the night wind's croon.

Slowly and slowly, hither and on,  
    The thin ranks wave and veer.  
The captain shouts: "The battle's on."  
    You can hear the strong hearts cheer;  
Fiercely and bravely, shadows of men  
    Charge o'er the riddled ground,  
And the ghosts of battles are fought again,  
    As the hours of night go round.

Faintly and faintly over the plain,  
    You can hear the troops that clash,  
As they were again at the Marne, or Aisne  
    But gone with the dawn's first flash,  
For these are the sacred ranks of my dream,  
    That from the silence thin  
Gallantly into trenches stream,  
    Out of the past years dim.

CYRIL SMITH

# Blessed Without Realizing It

Albion J. Howell.



YESTERDAY evening, having finished supper, I lit my pipe and went for a stroll around the outer campus. And wandering along I threw my head back and looked at the peaceful, broad expanse of stars overhead, calmly reposing against a perfectly clear sky. And I thought to myself "What a good, large, easy-going and happy world this is!" (I had just received a letter from home with something more substantial than news and also a letter from someone else. So I suppose I was feeling pretty good.) Then I looked down again.

Not far in front of me I beheld the figure of a poor tramp, seated on a bench huddled up with his back against the big pepper tree down by the old Morse Seed House. I stopped and said hello, for I was in the mood of listening to a story; and I have often come across tramps who have it all over the Saturday Evening Post for stories. Then too this old fellow moved me to curiosity. He turned his face towards me and nodded a slow hello in return. He was old, and his face, though weather-beaten, was good.

Having finished the usual introduction with regard to the weather and

the possibility of rain I asked him whither he was bound, and he told me. I asked him whence he came, and he told me. I asked him what he was going to do—but that was different. He turned his old face up to me and said:

"I'm a carpenter, but I'm old, and they ain't got much use for old men like me."

Then a car came, and he left, refusing my few niggardly nickles sadly, yet firmly.

I walked on, and I looked up at the same stars and at the same sky; but they were changed. I looked over at Senior Hall and wondered. Wondered, yes at the big sign OPPORTUNITY written all over it so plainly and simply, yet so invisibly to some. Then my thoughts went back to the old man. Had he ever had a chance? If not, then the more reason that some should see that sign. Maybe he had his chance and had not taken it. It was then that the real conception came home to me. Here are big, strong and frank arms extended to help us, and smiling visions of opportunity to encourage us, and yet we walk through them and past them as though they were not.

Some few see and take heed. But who are they? They are those who have fought for their clothes and



money; not indeed a fight against poverty, but a fight merely to obtain that independence which will give self-respect its keenest edge.

Those, who have fought during a short vacation alongside of men twice their age, men who are struggling day after day and during a lifetime, not for a suit of clothes or spending money, but for wives and children, those are they who generally see opportunities. The one who has been through this is he who regards failure with shame and who will turn his eager face toward any opportunity to draw himself that much nearer the goal of success.

The man whose dream is success is also the man who knows what he is working for; he will have some end in view. He will grasp at any knowledge that will be of use to him and will glory in pleasure that is giving him inspiration.

Those who are at college because they are sent there, are not and never will be any better off than my poor friend, the tramp. They may be rich, but their money avails naught. "What is money," a boy's mother once said to me. The old tramp has wasted a life; he has slaved, has even held good jobs; but now he is burnt out, is useless and has no one to take care of him. Nothing is left, neither money, nor strength, and he has no place to go.

And yet he was young once, and stronger perhaps than you or I.

Byron says:

"There's not a joy the world can give  
like that it takes away  
When the glow of early thought declines  
in feeling's dull decay."

Believe me, those words ring with vibrations of truth. Studies and school are a joy given to us, yet see how that joy becomes one of selfish interest until it is too late. Hours of pleasure are to be found in our books, but too often we look upon them with abhorrence. We use any excuse to absent ourselves from study hall, and by far too many heave a sigh of reluctance every time they open a text book. But in our manhood years it will all dawn upon us; our opportunity will then be passed, and ambition and prospects will decline, yes, will decline more and more until the world begins to take back all that joy that it once so graciously gave.

Then it is that:

"This life which seems so fair,  
Is like a bubble blown up in air."

It's a big thing for a fellow to fight this kind of a battle. His helmet is his honest thought, and simple truth his weapon; his enemies are his own passions; and when he weakens his conscience is his strong retreat.

Thus equipped let us fight—and win.

## Around the Square No. IV

Edward L. Nicholson.



THEY were not playmates, those two young fellows, although they were scarcely more than boys, but there had sprung between them a bond of friendship that kept them always together.

Carl's father lived anywhere that his country sent him on official business, and just now he was spending the winter on his strip of land in the Maine woods of which Zeb's father had charge.

The boys were both followers of Nimrod and day after day stalked the lumbering moose. Carl used a high-powered automatic and Zeb carried his father's old 30-30 which somehow didn't seem to find the mark as did Carl's gun. But a few short days since Zeb had wounded a moose and Carl, answering his cries had found him in a little grove, his gun dropped in his flight, dodging the wounded beast's wild charges and nearly exhausted. At the second shot Carl dropped the infuriated moose, not ten feet from where Zeb lay, his foot caught in the tangled roots of a tree. For several minutes Zeb could not speak—then, as he wrung Carl's hand, he said with boyish enthusiasm, "You did a lot for

me, Carl, and you've beat me shooting. Some day I'll beat you shooting and save your life."

Shortly after, Carl's father was sent home to his native country and the boys with tears in their eyes parted, hoping that it would not be for long.

Then the war broke out, and with the first to repay Lafayette's debt went Zeb. The training was short and it was scarcely a month before he was picked from his company as a sharpshooter. Three months later found him at the front. His first day of fighting was eventful. Late in the afternoon his captain placed him with his sniping squad in a high tree with orders to silence a rapid fire gun which was working havoc with their short, trench rushes. There were three Germans feeding the gun and another shooting. Time after time they shot, and one by one, at intervals of half an hour the Germans ceased to feed the fire-spitter, until at last only the gun operator remained. But he was as bad as the three, for his shots always seemed to find a mark. It was Zeb's turn to shoot and allowing a good foot for the wind he took a long aim and fired. The gun lay dumb.

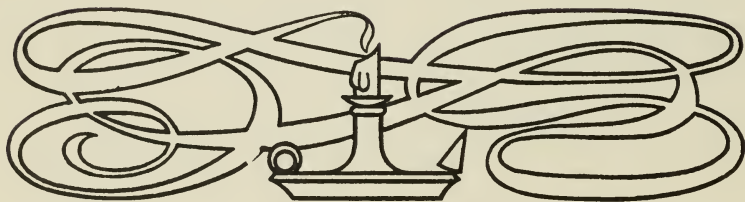
"The bounty's yours," said Zeb's treemate. "I'll bring you his helmet."

In half an hour he returned.

Zeb took the card and read the in-

“Here’s his helmet and here’s his identification card. Didn’t I often hear you mention a fellow by that name?”

scription. His boyhood ambition had been realized. He had beaten Carl shooting.



## “Adio Signor!”

---

“Adio Signor!” That was all she said,  
But light as Angel’s touch beneath her brow  
There gleamed a purple softness, richly laid.  
The rosy lips divinely set, endowed  
With honeyed voice to stir the Grecian Gods  
From nectared stupors on the silvery clouds.  
Now by the Muse, her words, a gracious nod  
Would rouse a lilting tune from Orpheus proud.

“Adio Signor!” Ah, that “adio” means  
A world of thoughts and vivid memories.  
Her silken flow of soothing music gleans  
From wholesome day the remaining effigies  
Of hours idly spent in realms of fancy.  
Again I hear Pan’s winnowed notes,  
In Elfin glade, with relished ecstasy,  
Piping a tune of blissful days and nights.

B. J. Baraton.



# Food and the Present War

Henry C. Veit.



GENERALLY speaking, the American people are a nonchalant, easy going and purely Democratic populace. Slowly they are to take offence, nevertheless they imbibe just enough spunk and initiative to ward off any transgressor, and once in a quarrel they usually conduct themselves so that their transgressors may in future beware of them. But in seeking redress for a national wrong inflicted by some foreign power they stand by any measures which the medium of our Congress shall dictate and which the wisdom of our President shall strengthen or ordain.

We are in a great world war, in fact the greatest that has ever come to pass; even adown the ages to come all mankind may never again, God grant it, experience such an abominable destruction of life, property, and all things dear and sacred. And now in it we must win this war.

Victory, if it is at all to be had, means essentially striking power at the front. In order to maintain an efficient force in the front line of battle, food, good substantial nutritive food is tantamount to war machines and ex-

pert leadership. Allow the one or the other to depreciate the slightest and there will have been made an irreparable blunder. Perhaps food is the most vital factor in the present war. Of other materials, such as clothing, munitions of war, transports, etc., the warring nations all seem to have a sufficient amount. But food, whence to derive it, and how to supply the ever increasing demand, is the one perplexing difficulty.

"Food will win the war, and the country that can best supply and feed its armies will be the final victors." Well aware of this exigency is the administration at Washington, and nothing, it seems, is being left undone to meet the demand of the whole world, which, more and more each day turns toward this land of milk and honey for its subsistence. Not only is it our duty to feed and equip our own armies and those of our allies, but too, we must lend a helping hand to the neutral countries, bleeding and tattered from the perennial ravages of the German undersea craft.

The government has a wonderful system of advertising, of letting everyone, even the remotest farmer in some unse-

questered spot, know just what important thing it wishes to be done.

Mayhap you have often noticed stamped upon the upper right hand corner of your letters and packages, this phrase, "Food will win the war, don't waste it." This is the silent yet persistent crier of our supreme authority. It is a sort of intrinsic conscience constantly warning us of a duty, one which must be fulfilled by all, with no exceptions, and upon just such a fulfillment honorably imposed upon every individual will the duration of the war depend. A waste of money is disastrous to but one party, to him that is so foolhardy as to thus squander wealth. The money merely changes hands, it is registered in someone else's account; in a word, it lodges in a bank, to do good and keep on doing good indefinitely. But with food it is different. Once relegated to the refuse can, it remains there to rot: perfectly good and highly nutritive food too frequently is cast from the tables of the higher classes, yea even from those of the common classes, food that could be utilized in so many different ways, yet discarded as useless.

What could possibly conduce to such action by many so heedless? Is theirs a slogan of, "Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we die," or has personal pride crept into their actions? Perhaps they fear that neighbors or friends accuse them of being parsimonious. Pitiable indeed are such cases.

The man in the trenches points with

an accusing finger at the wilfull waster, for each particle so discarded means just that much less for his subsistence. Undergoing daily the austere routine of trench life, a most enervating and trying experience, the soldier needs just so much nourishment. From the fats and proteins he derives heat, heat that necessarily is a fuel for the fighting unit; from the cereals he imbibes stamina, that endurance and vigor that goads on the man rushing "OVER THE TOP"; and so on, have certain foods the preference over others in their nutritive value.

That this demand might be satiated we, the non-combatants, can easily ordain. We must eat more of foods not vitally needed by the fighting forces, more fruits, vegetables and the like, yet consume less by far of meats and cereals and edibles of a similar nature. Then would we have real co-operation, a sort of team-work between the first and second line of trenches, between those patriots, shouldering the gun and shedding their noble blood for a greater and nobler purpose and those worthy coadjutors, the farmers, the tillers of the fertile acres miles away from the awful harvest of death and destruction. The one reaps in human lives, the other gathers into barns products of the soil which, if properly used will speedily conclude the bloody drama endlessly enacted on "NO MAN'S LAND" for a few charnal yards of that debatable ground.

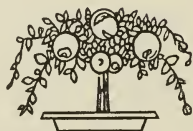
A mighty task confronts the home

workers, in fact proportionately as great as that of those, their countrymen who contend with steel and shell and shrapnel, in the thick of battle. With labor so scarce and the few workmen really obtainable, so woefully ignorant of farming requisites, and demanding such an exorbitant compensation for their work, the poor farmer indeed faces a terrible dilemma. That his farm be as productive as possible, requires much time and labor, yet is there a man who would like to give into inexperienced hands a team of splendid horses or some piece of machinery, worth quite a good part of their weight in precious metal, when the hireling, even though he be sincere, has had no previous knowledge as to their workings? And would a farmer feel satisfied that the amount of work contributed by his employees would constitute a "quid pro quo" for wages paid? Does he derive a sufficient benefit for the money he must expend? These are

just a few of the potent complications arising "back of the lines", in a word, on the farm. Many indeed are the acres left untilled for just such reasons as the above, therefore, many are the pounds of food lost to the cause of Democracy.

Paramount then, becomes the importance of food conservation. The United States has just so much of this and so much of that, not a pound more; it is limited in its food supply. If this limitation is mitigated by willful waste, what will result? It will mean a German victory and subsequently a militaristic, despotic government, to rule us with an iron hand. We must save, save and save. The more we can save the more can we send to our fighting men and incidentally hasten the war's conclusion. And, fellow-students, let this apply to you, particularly in our Dining Hall,

"FOOD WILL WIN THE WAR, so DON'T WASTE IT."





# Communications



## LETTERS FROM S. C. MEN IN SERVICE.

At Sea, December 7th, 1917.

Dear Mart:—

A few lines, old pal, before we land, for the future is uncertain and there is no telling what opportunities lie ahead for writing.

So close is the censorship, and rightly so I suppose, that I can tell you little of our journey. Suffice it, that I was miserably sick but am well over it now; that there is nothing romantic about the ocean, and that I am strong for the mountains of Idaho when it comes to scenery.

The weather, rough at first, is beautiful now and most of the boys are on deck in the warm sunshine. The last few days have made a wonderful improvement in us all and we shall land in good health and spirits.

If the U-boat menace has put the fear into any of us, its effects are not showing. One would think this was an excursion boat on a Sunday as far as the men's spirits are concerned. Of course, they are taking every precaution, and we have our places assigned in case of trouble, but the thought of any real danger never seems to enter our minds.

Our band plays twice a day and its inspirational effect is wonderful. Music certainly hath charms. There is a lad on board, drafted from San Francisco, I think, who played the organ at one of the new picture houses and his playing in the music room is quite the most wonderful I have heard for its versatility, expression and range. I hope he will be put at entertainment work and not thrust into the trenches.

Santa Clara and its peacefulness seems a long way from here, and yet I can shut my eyes and see it all. It is easy to slip back through the years to the old days when we were there together. God only knows what changes the war will make in the world and in us all, but I trust that we shall not lose the power to drop back to the good times of yore, at least in memory, and that all the sweetness and cleanness of life will not be killed by what we see and go through over here.

I am sorry this will not reach you to convey my Christmas good wishes. It may even be too late for the New Year, but it carries my hopes and prayers that God may bless you and yours in the coming year, and always.

Please convey my affectionate good wishes to all my friends at Santa Clara.

Affectionately,

JOHN M. REGAN, '04.

Lieut. John M. Regan, Hq. Det., 116 Engr's.  
41st Division, A. E. F., France.

NOTE:—Lieut. Regan arrived safely in France on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, 1917.



Fort Tilden, New York, Jan. 10, 1918.

Dear Kid Brother:—

Brrr—it's mighty cold in these parts and even as I am writing, I firmly believe it is colder by ten degrees than any other spot on Earth. At present we are doing very little in the line of flying, on account of the presence of the ice floes, but we are given enough to do each day outside of soaring about.

We are stationed twenty miles from New York which "big town" is often our rendezvous. It is surely a fine, big city—but I really prefer Sunny California—especially the Southern part of that State, of course with all due respect to Santa Clara and neighboring towns, e. g. Milpitas.

Our last trip "over there" was rather uneventful, but interesting in the extreme. In September our corps escorted several troop ships from "Somewhere in U. S." to a port "Somewhere in France", and then did an about face and came home. In the squadron were several destroyers, a pair of cruisers, a few oil tenders and the transports. We were stationed on board one of the cruisers.

There was a little target practice now and again which incidentally caused us several hours of hard work in repairing the targets which were not totally demolished. In the course of time the Observation balloon was ordered up so all of the Kaiser's U-boats might be sighted before they started anything. After a false start or two the balloon finally climbed into a position approximately seven hundred feet directly above us. After being up for a couple of hours the man "higher up" reported smoke dead ahead. One of the destroyers went out stripped for action, but soon returned with the delightful news that it was only a ship bound for the port we had just left.

I could enumerate any number of incidents which made us "watch our step", but why go so far as to bore you.

One day a battle ship hove in view and all guns were ready to "bark" at her when the British flag was run up—lucky for John Bull's scull I'll say.

Somewhere away out there in the middle of the Atlantic, longitude so many and latitude so many more (as near as I can recall), I experienced the sensation of my young life. I have been willing always to "try anything once" (anything from college soup to ditching class)—but, O, Boy, I actually felt "sick" this one particular time. Accompanied by a fellow aviator our plane was shot off the side of the swiftly moving ship and for some twenty minutes we soared about. Away out there with only the blue rolling Atlantic as far as the eye could reach, we scoured the vast area for any sign of "a water dog"—Home was never like this. And I assure you there were two deep sighs of relief when our "bird" came back to its "nest"—but I once again assure you—mine was the more sincere.

We had fairly calm weather most of the time with the exception of a steady downpour of rain for eight days during which we slept on deck, with life belts adjusted. (Honest, the Dormitory with its refrigerating system was heaven compared to it).

On one occasion the observer in the balloon above signaled to be brought down a few hundred feet so he might be better able to spot "Fritz's water dogs". He was pulled down about two hundred feet when the unexpected happened. A squall came up and being unable to cope with it during the descent the balloon took a nose dive and then turned over about twenty times taking a dip in the drink. The tail cups filled with water and the basket was well under the brine. One of our section dove off and put a line

about the observer who was pulled aboard more dead than alive. The hero was recommended for the Naval Medal of Honor.

We encountered some rough sea when within two days run of France. Here we were met by a squadron of destroyers which served to alleviate our nerve-racking position.

From what I could make out, there's not a great deal of difference between the French soil and that which we tread upon in the Land of the Free, but there is one difference which I noticed, it did not seem so firm—did not feel like home to me.

Our trip back was very pleasant, for we had no scares or rough sea, being able to make about eighteen knots most of the time. As we hove in sight of New York, that old familiar sky line gradually loomed up as a haven of rest and there was many a sigh of contrite happiness as we docked.

But more next time; maybe then I'll have something really interesting to tell. So until then Adios, Frank; and be as good as I ought to be. Give my best to the fellows, and don't forget the Dads.

With love to all,

I am your brother,

TOM.

Thomas J. Conneally, U. S. N. Aerial Corps,  
Fort Tilden, New York.

---

San Pedro, Cal., Jan. 18, 1918.

Dear Father:—

I know you will consider me a very neglectful friend; and for the past two weeks I have intended writing you. But every night something or other turns up that positively must be done. The result is my good intentions until now have never materialized in anything like a letter.

Immediately upon my arrival here at the station I was placed in the Detention Camp. For twenty long days and still longer nights I was imprisoned in this half-acre sand pile to purify the body which had just emerged from an unclean world—so they said. It is two weeks now since my final purification, and I have been transferred to what they call here, "The Ship"—a long, cold, uninviting dock-warehouse.

Oh, the joys of a sailor's life! At six o'clock in the morning three bugles, two snare drums and a bass drum announce the hour. A squad is formed which parades up and down the rows of beds in our so-called dormitory. If by chance any unfortunate should sleep through this battle of Verdun, the chief master-at-arms follows this contingent with a long wagon spoke. I suppose you can guess the rest.

But taking everything into consideration I like it fine down here—much better than I expected to. Classes are conducted much the same way as at college. We are given thorough instruction in the various subjects a seaman is expected to know:—navigation, signals, infantry, artillery, small-boat operation, ordnance and gunnery. The latter I like most of all. A few days ago my company was at target-practice with three-inch deck guns. We shoot at a floating target out in the waters of the bay. My first shot just grazed the top of the target, and the second hit it square in the centre. As a sort of reward the officer has appointed me gun-captain, but this is only a temporary distinction and while my company is at drill.

## THE REDWOOD

Father, dear old friend, I know you will pardon these few lines. It is almost time for the bugle to blow and then I must leave off where I am writing. My next letter will be a long one with a regular table of contents telling you of everything down here.

In the meantime I am as ever,

Your true friend,

ELMER D. JENSEN.

Elmer D. Jensen, U. S. Naval Reserves,  
San Pedro, Cal.

---

Camp Joseph E. Johnston, Jacksonville, Florida, Jan. 1, 1918.

Dear Father:—

No doubt I left Santa Clara rather unexpectedly and much to my regret, as I wanted to say good-bye to everyone before I went. But we do not always have things exactly as we would like them, and as a consequence I had to leave promptly upon the day of my enlistment.

I am enlisted in the Quarter Master's Corps, and was stationed at Fort McDowell, Angel Island, for five days. On the fifth, with very little ceremony, we left for our training camp at Jacksonville, Florida. It is the purpose of the Government to train us here for about sixty days, after which time we are bound for "over there".

As to the training we are receiving here, it consists of four hours military drill and two hours school a day. In the Quarter Master's School we are given instruction in those things which make for efficiency in the conduct of the "Business end of the Army".

Among the boys from Santa Clara here are George Nicholson, Jacob Miller, "Red" Fitzgerald and Frank Warren. George and Jake are in my company and we all bunk in the same barracks. Thus you see we can at least talk together on familiar subjects, which I assure you is no little source of pleasure in this neck of the woods.

The camp is a National Army Camp though most of the boys are volunteers. The barracks are all permanent, and nothing has been denied us in the way of conveniences in order that we might feel at home. But after all it's hard to make a Native Son feel at home in Florida. I think "us" Californians know where we belong after the war.

On our trip across the continent we were en route five days and nights. After crossing the Colorado there was nothing but desert, desert, desert! However, as we neared the Mississippi, the landscape was more soothing to the eye as well as to other of our faculties. We were two days and nights crossing the state of Texas with nothing to break the monotony but a Texas long-horn here and there.

But beyond the Mississippi we had a decided change of scenery. As we passed through Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama and northern Florida everything was pines, palms and swamps. Yes, it rains occasionally here in Florida.

Here at Camp Johnston we have a wonderful bunch of fellows, and one is surprised at the number of Catholics. The Knights of Columbus are very strong and have done great work. They have a large hall with writing accommodations, phonographs, pianos, etc. It is here that the Masses are said on Sundays, one at 6:15 and one at 9:00. Thus you see, Father, that our spiritual needs are quite well looked after.

If you find the time, Father, I would be pleased to hear from you. Give my kindest regards to the fellows, especially to the "Sophs".

Ever remaining your sincere pupil, I am,

CAPELLE.

Capelle H. Damrell, Receiving Co. 32 Q. M. C.,  
Camp Joseph E. Johnston, Jacksonville, Florida.

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Camp Lewis, Wash., Dec. 27, 1917.

Dear Father:—

A line from the dead to wish you a happy and healthful New Year. And who might the dead be? I really believe you were not forced to guess after listening to this dead-head's line for three long years. Well, Father, this is some life; but if given the choice between my barracks and the tranquil hills of Los Gatos—me for the hill.

But we are here in great numbers from old Santa Clara. When one attends Mass here on Sunday it is like watching the stragglers about the fence of the Santa Clara Chapel. Uncle Sam seems to make a cleaner job of it than Father Morton or Father Sullivan could. Why, Father, he even has Marco Zarrick cooped up here. But it's remarkable to say that one runs into a Santa Clara boy every day. The top sergeant of my company is Babe Reams, a football star of five years ago. It is surprising how many there are. But it is not surprising that even after a couple of months you are meeting some who have been here all the time; for it's no easy job to meet all your neighbors in a city of 40,000.

It has rained here steadily since Thanksgiving. Every day. Can you beat that? No Man's Land for fair! Gollies! what I would give to be back living over those good old days at Santa Clara! It seems like a dream now that it is all past.

Well, Father, good-bye. Give my very best to Father Sullivan, Father Ward and to the old crowd, Moose, Dumpie, Clabby, etc.

Sincerely as ever yours,

JIGGS.

George F. Donohue, Co. 13, 4th Bu.,  
166th Depot Brigade, Camp Lewis, Wash.



# The Redwood

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF SANTA CLARA

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The object of The Redwood is to gather together what is best in the literary work of the students, to record University doings and to knit closely the hearts of the boys of the present and the past

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## EDITORIAL

### Drafted College Men

The remarks herein proffered by any class made, may certainly be of men in the draft age, but writing from this University it is most natural that we speak of college men. The time for enlistment has passed, and the men coming under the draft law have been classified. The draft laws are new and multifarious, but as we under-

stand the rules pertaining to this case, a few branches of the service were left open after December 15; but now that we have received our classification cards, enlistment is impossible and we must go with the draft army. Be the force of men with which we go, drafted or otherwise, they are still an army, and we go as willing as though going to fight for God or for our birthright;

for our cause is a combination of democracy and the rights which God has given us. But why have we not gone without being drafted? Openly, in simple language, I ask,—Is it for you, the outside world to criticize us, is it for you of the regular army to look down upon us? Does the word “regular” here in connection with the word “army”, which means fight, mean that they will obey an order, shoot faster or use bigger guns than those who have left the plow in the field, their business unanswered and their homes unprotected to fight side by side in those trenches of hell against a common enemy? Will hearts ache less and fewer hearts be stricken when the black bars are placed above the service stars of the drafted men because they clung until the last to that which life can only offer once—youth’s golden opportunity?

### Training After the War

War is war, and the hardships of bloody battles and armies that must be fed are upon us, and we must save; we must conserve—pinch; and when the show-down battle comes, we must ourselves go and face the roaring, whining guns, and the bullets that whistle, “Nearer My God to Thee”.

America, when the war began, was unprepared, and when the war had gone on through its most terrible battles was still unprepared, and yet it held in the strength of its mighty heart

the destiny of the warring nations. Now, that the wrath of Columbia has risen and the dove of peace has hibernated and aestated until the double eagle shall be caged, the few troops of Uncle Sam which have fought in France and hitherto untrained, have been pronounced the right hand of the French army. Is this a sign that the United States troops which are now equally untrained, will not be able to fight? Evidently not. Through the peace with which our nation has been blessed, we have prospered, and we have not been taxed the double amount which the military training would have cost. Has military training ever bred the love of God and of his neighbor in a man’s heart?

Any nation which can throw the gauntlet in less time than it takes Uncle Sam to take off his coat is welcome to conquer the United States.

The very winds that sweep the slaughtered fields and soothe the wounds of bleeding Belgium cry against military training, and yet those same fields saw their masters—the reapers of their harvest, few in numbers, yet mighty in heart, frustrate the war plan of the Hohenzollerns.

War is war, and we must protect our rights, but let us not make a business of that which moves men to woo the God of Mars. With that great man who is guiding the interests of our country we want to see this thing through now that we are in it; and with him when peace does come we

want a real peace, not armed neutrality.

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### **It's in the Air**

It is not hard to write down an idea. The difficult part of the proceeding is to down the idea to write about. You could write, and write on, unconsciously, and find at the end that every other word was war; or you might look around for something to write on that hadn't any thing to do with war, and at the end there'd be a battle raging. All the world rings with war—war—war. It is in the air, in our buttonholes, pinned on our lapels, and penned in the periodicals.

What I wanted to do was to write an editorial on a purely everyday subject and not mention war, so after thinking for hours, I decided to look about me and write on the first unwarlike object upon which my gaze rested. Over in the corner my eyes, at the first glance, rested upon some civilian clothes—cast away. On the table they found a pair of military brushes. Under my desk they came upon a pair of high-top

shoes which have lain there since the day the marshal provost told me I couldn't wear them in uniform. The next victim was the little electric heater. Too bad we have had to burn electricity since the war has raised the price of wood and coal. We haven't had a new typewriter on account of the war, and there are war pictures all over the walls.

At last, over in the corner, my eyes lit on the poor old unobtrusive coal-oil stove, gently tucked away in loving cob web folds. Dear old icy-breathed distributor of black smoke and soot—many a night have I come in, lit you, and then thrown my coat over you so you wouldn't freeze. Thou wert to have been fixed these many moons ago had not thy master gone to war. Every one of these things suggests the war or something in some way connected with the war, so I throw up my hands in despair, and leave the old typewriter to gather more dust. To write on something not connected with the war—brother, it can't be done.

Edward L. Nicholson.

# University Notes



## New Semester

Well, we're back again for another semester, and not reluctantly either; for one misses the fellows during vacation, and it's good to be together again. But it probably is not long that we shall be together; for with wars and rumors of war rife in the air one can never tell what changes a few months will bring. To be sure even some of the faces we saw before Christmas are missing, but then there are some new ones to fill up the places left vacant by them. Thus our life ever is. Some pass out of our sphere after a brief acquaintance never perhaps to be seen again, and others come into our lives, destined some to play a greater part with us, others less. Once in a while though, we come across one whose character dovetails with ours, and after he has been tried and not found wanting, we know that we have found a friend. Few such has any man, but let us keep those we have. A real true friend is as scarce as the proverbial snowball. But we are moralizing.

## Retreat

Came also at its proper time and in due course the yearly Retreat—an event usually looked forward to with something akin to trepidation, sometimes gone through with a little reluctance, but mostly looked back upon with the satisfaction of a duty well fulfilled. This year's retreat however was an exception; it lacked the ear-marks that characterize this venerable institution. It was anticipated with eagerness, gone through with alacrity, and is now looked back upon with genuine pleasure. And the reason:—Father Henry Welch.

Yes, Father Welch came back to his boys. For four years was he our chaplain, and never was a man more universally loved and revered. Last Fall was he taken from us and sent to the Jesuit House of Studies at Mt. St. Michael's, Hillyard, Wash. And not one amongst us was there who did not feel that in Father Welch he had lost his best friend. And when the question of retreat came around this year the students besought that Father Welch give it. And Father Richard Gleason, the Provincial, was kind



enough to send Father Welch 1,000 miles to give us our yearly retreat.

That we appreciate this action of Father Provincial is evidenced by the way we made our retreat, and that we made a good one is evidenced by our attention in chapel and our recollection on the outside. Father Welch can speak to young men, by all let this be known, as very few can; and we hung on his words. An entertaining speaker, endowed with a remarkable personality, gifted with a wonderful facility for relating an incident and painting a picture, he so mingles the abstract truths of a discourse with concrete examples and striking incidents that he is simply irresistible. We besieged his confessional, we camped in front of the door of his room, we treasured up every word he spoke to us individually. There is one regret only, Father Welch had to leave us again. But we are most grateful that he was with us, and we think he himself was not at all displeased to be with his boys again.

### Entertainment

The show held the night of the Dedication of S. S. as a Unit of the R. O. T. C. was an unqualified success. Elsewhere in this issue will be found the Introductory remarks of Mr. John J. Barrett, as well as the eloquent address of the Hon. Delphin M. Delmas; and of this we shall judiciously refrain from comment other than that we drank in every word he uttered. But the show which followed, "A Military Day

at Santa Clara", was as good as it was original in idea. The idea emanated from no less a brain than that of our mighty Vice-President, Father Sullivan, and it was rehearsed and carried on under his supervision.

The curtain arose on a darkish stage, early morning. Discovered was "Mopie" Moran, the bugler, half asleep, (he merely acted naturally), waiting for the moment to blow Reveille, and he amused himself in the meantime with singing Harry Lauder's "It's Nice to Get up in the Morning, but It's Nicer to Lie in Bed". Reveille sounded, and some twenty yawning, stretching, half-dressed soldiers wandered out on the stage. At "Attention" they all woke up and went through their setting-up exercises accompanied by the orchestra, then danced off the stage singing "Where Do We Go From Here". Flag raising followed with the song "We're Going to Take the Sword Away from William", solo and chorus, solo by Louie Bergna. Captain Frank O'Neil waltzed out with his awkward squad composed of "Red" Michaels, "Fat" Ferrario, "Rastus" O'Connor and "Venus" Whelan. Suffice it to say they were a scream with their antics, chatter, jokes and "Fat's" song, "It's a Long Way to Berlin".

Disguised as a scarecrow, and looking for all the world like one, so much so that everyone was deceived until "It" began to sing, Harry Wadsworth was dragged on the stage and sang "When Yankee Doodle Learns to Parlez Vous Francais," and the soldiers

packed around the stage took up the refrain. Captain Bill Muldoon's crack company did some clever fancy drilling which brought forth rounds of applause, and all without a hitch. Choruses of "Rally Round the Flag", "Dixie", "A Hot Time", "Good-bye Broadway" were sung while the company stacked guns and lounged about the stage. Then came Retreat, flag lowering, and the "Star Spangled Banner"; and as the curtain was slowly lowered, the bugle blew Taps, and thus was completed "A Military Day at Santa Clara".

The whole affair was really very good, and the snap which characterized a production of that kind might well put the Orpheum to shame. Much credit is due to Father Sullivan, and thanks to Martin Merle for his many suggestions, as well as congratulations to all who took part, by no means omitting Prof. Mustol and his orchestra.

two years was he yell-leader and the way he carried on yell practice, got noise out of the fellows, worked up the bleacher stunts for the Big Game, etc., called forth no little praise from his college-mates, while it elicited a little envy at certain other nearby colleges, that out of their many they could find none the equal of Frank. He was identified in all college activities, was captain of Company C, and in college theatricals was ever to be found, being a comedian of no mean ability. Gifted too with powers of oratory he was often called upon at rallies, affairs in the Dining Room or Auditorium to give vent to his feeling as the time and occasion required. And he could well use his gift of speech before the Powers that Be to get some unfortunate out of trouble who was less oratorically gifted. Yes, we shall miss Captain Frank O'Neil, and with him go our best wishes for unqualified success.

## Frank O'Neil

Quite the most touching parting of a student to the service of our country from the Old Place was that of Francis O'Neil, '18, Captain of Company C, Cadet Battalion. Frank enlisted in the Naval Reserves some months ago, and was called on Wednesday, Jan. 30. He will be greatly missed by the Student-Body and Faculty alike. A pleasing personality is Franks', joined to a certain charm of manner and unostentatious yet unmistakable qualities of leadership. For

## Senate

The new semester found the following men holding office in the Senate: Alert Quill, Vice-president; Robert Tremaine, Recording Secretary; Hilding Johnson, Corresponding Secretary; J. Charles Murphy, Treasurer; William Muldoon, Sergeant-at-Arms. Preparations are under way for the Senate Banquet, to be held Feb. 13th, and it will be one of the affairs of the year. The Vendome, San Jose, is the place agreed upon and at the table it is expected that seventy-five

places will be filled, many of the Old Boys coming back to look over the scenes of their youth again. It will be a military banquet, all the present Senators appearing in uniform, and many of the quondams will likewise be so attired. Archbishop Hanna will preside and will be the principal speaker.

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### House

The minutes of this famed society proclaim the following men to have been chosen as officers for the ensuing term: Clerk, Peter F. Morettini; Corresponding Secretary, Francis M. Conneally; Reporter, Randall O. O'Neill; Treasurer, Joseph W. Henderson; Librarian, Henry C. Veit; Sergeant-at-Arms, Francis X. Hovley.

The Medley of last year's House now graces the walls of Santa Clara's "Hall of Fame"; why not drop over to the Sophomore class-room and view this direct lenial descendant of the good old days? Note the gradual change up through the fleeting years until you come to today's, and observe the evolution—an evolution that would bring a Darwin to "Attention!"

Representatives Damrell and Spring

joined the cause of all good Americans during the holidays. May they return to us the same good fellows that left us!

Also, ye Senators beware! The House has a wonderful host of speakers this year—men who are capable of waxing warm on any subject and who are thoroughly able to talk equally well with either hand. So be not skeptical lest it be too late.

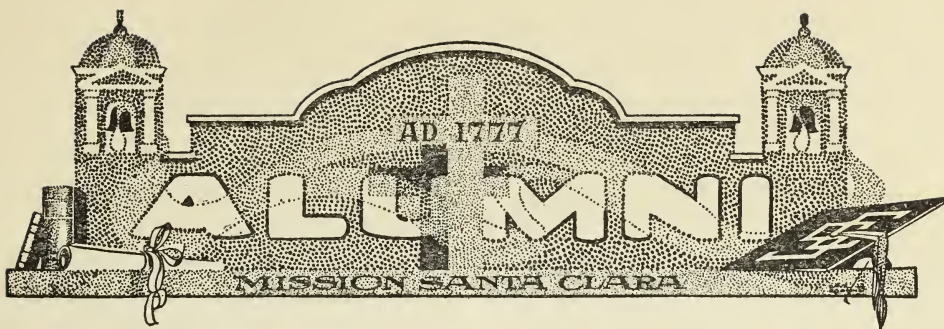
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### J. D. S.

The Junior Dramatic Society held its first meeting of this semester on January 15th with Father Peter Dunne in the chair. The following officers were elected: Vice-president, Louis Trabucco; Secretary, August O'Connor; Treasurer, Adolph Costa; Sergeant-at-Arms, James Michaels. The Constitution was amended to the effect that a reporter should be numbered among the officers. Paul Donlon was elected to this office. With these new men in charge and under the able guidance of Father Dunne, the J. D. S. has a very successful term in view.

Norbert Korte and Demetrio Diaz.





'95 Peter A. Breen passed through Santa Clara recently on his way to visit his old home in Hollister. Mrs. Peter was with him as were also his young son and daughter. "Pete" has an extensive law practice in San Francisco.

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'98 George I. Butler, is an "old Boy" who is giving a good account of himself in the wholesale millinery business in San Francisco.

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'01 Carl Fitzgerald is one of the few Santa Clara men to settle down in the Mission town. Married 11 years ago to Miss Minnie Ruth, a native Santa Claran, he has one of the most attractive homes in these parts. "Fitz" has followed music as a profession and has more than made good. Among his many other duties he is organist at St. Joseph's Church in San Jose.

'03 "Bill" Curtin is enjoying a scintillating political career in Madera. Recently he made the jump from Sheriff to County Clerk and he still has ambitions. "Bill" used to be stage manager for the Senior Dramatic Club.

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'04 Recent advices from Guatemala inform us that Edward F. de la Guardia is the local mayor and a successful one at that. Ed. married a Santa Clara girl, Mary Galvin, a sister of James A. Galvin, '98. They have four sons, all destined for education at Santa Clara.

Lieutenant John M. Regan has been transferred from the 2nd Idaho Infantry, and is now "Somewhere in France".

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'05 John J. Ivancovich, the famous Judas of the "Passion Play", is a recent benedict. John is back in his home town, San Francisco, where he is playing princi-



pal roles at the Alcazar Theatre. One of his recent triumphs was in the farce comedy success "Over Night", in which he scored heavily.

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'06

Robert E. Fitzgerald was one of the prominent Santa Clara men to obtain a First Lieutenancy in the Second Officers Reserve Training Corps at the Presidio. "Bob" is awaiting placement in an Infantry Regiment and is temporarily stationed at Camp Fremont, Menlo Park, Calif.

Martin V. Merle, one of Santa Clara's most illustrious and well deserving sons of recent years is spending the winter in Santa Clara. Authorship has been Martin's vocation and he has been particularly happy in his plays and scenarios. Of the former all Santa Clara followers remember him as the author of "The Mission Play of Santa Clara," "The Light Eternal," "The Prairie Judgement," and "The Kid"; while his scenarios have met with unqualified success. It will be interesting to Mr. Merle's friends to know that he is at present under contract writing a drama, which he hopes to be entirely completed, he is on the revision now, in a month. But in spite of that he is just as intensely interested in every College activity as he was when a student here twelve years ago; and he has won his way into the hearts of the Student-Body.

'07

August M. Aguirre, former captain of the football varsity was down for "Campus" Night after the big game. He was accompanied by his wife. He contributed several dialect songs to the cabaret. "Augie" is in the seed business in San Francisco.

J. Walter Schmitz, another old time football man came up from Madera, accompanied by his wife, for the "Big Game" and campus night. "Dutch" is a prosperous rancher in Madera.

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'08

Ivo G. Bogan is with the Southern Pacific Company in San Jose.

Louis A. Uraga was last heard from in Mammoth, Utah, where he is interested in one of the large copper mines. "Pongo" was the crack quarter on the old varsity back in 1903-1904.

Cleon P. Kilburn, one of Santa Clara's star pitchers is located in Garfield, Utah, with headquarters in Salt Lake. "Kill" still manages to take a few days off every month to twirl 'em for one of the Utah league teams.

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'10

Ed. Lowe has taken Broadway by storm. Ed. was one of Santa Clara's leading actors and appeared in such well known college successes as "The Passion Play", "The Light Eternal", "Constantine" and "The Bells". This season he is under contract to play the

leading role in support of Emily Stevens in a new play by Frederick and Fanny Hatton.

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**'16** George Nicholson is in the Quartermaster Corps at Camp Jackson, Florida. He and Jake Miller, who was graduated at the same time have been made corporals on the strength of their training at Santa Clara. Miles Fitzgerald is also at the same camp. With three such men in the Quartermaster Corps we imagine that the boys at Camp Jackson are well looked after. It will be remembered that George was winner of the Ryland medal and that "Red" Fitzgerald was the winner of the "Cyc" prize of \$300 worth of law books last year. Miller received his degree with high honors.

Floyd Bothwell is in the Quartermaster Corps, and is at present stationed at Camp Fremont, Palo Alto, California. Bothwell was at college a week ago and considers himself lucky in being stationed so near home. "Bothie" was a handy man at the national pastime and would probably have made the varsity this year.

William Cannon, provisional second lieutenant in the regular army is now stationed at Fort Douglas, Arizona. "Bill" is one of the two men who have ever received the degree of J. D. from this institution.

**'17** Joseph Chargin has been commissioned second lieutenant in the engineers and at present is in Virginia, where he is in training on the banks of the historic Potomac. Chargin left about two weeks ago.

Charley Austin, from the latest reports is in Texas. He passed through San Antonio two weeks ago.

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**Ex' 18** Dan Gilman, star rugby player and baseball man for several years has gone to Jacksonville, Florida, in the Quartermaster Corps. Dan was over to college to say good-bye. Gilman was one of the best forwards ever developed at college and also won renown as a slab artist.

Ed. Harter is in Virginia, where he has undertaken a six months' course of intensive training for a commission. Undoubtedly Harter will make good as he has all the qualifications of an officer. He was one of two chosen from his company for the chance to try for a commission.

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**Ex' 19** John Muldoon and Harry Jackson have joined the Naval Reserve and are awaiting their call. "Goat" Curtin likewise has joined the maritime organization. These three men will be sadly missed in next year's rugby fifteen.

We note with pleasure the marriage of Herman Fitzpatrick. The ceremony was performed at St. Patrick's Church in San Jose by Rev. Father Motherway. The bride, Miss Honore Furze is a resident of San Jose. Leo Hornig of San Francisco was the best man. Mr. and Mrs. Fitzpatrick are extended the heartiest congratulations by the Redwood.

Eddie Amaral, or Sergeant Edward Amaral, to be more proper, is now stationed at Camp Funston, Kansas. Eddie was front ranker on the rugby varsity in 1915 and was good enough to win his All-American sweater. He was also something of a baseball player. Eddie was one of the fellows who grew up and developed with "Dumpie" Diaz, "Moose" Korte, and Harry Jackson. He was on the famous Junior team that cleaned up everything in sight and finally he developed into one of the best athletes ever turned out by the Mission institution. Eddie was home for Christmas and was at Santa Clara to see the old fellows before his departure for camp. He expects to be in France soon. Sergeant Amaral is in the Medical Corps.

Arthur Spring has enlisted in the Aviation Corps and is trying for a commission in that branch of the service. Spring was the very capable first sergeant of C Company before his enlistment and joined the colors in

spite of the fact that he is not yet of draft age.

Capelle Damrell, who left a brilliant future to join the service of Uncle Sam is at Camp Johnston likewise. Damrell was one of the most promising debaters in college and he will be sadly missed by the House team this year.

Joaquin Fields is at American Lake and has been raised to a sergeancy. Fields was made a corporal immediately on his arrival at Camp Lewis and made good. Fields writes that he likes the life, although he is too busy to write many letters, or do anything else.

"Sailor" Doud is a member of the Grizzlies and is at Camp Kearney.

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Arthur G. T. Bate, of the Australian Flying Corps, is in a hospital in London, England, as the result of a 1000 foot fall from an aeroplane about a month ago. Bate wrote a letter recently telling of some of his experiences in the air. He says he would like to give a demonstration flight at Santa Clara and says that with all due modesty Art Smith would pale into insignificance. Bate and Pye were two of the mainstays of the 1915 rugby varsity. Pye is also still alive and kicking; he is with the Australian Engineers. Bate's address is A. G. T. Bate, Australian Flying Corps, A. I. F., Base P. O. London, England.

J. Charles Murphy.



## S. C. Men with the Colors

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Acquistapace, Colombo

Allen, Chester

Amaral, Edward

Arburna, Joseph

Austin, Charles

Bate, Arthur

Bean, Edward

Beck, Paul

Benneson, Harry

Bensberg, William

Berger, Earl

Berndt, Richard

Berryessa, Elmer

Besselo, Angelo

Booth, Edwin

Bothwell, Floyd

Bowden, Archer

Bricca, Tobias

Brown, Francis

Burke, Roscoe

BUTTERS, HARRY

Killed with the British Army in action, Aug. 31, 1916

Canelo, Adolph

Canelo, Clarence

Canepa, Louis

Casstruccio, Constantine

Cannon, William S.

Casey, Francis

Chargin, Joseph

Charles, Eugene

Clarke, James

Clemens, Brack

Collins, Wilbur

Conneally, Thomas

Conners, Jack

Hospital Corps, Camp Kearney, Cal.

Engineers

Hospital Corps, Camp Funston, Kan.

Infantry, Camp Kearney, Cal.

National Army, Texas

Australian Flying Corps, England

National Army, Camp Lewis, Wash.

25th Engineers

Training Camp, Pittsburg

Aviation, Berkeley, Cal.

1st L., Aviation

National Army, Camp Lewis, Wash.

1st L., Aviation, France

Army

National Army, Camp Lewis, Wash.

Q. M. C., Camp Fremont, Cal.

Capt., Field Artillery

Commissary Dept., San Francisco

Medical Reserve

Aviation

1st L., F. A., A. E. F., France

Hospital Corps, Camp Fremont, Cal.

162nd Ambulance, Co. 116, France

National Army, France

2nd L., 10th F. A., Douglas, Ariz.

Naval Reserve, San Pedro, Cal.

2nd L. Engr., Virginia

2nd L., 11th F. A., Douglas, Ariz.

National Army, Camp Lewis, Wash.

Naval Reserve, San Pedro, Cal.

Aviation

U. S. N. Aerial Corps, Fort Tilden, N. Y.

National Army



Conway, Eugene	2nd L., C. A. C., Ft. Scott, San Francisco
Costello, Gus	Navy, San Pedro, Cal.
Curtin, James	Naval Reserve
Danrell, Capelle	Rec. Co. 32, Q. M. C., Camp Johnston, Fla.
Dana, Elisha	Aviation, San Francisco, Cal.
Davis, Thomas	Ensign, Navy
Degnan, Lawrence	1st L., Engineers
Desmond, Earl	Yoeman Div., Navy, San Pedro, Cal.
Di Fiori, Dominic	1st L., Aviation, France
Dodge, Claud	Army
Donohue, George	Co. 13, 4th Bu., 166th Dep. Br., Camp Lewis
Doud, Francis	"The Grizzlies", Camp Kearney, Cal.
Dougherty, Bradley	2nd L., Engineers
Dreischmeyer, Elmer	Hospital Corps, Ft. Logan, Texas
Durney, Raymond	Hospital Corps, France
Emerson, Roy	2nd L., Engr., Vancouver, Wash.
Ench, George	Navy, Newport News, W. V.
Ench, Leo	Navy
Escalir, L.	Ambulance Corps
Farwell, Louis	Q. M. C., Camp Johnston, Fla.
Feeney, Luke	Engineers, A. E. F., France
Fields, Joaquin	National Army, Camp Lewis, Wash.
Fitzgerald, Miles	Q. M. C., Camp Johnston, Fla.
Fitzgerald, Robert	1st L., Inf., Camp Fremont, Cal.
Fitzpatrick, Herman	"The Grizzlies", Camp Kearney, Cal.
Fitzpatrick, James	Aviation, Berkeley, Cal.
Flood, Henry	Q. M. C., Presidio, Cal.
Flood, Robert	Naval Reserve
Ford, Edward B.	1st L., Aviation
Ford, Byington	1st L., Field Artillery
Fortune, Claphene	2nd L., Infantry
Fowler, Mel.	Naval Reserve, San Pedro, Cal.
Fox, Richard	Engineers
Gallagher, "Hap"	National Army, Camp Lewis, Wash.
Ganahl, Herbert	Navy, Yerba Buena, Cal.
Garcia, Herbert	Naval Reserve
Gearhardt, Bertrand J.	2nd L., R. O. S. C.
Geoghegan, John	Utah Nat. Guard, Camp Kearney, Cal.
Geoghegan, Rudolph	National Army, Camp Lewis, Wash.
Gilman, Dan	Q. M. C., Camp Johnston, Fla.

Hall, H. P.	354th Ambulance Corps, Camp Funston, Kan.
Hallinan, Edward	Serg., Q. M. C., Camp Fremont, Cal.
Hardy, Bert	Army
Harkins, Demetrio	2nd L., Army
Harkins, Henry	National Army, Camp Lewis, Wash.
Harrison, Ralph	Capt., Infantry
Harter, Edward	R. O. T. C., Virginia
Hickey, Thomas	363rd Inf., Camp Lewis, Wash.
Hicks, Leo R.	Aviation, Columbus, Ohio
Hicks, Ray A.	364th Inf., Camp Lewis, Wash.
Howard, Craig	Q. M. C., Navy
Irwin, N.	10th Engr., A. E. F., France
Irwin, William A.	Co. 26, C. A. C., Ft. Scott, San Francisco
Ivancovich, George	Aviation
Jackson, Harry	Naval Reserve
Jackson, Walter	Aviation
Jacobs, Nicholas	National Army, Camp Lewis, Wash.
Jensen, Elmer	Naval Reserve, San Pedro, Cal.
Johnson, Ken	Q. M. C., Camp Johnston, Fla.
Kearney, Raymond	Aviation, Love Field, Texas
Kearns, Thomas	Camp Kearney, Cal.
Kelly, Ed.	1st L., Infantry, Camp Fremont, Cal.
Koch, Edwin	2nd L., Infantry
Lannon, Ed.	C. A. G., Ft. Scott, San Francisco
Le Fourne, Lawrence	Hospital Corps, Camp Lewis, Wash.
Leininger, Victor	Army
Leonard, Michael	18th Engr. Ry., A. E. F., France
Lopez, William	"The Grizzlies", Camp Kearney, Cal.
Maher, Joseph	Inf., Ft. Baker, San Francisco
Martin, Philip	1st L., Aviation, France
McCarthy, Neil	Hospital Corps
McClatchy, James	Capt., Infantry
McClatchy, Ralph	Artillery
McCrystal, Herbert	2nd Lieut., 12th Inf., Camp Lewis, Wash.
McElroy, Gerald	Engineers
McGinnis, George	Serg., National Army, Camp Lewis, Wash.
McGurrin, Buckley	Naval Reserve, San Pedro, Cal.
McKechnie, Frank	Aviation
McKinnon, Harold	"The Grizzlies", Camp Kearney, Cal.
McLaren, Beaumont	1st Lieut., Aviation
McLaughlin, C. P.	2nd L., Camp Lewis, Wash.

McLaughlin, Edward	Navy
McQuaide, Joseph, Rev.	Chaplain, Presidio, Cal.
Melanson, Arthur	2nd L., R. O. S. C.
Manager, Camille	French Army, France
MENAGER, RENE	WITH FRENCH ARMY, Killed in Action, June 5, 1917
Miller, Henry	National Army, Camp Lewis, Wash.
Miller, Jacob	Q. M. C., Camp Johnston, Fla.
Momson, Chris	Engineers
Morrison, John	Capt., Infantry
Morris, Eugene	Hospital Corps
Muldoon, John	Naval Reserve
Navlet, Arthur	Navy
Newlin, Albert	Detailed Study, U. of Wisconsin
Nicholson, George	Q. M. C., Camp Johnston, Fla.
Nino, Edward	National Army, Camp Lewis, Wash.
Nino, Oliver	Co. 28, 166 Dep. Br., Camp Lewis, Wash.
Noeltner, Clarence	National Army
O'Connell, Thomas Rev.	K. C. Chaplain, Camp Fremont, Cal.
O'Connor, Anthony	Marines, San Diego, Cal.
O'Connor, Francis	Marines, France
O'Connor, Edward	Navy, Honolulu, T. H.
O'Connor, Lawrence	British Army, France
O'Connor, Percy	2nd Lieut., Infantry
O'Connor, Thomas	Naval Reserve, San Pedro, Cal.
O'Neil, Edward	National Army, Camp Lewis, Wash.
O'Neil, Francis	Naval Reserve, San Pedro, Cal.
O'Neil, John	Aviation, Balloon Corps, Omaha, Neb.
Orena, Al	National Army
Parker, Howard	Army, Camp Grant, Ill.
Parker, Joseph	Army
Peters, Devereaux	1st Lieut., Infantry
Pradere, Albert	Navy
Prothero, Adrian	National Army, Camp Lewis, Wash.
Pye, John	Australian Pioneers, France
Quill, Errol	Naval Service, Island of Guam
Ragan, George	Ensign, Navy, San Diego, Cal.
Reams, "Babe"	1st Serg., Camp Lewis, Wash.
Regan, John M.	1st Lieut., Engr., France
Rieden, James	Aviation, Ft. McDowell, Cal.
Rogers, Edmund	Co. L, 169th Inf., Camp Kearney, Cal.

Ryan, James	Navy, Mare Island, Cal.
Ryan, Robert	Aviation
Sargent, Bradley	2nd L., 11th F. A., Douglas, Ariz.
Sassenrath, Julius	Camp Kearney, Cal.
Schmidt, Aud.	Naval Reserve
Shaw, Elton	Army
Sheehan, Leslie	R. O. T. C., Camp Kearney, Cal.
Sheehy, John	Aviation
Shilling, Francis	Army
Sick, Fred	National Army, Camp Lewis, Wash.
Skelley, Patrick	Hospital Corps, Camp Lewis, Wash.
Skuse, John C.	Captain, Infantry
Soto, Earl	Aviation, Kelly Field, Ariz.
South, Charles	National Army, Camp Lewis, Wash.
Spooner, J.	Serg. Ambulance Corps, Camp Dodge, Iowa
Spring, Arthur	Aviation, Kelly Field, Ariz.
Stanton, Charles	Colonel on Gen. Pershing's Staff, Paris, France
Sterns, George	Marines, Mare Island, Cal.
Sullivan, Noel	Ambulance Corps, France
Sweezy, Claud	Army
Tadich, Daniel	Naval Reserve, San Pedro, Cal.
Talbot, William	Aviation
Trabucco, Eugene	Naval Reserve
Trayhnam, D.	Inf., Ft. Baker, San Francisco
Twohy, Philip	Engineers, A. E. F., France
Vaccaro, William	Aviation
Vogler, June	Signal Corps, Presidio, Cal.
Walsh, Edwin	U. S. N. Hospital Corps
Warren, Frank	Quarter Masters Corps
Watson, H. S.	Medical Corps, Camp Dodge, Iowa
Welch, Leo	Field Artillery
Whealen, Will	Canadian Engineers, France
Wilcox, Philip	Engineers
Willis, James	Navy
Winston, John	Naval Reserve, San Pedro, Cal.
Ybarrondo, Thomas	Army
Young, Leo	Quarter Masters Corps
Zarrick, Marco	National Army, Camp Lewis, Wash.

(Editor's Note: Additions and corrections will be most gratefully received.)





### **The Mountaineer**

On the merits of Scott, Byron and Pope the world has long since settled down. Shelley, Swinburne and our beloved Keats have yet, according to some, to find their exact places in the catalogue of Belles Lettres. Wherefore nothing is more pleasing than to find one of these, our more modern poets, discussed occasionally in some literary essay or other. And the essay on John Keats in this admirable number of the Mountaineer, (and in parenthesis we say we place it in the foremost files of American college magazines), besides being such an acceptable subject, is exquisitely written as well as logically planned and sympathetically executed. Of the short stories, the laurels are claimed by "All in the Family", and by "The Ghost of Bob Emerson". The former has however what most undergraduate stories lack—an attempt at finesse in the plot. Complications brought in, incidents and situations introduced in such manner as to develop interest and create something attractive; which is all so much superior to a bald commonplace account of the actions and passions of

mankind. The single poem "The Colleen and Her Master" could be improved upon. It is too mystic. For we have come to the conclusion, (whether in our ignorance or wisdom matters nothing), we have come to the conclusion that great poets are mystic, because we do not know what they want to say; small poets, because they do not know what they want to say. And the Exchange Department, to conclude, is surpassed by no other either in judgment, taste or sincerity.

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"Between Dances" is  
**The Collegian** the most human, appealing story that we have read since we have been at the task of "'Change Man". Perhaps it caught us in the right mood; perhaps it harmonized or struck some chord within us, vibration-wise; most likely it appealed to us in its human appeal—the world-wide appeal of love, disappointment and sacrifice. At any rate we thank you, Collegian, for the pleasure it has given us. "From Over There" gives us an intimate, natural view of affairs in France which we did not

have before. It brings home the touching side and the real side of the war. "Land's End" was told with a sort of magnificent swing—a style far above the subject. We would advise the writer in attempting Stevensonian style to combine with it Stevensonian subjects. To reflect is fatal, especially so in stories. We want the action and not the writer's observations and soliloquies on life.

"Because he had gone she wept, sorrowful was she because she wept." Well, Collegian, have it your way; but we would say, "because she was sorrowful she wept." The 'movie' ending does not make it a bit O. Henry; only disappointing. However a story like "Between Dances" would redeem a world of "Land's Ends". If it is true that "absence makes the heart grow fonder", then our feeling toward the Collegian's poetry is more affectionate than could be imagined.

### Pacific Star

Of the prose works the essay on "Hamlet" pleases us most. It is logical and colorful and is given a dash by a few well-chosen quotations that do away greatly with the insipidity incumbent on most Shakespearean dissertations. "The Prodigal", though well planned is not particularly well written. Its phraseology is too trite, its diction too commonplace. For when we write romance we indeed take the affairs of every day life, but we do not

present them under a calcium light. Rather we soften them, and gild them and clothe them with a little attractiveness, which, yet not their own, lends them considerable enchantment. "Success or Failure" is really an excellent treatise of the philosophy of life, but we would have enjoyed it much more if it were made a literary essay rather than a philosophic. Stevenson in his "Virginibus Puerisque" and elsewhere, also give a philosophy of life, but he illuminates it with quotations here and there, a homely example or two and the like—which all may be well imitated. However we are glad to offer our congratulations for the excellent November Number.

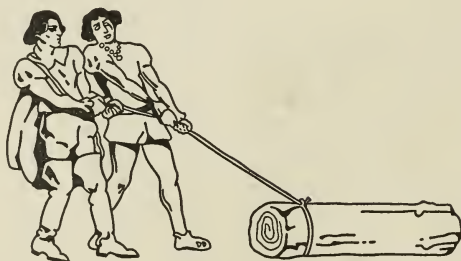
### De Paul Minerval

There is one periodical, in which, when all others fail us we know we shall find entertainment. Versatile, witty and literary we cannot rank it too high. "The Song of Peace" came first under our notice. It is really a masterpiece, and it shows an extraordinary amount of labor. It is well written too and attractively—every word of its 10,000, which number, by the way, is not often found in a college publication. We only disagree however with the author's principles. He is a pacifist; we, on the contrary, do not want to see peace till we hammer through this war, leave our mark on our enemies and obtain whatever we are fighting for. In "Ruskin and Newman" several pages are devoted to a destruct-

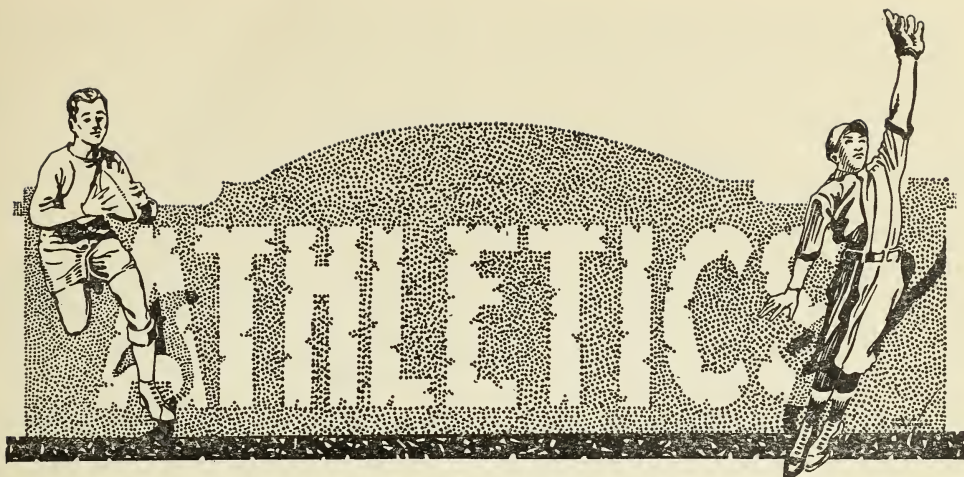
ive criticism of Ruskin and about one-half of a page to a constructive criticism of Newman. This is quite entertaining, and gives us several unique views of our big, lovable, eccentric, splendid master of the past century—meaning Ruskin, of course. Newman is a little too perfect for us. “The Best Man” is a clever little fancy of a neater plot that we are accustomed to find. The theory of it is a little old, but the application is new. The theory is a mistake in identity, ensuing complication and denouement. The application is the case of a young lady who mistakes a young gentleman for another young gentleman of her acquaintance.

She scores the other young gentleman before her new acquaintance, etc.—you know the rest. “A Bundle of Straw” was also very fair, not quite up to the standard of “The Best Man” in technique, for it lacked plot, the action dragged and the characters were not quite individual enough. However, its subject matter was far above that of the former—a death of a second little Nell. The pathos was exquisite, and the religious tone of the whole quite edifying. And we can only wish our Exchange Department, De Paul, even approached yours in anything like general excellence.

W. Kevin Casey.







### BASKETBALL.

The only cloud on the basketball horizon seems to be the lack of suitable opponents. The varsity has literally walked away from the teams they have met so far this season. The veterans of the team, Korte, Vicini, Don and John Muldoon, led by Captain Don, form the nucleus for a fast quintet. Guichon, Manelli and Spearman stand out prominently among the new men. Captain Don looks forward to a most successful season and if the past few games are any criterion the outcome cannot be otherwise. Against fairly representative teams they have run up very large scores to the comparatively low totals of their opponents.

Through the diligence of Manager Desmond a lengthy schedule of games has been secured.

**Santa Clara 56. 8th Infantry 24.**

The basketball team opened the season with an easy victory over the 8th

Infantry quintet of Camp Fremont. The varsity displayed fine team-work and completely outplayed the dough-boys. The latter showed very much fighting spirit, but were handicapped by a lack of team-work. At half time the score was 27 to 16.

In the second half the team ran the score up for a total of 56. The largest point-getters for the varsity were Manelli and Don. Korte, Diaz and Guichon also showed to advantage.

SANTA CLARA		8TH INFANTRY
Manelli	Forward	Davis
Diaz, Don	Forward	Lombard
Vicini	Center	Barnes
Korte	Guard	Fifield, Russel
Guichon, Muldoon	Guard	Robidoux

**Santa Clara 80. 13th Infantry 17.**

The varsity completely snowed under the 13th Infantry. Vicini, Don and Manelli, shot goal after goal without any effort. The best the soldiers could



do was to make an apparent attempt to stem the tide. The guarding of John Korte and "Bag" Muldoon left nothing to be desired.

**Santa Clara 76. College of Pacific 13.**

In a slow and uninteresting game the Varsity completely overwhelmed the College of Pacific quintet. On repeated occasions the varsity remained in possession of the ball for several minutes and annexed scores without difficulty. The visitors were no match for the Red and White. The basket-shooters were in mid-season form, ringing goals from all angles. For the varsity Don, Manelli and Vicini played their usual stellar game.

**SANTA CLARA COLL. OF PACIFIC**

Don	Forward	Shepard
Manelli, Diaz	Forward	Rowe, Cowger
Vicini	Center	Tidmarsh
Korte, Spearman	Guard	Hayes, Buckner
Guichon, Muldoon	Guard	Refass, Gross

**BASEBALL.**

With the largest squad that ever turned out for practice the baseball season is well under way. Coach Ed Spencer has arrived and has a huge task on his hands. Never was there such competition for places on the nine. With only one veteran, Jerry Desmond, there is a mad scramble to get in on the ground floor. Of genial Ed and his

ability we know and can expect much. Of the players who are prominent in the practices held daily, Garcia, Berg, Leavey, Grace, Fitzpatrick, Benny Williams, Scholz, Larrey, Manelli, Hoefling, Durkin and Bresnan, look like they will lead all competitors a merry race.

Manager Desmond has secured games with the Sacramento club, and many teams in San Francisco. A five game series with Stanford will start shortly.

**Santa Clara 1. Olympic Club 2.**

In the first game of the year the varsity went down to defeat at the hands of the Olympic Club. The varsity put up a great game, but Medcraft was effective and the best the locals could garner off his delivery was four hits. Berg and Leavey for the varsity pitched fine ball and deserved a victory for their labors. The Post Street Club men put over their first run when Benn doubled and scored on Norton's single. The other came when Maloney singled, moved to third on two infield outs, and scored on Ritchie's single.

The varsity scored their lone tally when Grace walked, stole second and scored on Desmond's double. But for the excellent support Medcraft received at the hands of his teammates the Missionites would have scored on several occasions.

**SANTA CLARA.**

	AB	R	H	A	P	O	E
Scholz, 3rd .....	4	0	0	2	3	0	
Grace, center .....	3	1	1	0	1	0	

	AB	R	H	A	PO	E
Manelli, left .....	4	0	0	0	2	0
Desmond, 1st .....	4	0	1	1	11	0
Fitzpatrick, 2nd .....	4	0	0	2	2	0
Hoefling, right .....	4	0	0	0	1	0
Williams, short .....	4	0	0	4	2	2
Larrey, catcher .....	3	0	2	0	5	0
Berg, pitcher .....	1	0	0	1	0	0
Leavey, pitcher .....	2	0	0	0	0	0

## OLYMPIC CLUB.

	AB	R	H	A	PO	E
Kennedy, left .....	4	0	0	0	2	0
Swanton, center .....	4	0	1	1	1	0
Benn, 3d .....	4	1	1	4	3	0
Norton, 1st b.....	3	0	2	2	10	0
Maloney, 2nd b .....	4	1	1	3	2	0
Rippon, short .....	3	0	0	6	0	0
Larkin, right .....	3	0	0	0	1	0
Ritchie, catcher .....	3	0	2	1	8	0
Medcraft, pitcher .....	1	0	0	2	0	0

## SUMMARY.

Two base hits: Benn, Desmond.  
Base on balls: off Medcraft 1, off Berg 3, off Levy 1. Struck out: by Medcraft 8, by Berg 3, by Levy 2. Hit by pitcher: Larkin by Berg. Sacrifice hits: Medcraft 2. Umpire: John P. Korte.

R. Craig Howard.

## PREP NOTES.

Aby captained by that precious bunch of avoirdupois, Alfredo Ferrario, aided and abetted by all that is speedy and shiftily and aggressive in Prepdom, the Preps have a basketball team that has not as yet tasted of the cup of defeat, though they have tackled

everything in their class in this vicinity and a few things supposedly out of their class. Victory ever perches on their banner. The personnel of the team comprises:

Capt. Ferrario, Guard.

Grace, Guard.

Fellom, Center.

Humphrey, Forward.

Moran, Forward.

Hyland, Forward.

Neary, Reddy, Substitutes.

The combination of Grace and Ferrario at guard works out very well, the former using his speed to advantage, the latter his weight and bulk, for it is just as easy to jump over him as go around little Alfredo. Humphrey and Hyland play very well together as forwards with the latter playing the floor more. Hyland however has been out of some of the more recent games owing to a bruised rib, but Moran who always was somewhat of a contender for a regular berth, and never was hopelessly out of the fight, fills in quite well. Fellom is quite alone in his class at center, and has little competition for his position; but at that "Speed", like some other things in this world, gets better with age. Of course the Preps are by no means perfect. A good deal more of system could be developed in passing; they hesitate with the ball too much, not seeming certain where their team-mates are, or rather, where they ought to be, and then they do not pass the ball until their colleague has started for the spot.

Their victories are:

Preps 70; Campbell High 28.

Preps 37; San Jose Normal 11.

Preps 28; San Jose Y. M. C. A. 24.

Preps 26; C. P. Academy 17.

Preps 94; Belmont Military 24.

Preps 37; San Jose High 20.

Of those games the most important by far was that with San Jose High. And it is with some little satisfaction that we recall that a few years ago the Varsity used to play San Jose High. The Prep game with San Jose was not as fast as were some others, for both sides played a very strong defensive game, because up to the time neither team had been defeated, and a close battle was expected. But it was an interesting game to watch. The game

with Reid School at Belmont was that in which the Preps showed most class. Of course the opposition was not very strong, but the team work was very good; and the treatment tendered the Preps by the students and the Faculty at Belmont was greatly appreciated.

Other games in store for the Preps are to be played with Stanford Frosh, Lowell High of San Francisco and Fremont High of Oakland.

The Second Preps under the name of the Blues are gaining conquests in fields considered too insignificant for the mighty Preps. And the 125 Pound Team has already several scalps attached to its belt.

Fred Moran.



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ADMINISTRATION BUILDING

# The Redwood.

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NO. 5

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## A Fancy

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SUNSET'S hour was softly striking; such a glory in the west!  
Skies of brightest gold and crimson all in sable clouds were dressed.  
Then the colored glass of legends o'er my drowsy eyes I drew—  
See! 'tis sunset in Arcady, with my sheep the scene I view.

Furnaces of Mercury do cast their glow upon the skies—  
They are hidden 'neath earth's edges, far away from mortal eyes.  
Far from mortal eyes he lights them with his brands of light'ning bright,  
And their fuel is heaps of sunbeams that he steals from jealous night.

Soot has soiled his thieving fingers—these on sky-veils gold he cleans;  
Mortals call these smudges rain-clouds,—O, what mirth to him this means!  
After night like sand is shaken over all the weary land,  
Fast he seals the eyes of mortals with his magic golden wand,

Seals their eyes through all the night-time, so to steal their hearts away;  
And he moulds the hearts thus stolen,—brings them back at break of day.  
In his furnaces he moulds them as a child moulds lumps of wax,  
Moulds the hearts of lads and lassies, moulds the hearts that sorrow racks.

Some he hardens to the hardness of the hardest rocks or steels;  
Some he softens, some he bruises, some he mercifully heals.  
Some he wakes to courage splendid, such as have the gods above;  
Some again he gladly softens to the fairy touch of love.

As we wish, our hearts are moulded by this thief of hearts sublime;  
As our thoughts are so our hearts are is a truth as old as time.  
Then the colored glass of legends dropped away from my loath eyes,  
And was left a blot of colors patched upon the western skies.

W. Kevin Casey.

# Trapped

Harry A. Wadsworth.



THE United States government was exerting every effort to locate the central figures in the New York customs who were making themselves wealthy at her expense. There was certainly a great deal of graft going on. Jewels and many other things of great value were being brought in free of duty. That is, the customs officers were pretending to overlook the articles. They would allow the owner to bring his goods in unclaimed and after the things were taken home and the owner was rejoicing over his success in swindling Uncle Sam an officer would appear and demand money to keep the secret. Most times this money was readily paid in order that the owner could keep his treasure and not be brought up before the Federal authorities. In most cases the hush money was more than the duty would have been.

This had been going on for some time before the authorities had become aware of it and the United States had been robbed of thousands of dollars. Every effort was being made to find the culprits, but in vain. They were a clever lot and well did they cover their tracks. The government was at

a loss. Finally the great R. Z. was placed on the case. He was the head detective of the American Secret Service with headquarters at the national capital. It was up to him to unravel the net that had been so cleverly woven together by the blackmailers.

Mr. Robert Harrington, an extremely wealthy New York business man, was seized with a nervous breakdown. He had consulted several physicians and all had advised him to take a much needed rest. He had overworked and was too young a man to be in such a condition. He decided on a hurried trip to Europe, as he thought that the ocean voyage would be most beneficial to his health. Hence, making all necessary arrangements he sailed away from the American metropolis on the "Ryndam," a ship in the service of the Holland-American line. He was ten days in crossing the Atlantic. Arriving at Rotterdam he immediately started for the Dutch capital, where he had decided to spend a week at the beach of Scheweningen. Already he had noticed quite an improvement in his health. Leaving Holland at the end of the week he made his way to Paris. He stopped in the French capital but four short days.

While walking down the Madeleine



one afternoon he stopped just where that boulevard joins the Place de l'Opera upon seeing some very beautiful pearls. At once his mind turned to the folks at home. He stepped into Tiffany's jewelry store, the place where he had noticed the gems, and selected a necklace for his wife. It was a string of perfectly matched pearls, costing no less than four hundred thousand francs. The next morning he crossed the channel on his way to London. The necklace bothered him. It was a very valuable thing to be carrying about loosely in strange lands, but he soon thought of a fine place to conceal it. In his tobacco pouch. Who would ever think of looking there?

He stopped in London for nearly two weeks. At the end of that time he set sail on the Cunarder "Mauretania" for his native land. He had now been gone for nearly a month. The trip back to New York was shorter than that from there. Three days, spent in games and other amusements, quickly passed. He was feeling fine. The short trip had certainly done him worlds of good.

At the beginning of the homeward voyage Harrington had made the acquaintance of a young man just about in the beginning of the thirties. The man told him that he was a lawyer with offices in Boston. They soon became very intimate and were often seen together enjoying the balmy air of the blue Atlantic in their canvas chairs on the hurricane deck. They

talked about the good times they had had in Europe, of the dear ones anxiously awaiting their return, and of many other things that were of common interest to each. Harrington told his new friend about the wonderful necklace he was bringing from France, of how he had concealed it in his tobacco pouch for safety. His friend was greatly interested.

On the fourth day out when they were nearing their native land the passengers were given papers upon which to declare their dutiable articles. Harrington wrote down a small list of trinkets which he had purchased, but, on the advice of his friend, failed to declare the pearls. They had cost him enough as it was. Surely they would not be seen. Who would think of looking for them in such a place? Besides no one knew anything about it.

At last the good ship passed the Statue of Liberty and sailed around Sandy Hook into the harbor. They were home again. The passengers were all anxious to see their friends and relatives, but were obliged to wait until their baggage was examined. The minutes seemed like hours. Finally a burly inspector walked over to Harrington. "Have your things been gone at yet, sir," he inquired. "No!" came the reply, and in a moment more his valise was open and all his things were scattered over the place. This done and nothing being found the officer asked with a keen look that signified more than the question, "Is that all?"



Receiving a reply in the negative he handed a pass to Harrington, which was given to show that his goods were already looked after.

Harrington invited his new acquaintance to stop at his house while in New York. He most readily accepted. Taking a taxi they drove up Fifth Avenue and over Forty Ninth street to their destination. Harrington told his friend about the luck he had had in fooling the customs officers. He had just finished his story when the cab stopped before a beautiful stone mansion. This was Harrington's home. They entered and to their surprise found no one there but the servants. Mrs. Harrington had gone on a visit to her mother in Buffalo. They did not expect Harrington home for at least two weeks longer.

At seven o'clock they sat down to dinner. They had not been at the table long when the door bell rang and the butler admitted a short, heavy set man. He was shown into the parlor and there he waited until Harrington and his friend had finished eating.

When Harrington entered the parlor followed by the butler the man rose and before he could even ask what he wanted the fellow said, "Mr. Harrington, you are a very clever man, but this time we've got you. Is it not true that you smuggled in a pearl necklace from Europe? Now, don't lie; I've got the dope!" Harrington denied the accusation, but the man whom he had made a friend stepped forward and told the

officer that the jewels were in the tobacco pouch. Harrington was outdone. He backed up against the wall and no one saw him when he pressed the bell that was a signal for his servants to do their part. .

"I'm sorry," the officer said, "to make this trouble for you. It'll cost more than three necklaces!"

Harrington took the hint.

"Is there not anything I can do to get out of this? Can't I make it good with you? Ten thousand?"

The reply was in the negative.

"Twenty thousand?"

Still no.

"Thirty thousand?"

"Well, that's fair enough", said the officer. "I'll make it all right now."

Harrington wrote out a check for the amount and handed it to him. The man's eyes were like bullets. It was more money than he had ever had at one time and he could hardly hold himself. The lawyer, as he had called himself, from Boston, was over joyed because he, too, was in on the game. It was he who told the whole thing and who was to share in the profits. The officer turned to go, but to his great surprise he saw a pistol in his face. He looked at his pal and then at the gun. What had they gotten into? Was it a trap?

A hearty smile crept over Harrington's face. Taking a wallet from his pocket he drew out a card. "My card, gentlemen." They looked at it and

nearly swooned. The great R. Z. Pointing to the two men dressed as butlers, he said, "My assistants!" This was certainly an unexpected turn in events for the blackmailers.

"I've tried hard," Harrington continued, "to get you. You're a clever

lot, but when we get your kind we're doubly paid for our efforts!"

Not a word more was spoken, but the crooks were hurried off to the city jail. Later the whole outfit was exposed.

The pearls were returned to their owner in Paris.

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## The Trenches

---

HERE where all time is bloated,  
Here where the hours appear  
Gaunt ghosts and cold things coated  
In fearful forms of fear—  
I watch red devils crawling  
With pointed ears appalling,  
With grisly mouthings brawling  
For spoil of souls to sear.  
I am mad with months of grilling,  
Sad sights no man should see,  
With fruit of the flame of killing—  
Smudged smoke of memory.  
I am mad from hearing the wounded,  
Smashed piles of a pier ever pounded  
By waves of foes unfounded  
In aught of humanity.

—W. Kevin Casey.

## The Sage

---

HE was an ancient, kindly man, his head was bowed with tears,  
The furrows in his granite face were all unused to tears.  
A seer who reviewed the spheres and called them passing fair,  
A man who searched the world for Love and did not find it there.

And so I asked him to reveal the truths that he had learned,—  
The reason for man's deep unrest, and why his spirit yearned  
For something unattainable,—for thus it seemed to me—  
A light was in the old man's eyes like sunset on the sea.

“My lad, I've drunk the wine of life, my years are threescore ten,  
And would that I were given grace to live those years again;  
But if you'd solve the mystery of the Eternal Plan  
Search for no hoary headed sage, approach no learned man.

Seek out some laughing blue-eyed lad with tousled curly head,  
With cheeks like cherries in the snow and question him instead.”  
The ancient man has gone away, his day is done,—but yet  
The words he spoke to me that day I never shall forget.

—J. Charles Murphy.

# On Being Natural

Demetrio Diaz.



THE most unnatural thing in the world is to be natural. For if a man were natural at all times and at all places, do you think that he would allow himself to be fenced in by the conventions of society? I really believe that Robinson Crusoe and any other gentlemen who have been similarly marooned were the only natural people in the world. They did exactly what their inclination bade them to do.

If Mister Robinson chose to braid his hair as the ladies do, there was no one to stop him, no one to give offence to. If he decided to take a long sleep in the morning there was no wrathful prefect to placate by a patched-up excuse, no maid's feelings to be taken into consideration who had to stick around waiting for him to get up before she could make the bed. If he chose to make a noise while drinking his soup, because he felt that thereby he could enjoy it more, there was no loving sister to kick his foot under the table, or give him the high sign to lay off by means of a screwed up face.

No, I don't think any of us really is really natural. It seems to me that I

would much prefer when I am introduced to a young lady, who is something of a cure for sore eyes, to slap her on the back and say, "Glad to know you, old girl". But no, convention says I must'nt. I am merely allowed to take off my hat in a very dignified way and bow. I can't even mit her with a "put it here, kid". If she makes a feint with her right I can meet her half way; but I can't beat the gun, unless I have a Roman collar on. (That's one instance, come to think of it, where the Dads have it on us). The result is I'm not natural.

If I'm at dinner, and I like, say, the new concoction in the way of salad, I can't call over the butler and say, "Get me some more of that goolash, Bill. It's great stuff." It would be perfectly natural for me to do so; but we can't be natural all the time. Convention doth make cowards of us all.

But of course they tell us, and I guess it's true, that if we want to live in communion with our fellows in human society, why we just have to put up with some of these things. That the advantages we get out of the association with our fellows more than make up for the little inconveniences



we suffer. That the advantages and conveniences of society and civilization are a thousand times worth our own little whims as to whether, for instance, we prefer to wear a soft shirt and tramping boots at a full dress affair, or to eat peas with a knife. That convention makes for law and order. That if we really wanted to follow our inclinations in all things, if we wanted to spit on the sidewalk and smoke on the inside of the electric car, and run our machine on the left hand side of the road, and begin our meals with ice cream and a small black, and have the entrance to our house in the roof, why we could go off and live the life of a hermit in the mountains in back of us here, and we could do all these things to our heart's desire. But then, too, if we did go off by ourselves, who'd make our sidewalks for us, or furnish our cigars, or build our cars, or churn our ice cream? Why—er—well, I never thought of that.

So I guess we can't be altogether natural after all. That is, we can't and get by with it to any appreciable extent. Then, too, see all the nice girls and things we'd miss.

Well, yes we can, come to think of it. Suppose we do make up our minds, as most of us have already done, of being as natural as we can, even while yielding to the exigencies of necessary conventions, is there any reason why we have to be unnatural beyond that? I don't think so.

Do we have to ape high society just

because we have a wrist watch and really own a full dress suit? Yet some of us do. Do we have to tell of all the grand affairs our folks are putting on this season, and of all the pretty Janes that indite epistles to us, when maybe it's all camouflage? Yet some of us do. Do we have to turn up our nose at the mention of South of Market, San Francisco, and ask where the beastly place is, when perhaps we were born there? Yet some of us do. Do we have to pretend before a crowd of fellows that we are a regular demon with the women and otherwise, and boast of it, too, even though we're bad enough, though not quite as bad as we make ourselves out to be? Yet some of us do. Do we have to make our poor old mothers believe that we are angels, when we're often angels rather with bat's wings, and make no attempt to make ourselves a whit better? Yet some of us do.

So it strikes me that barring the few conventions which really are an aid to right living, we can be natural after all. We can treat our friends and enemies squarely. When we're kind we can in all sincerity mean it, and not put on the made-to-order smile of the society matron. When a fellow's being praised in our presence we don't have to put the crusher on it.

Wherefore, as once before, we admonished that each beware lest at any time he take himself seriously, so now, brother, we advise you always and in all places to be natural.

# The Senate and the Nation

Albert A. Quill.

Address delivered at the Banquet of the Philalethic Senate, Feb. 12, 1918.



SELFISHNESS is one of the meanest traits in human nature. Everybody abhors it. Even those, whose life for all intents and purposes differs but little from that of the pagans, endeavor to change Epicureanism, where one seeks his own individual pleasure in all things, to Utilitarianism, where he pretends to seek his happiness, personal gratification and "summum bonum" in doing the greatest good to the greatest number. So entirely is it inherent in man to look with distain on the selfish man.

But we who are guided by the tenets of the Gospel and of our Holy Religion go farther still. And taught by the precepts of our Divine Master we hold that a man is not gifted with talents merely to amuse himself in solving intricate problems, or to thereby acquire money the more readily and easily. Nor is the money God permits one to fill his coffers with given him solely for the personal gratification of his foolish whims. Talents and money alike, as well as any other good gift, are bestowed upon us by a God of infinite goodness that we should better our-

selves corporally and spiritually, and use those gifts to aid our fellow-men in seeking his temporal and eternal welfare.

So success in life is not, as some erroneously believe, to be measured by the size of one's bank account; neither is it to be estimated by the number of one's boon companions. Some of the richest and most successful men lead a life that is crowned with the least success. But success in life is and ought to be measured by the good one has done, by the misery he has alleviated, by the good principles he has advocated, by the number of those he has set upon the right path.

So, too, we receive an education not to gratify ourselves only, not to throw out our chests and thank God that we are not as the rest of mortals. But an education is given us that we by the knowledge we imbibe may be able ourselves to walk along higher levels and endeavor to bring others to those same heights. And by so doing, by so aiding our fellow-men, we thereby aid the Nation. For as the Nation is made up of individual units, the better any one individual is, or may become, the better the Nation necessarily is.

Now, what has all this to do with the

Senate, you may ask? Well, the aim of the Senate, its underlying principle, is to bring out in each of its members those very qualities that tend to make him of service to his fellow-men and to his country. It strives to make leaders of men, to develop those who will form public opinion along orthodox lines, to make its members better citizens and patriots.

Such was the aim of the Senate in the past, sixty years ago, when its humble foundations were laid; such has its aim been in the intervening years; such is its aim today. Founded on love of God, of our Country and of our fellow-men it has ever adhered to those principles, nor has it in the least ever deviated from them.

And as a result of that, proud are we of the Senate's achievements. Proud are we of what her sons in the past have done for their fellows and their country. Proud are we especially of that great son and of his services to his country, whose name will go down in history as the greatest senator California ever had, Stephen M. White.

Much did he and those other giants of old accomplish; and of all their life's work the beginnings, the foundations were laid in the Philaethic Senate of Santa Clara. As the twig is bent, so will it grow. The initiative, the impulse was given here, the right road was pointed out years before in the Senate halls, and faithful to those precepts they ran, rejoicing as giants in their way, doing great things for God and Country and fellow-men. But from

the dizzy heights of power and eminence to which they climbed, looking back into the dim distance over the rugged trail and winding path one could see that that path traced its way back through many a hill and dale, over many a swamp and rocky space to the threshold of the Philaethic Senate of Santa Clara.


And, Senators of today, what our forbears accomplished that we too shall do. Unworthy sons of such glorious fathers we never shall allow ourselves to be; but we shall strive might and main to make ourselves that which they who have our interest at heart have a perfect right to expect of us. We have the opportunities, others have not, of preparing ourselves to do great things for God, our Country and our fellow-men.

We know not what may be in store for us, what fates await, what the veil of of the future conceals from our eyes. One thing is certain: great opportunities will suddenly open up before us, and if we are ready to grasp them success is ours, if we are not ready we are doomed to failure, and all through our own fault.

Then I say, fellow-Senators, take every advantage of that which the Senate offers. Make yourselves ready for the opportunity that surely will come, so that we, too, like those giant Senators of old, may in the cause of our Country be strong in purpose and mighty in action "to strive, to seek, to find, but not to yield."

## Dago Pete

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 'NAME eez Dago Pete, pleeze Meesta man,  
I maka da organ sing 'La Etalee',  
Da monkey dance, he hol' da leetla can  
An' catch da neekle when dey trow to me.

Sometime da organ like to make me sad  
He sing about ma leetla boy, ma keed.  
I have da leetla peectur here, you see?  
I tought da whole worl' was da boy, I deed.

He usta come sometime an' put da han,  
Da leetla sof' keed han' on my ol' face,  
An' den he say me tol' heem bout da lan'  
Da angel leev in—eez da beeg white place.

An' when ma eye heez wet, he say, "Don' cry,  
I don' be bad no more if you don' do."  
An' now da leetla keed heez gonna die,  
Wot you tink if da keed do dat to you?

So sometime when da Dago Pete heez been bad,  
Da organ sing about ma lettla Joe,  
I tink maybe he be asham' hees dad,  
Maybe hees better go die, I don' know.

Edward L. Nicholson.



# A Man, Another Feller and Me

Albion J. Howell.



LACK and cold rain and yellow lightning was my company up till about twelve o'clock that night, but after that I had more. I heard a thump at my door, that's the way it started. Now a thump at your door when you're the whole and entire population of many square miles of rocky forests and unruly streams is a kind of stupifyin' affair. I opened the door and in with the swish of rain staggered a man. A real man comin' from God knows where. I tried to set him down but he shook his head and pointed outside and whispered, "Another".

I put on a coat and went outside. There on my steps was another man and the lightning showed me his face. I hauled him in and rolled him over and he moaned. In a little while I brought them around with some whisky and they said it was good. The First Man smiled a thanks and the Second Man said he was sick; so I gave him my bed and blankets. The First Man and I slept on the floor.

I would have slept anywhere just for that little company, so the next day my bones ached with pleasure. They were feeling better and though the First Man didn't talk much the

Second Man seemed to relish it. He told me that my bed reminded him of home and that he never slept better. He praised my coffee and bacon, said I was a fine cook. Those were happy hours for me 'cause what a lonesome man needs most and even craves is just a little praise.

The next day he tried my donkey because he said it was a good one. The First Man helped me around the house a little, but didn't say much. Somehow we didn't talk much, I guess 'cause we was both prospectors. I fed them for a week on the best I had, and I can say right now that food out here aint got for a tune; you sweat for it. I didn't mind, though, 'cause this man praised my bed and cookin' and even my donkey.

The day came when they was goin' I gave them my pick and shovel and shook good-bye. The First Man smiled and looked away. The Second Man laughed big and loud and said he would never forget my hospitality, and again he said how good things were. I stayed to see them disappear over the mountain top and then went inside.

I was alone but I could sleep in my bed once more, for the floor was hard; sleep in the bed he praised and drink my own wonderful coffee.

A whole year later it happened that

I had to go to the nearest big city. I didn't have much to wear, but I put on what I had, got aboard my donkey and started. It was a big city, but not as big as my big home city, so I hated it. Right around noon I was standin' in a park and all of a sudden I looked right into the face of the Second Man. I half smiled and looked eager like, I guess, but a second later my heart began to sink way, way down where it gets dangerous. He looked right at me and looked away as if I wasn't there and I knew he saw me.

I didn't mind bein' alone and I guess I even got my share of praise, but the least he could have done was to give me back my shovel and pick. I still needed it, but not him. He struck it rich and was a millionaire, and me,—well I'm still behind payin' up for my bacon.

I didn't lose much time in gettin' on my way for home, 'cause,—well, just because. When I was near home about half a mile, it began to rain and thunder like heaven and hell was arguin'. A streak of lightning hit a big tree right near me and it crashed down like a wounded giant and it made me laugh. I knew I wasn't lucky enough to get hit and I didn't even take the trouble to pray for it.

On my last stretch I began to look toward my little shack. I knew that I couldn't see it, but just the same there is always a big comfort in knowin' it's there. Well, now the funny part of it was that I could see something flick-

erin' in that direction, and when I got closer I knew it was a light in my little square window.

"Some stray wanderer I 'spect," I says to myself, 'cause I never latched my door. Right then come a feelin' over me, one of those kind that makes you want to keep sighing and take big breaths. I suppose that was the first time I never wanted to pile in my own little shack. I didn't want to, that's all. Maybe it was because just a year ago that night, and a devilish night at that, strangers visited me. Anyway I kept going until I got outside my door, then I stopped. I felt like bustin' in, but I figured maybe I had better put my ole muel-donkey to bed. When I got done I came back to the door and listened, then I did bust in.

Now I was a tired man from hard travel, and what I saw didn't make me any stronger. There, standin' right in front of me was The First Man, smilin'. Behind him, lookin' out of sorts and kind of uneasy like, was The Second Man. There was a big rip over one eye and his lips were cut. All I could do was try to swallow and I couldn't do that. Then the First Man walks up to me with his hand stickin' out and I took it and he says:

"Pardon me, stranger, but I saw you once before today and didn't have a chance to say howdy. Also," he went on, giving the man behind him a glance, I figured wasn't what a man could call complimentary, "I saw you two, when you saw each other."

I opened my mouth to try to speak, but he held up his hand and says, "You know him and me struck it rich. Money got his goat and what little man ever was in him went rotten, so we split. Anyway he was kind enough to come all the way up here to say he was sorry. Didn't you?" and he turned around. The Second Man might have said somethin' but the First Man went on. "He came back to thank you, thank you for your nice everything. Wasn't he a dear? Now he thinks he had better be goin' back, because his friends don't know he's out."

The man behind him gasped and turned plum white. "You aren't going to send me out in this storm. You can't—." Then the First Man cut in with a low laugh, and his jaws snapped shut and he says thru his teeth:

"I can't? Maybe not, but I am. You're agoin' and goin' quick. you skunk; you're goin' to start from the same place you started goin' wrong from, and if you get back you might get there clean."

With that he strode over to the man and, looking right into his face, he says:

"Now git." The man shrank back and somethin' convinced me that the Second Man had an awful lot of respect for this First Man. He began to whine and started harpin' on the laws of nature or somethin', but he quit when the First Man pulled out his watch and said:

"If you ain't gone in five seconds, then Pardner here and me is going out

of that door two seconds apart, and both of us a packin' you."

All this time I hadn't said a word because I couldn't, and now when I could I knew I hadn't better. I shut my eyes and I could hear his watch tickin'. I looked up again, the man was gone. I looked at the stranger and he looked at me, and he smiled. The same smile he smiled the first night we slept on the floor together, and he says:

"Pard, there ain't nothin' I wouldn't do for a real man, and that's why I brought back your pick. The shovel he lost. I come to pay for my sleep and grub, too." So he pulled out a leather covered book, and I knew they was checks. He wrote somethin' on one of them and handed it to me. I looked at it, and I saw more figures on the left side of the dot than I dared count; then something come over me again, and I says:

"Friend, you must think my grub is cheap," and with that I tore it up. "My price is that," I says, and stuck out my hand, and he sure grabbed it. There we stood like two big kids, him and me, tears in both our eyes.

We was friends, and I told him that the Lord and me was going to fight it out when he was gone, but if he wanted to, and if he liked my grub, he could stay all night. And do you know, he said my kookin' was the best he ever expected to eat?

Me and him slept on the floor that night and left the bed empty—'cause we was friends.



# The Modern World Amuses Itself.

Thomas Whelan.



WE mortals are a progressive lot. What the preceding generation left us we take for what it is worth, improve upon it, or use it as a starting point for some ideas that begin to sprout somewhere in the depths of our brain, and we turn out a something far superior to that left us by those who have gone before. Trace it back, and you will find that such is the history of every modern invention, of the automobile, of the aeroplane, of electricity.

And that the world has particularly advanced in the way of inventions pertaining especially to our comfort and convenience a rapid glance at the many appliances electricity alone has put into the house will convince us that it is true.

But modern inventive genius has had its eye set not alone upon our comfort, but as well upon our sources of amusement. Particularly is this evidenced in the moving picture shows and the automobile. They are by no means bewhiskered things. They are young, hardly out of short trousers, and growing fast. And it is of these that we would fain discourse, albeit briefly.

Times have changed, as we will hear our grand-parents say; they're not like they used to be. In the good old times we, i. e., our grand-parents, went to the husking parties and quilting parties and cider dances with our mothers and fathers. It was like a large family, everybody knew everybody else. Nothing did we then see of the modern wild dances, or of anything even faintly resembling them. The stately minuet, the Virginia Reel or a graceful waltz took their places. There was home life in those days. Of an evening friends would come in and sit by the fireside and talk and smoke or sew, as the case might be (for ladies didn't smoke then; though it is greatly to be doubted if ladies smoke even now, though some **women** do), while the young folks would amuse themselves popping corn or in some simple game.

Picture that today! Where is there now such home-life? Where do the simple amusements that pleased our elders find place today? Everything is a mad whirl. Everybody craves and clamors for excitement. The persons that sleep eight hours have something wrong with them. They must be on the go all the time. The place they call home is a good enough place to take an occasional meal at, when not invited



somewhere else, or when broke, and to snatch a few hours sleep; but that about lets it out.

Far too worldly are the girls and boys of this generation, and of this the cause may well be attributed to modern amusements, especially the movies and automobiles. Much indeed will many mothers have to account for, those who let their daughters (to say nothing of their sons), go out with any young fellow who is willing to take them. But then, besides, some of the mothers are as fast as their children.

There was a case in the papers not so long ago in which it was narrated that a mother and daughter were hurrying through their dish washing of the evening meal in order that they might not be late for the movie. In a playful moment the mother and daughter began impersonating screen stars—the girl portrays a double tragedy scene, and picking a revolver from her father's dresser, points at at herself, staggers and then aiming at the mother pulls the trigger. It happens that the chamber is loaded, and she kills her mother. Think of the grief this girl will bear through her life! And all this because she was a devotee and frequenter of the movies.

But worse still, the pictures shown at the movies the supposedly "best sellers", are really a sore to the eyes of a decent person with any conscience at all. Nor are the young alone to be blamed, naturally inquisitive as they are; but even older persons, whose wrinkles and gray hairs ought to be

evidence sufficient of their better sense, flock to these shows and fight to get in.


And as for the old institution of chaperon, that is taboo. Few girls of today are chaperoned, and those who are, are laughed at. The young are far too wise for their more simple parents, who had the misfortune to be educated in an age other than this of our twentieth century enlightenment. Girls go unescorted to dances without thinking anything of it, and will readily accept a ride home in an automobile if some young chap will but offer it.

And how much this same automobile has broken into home life, and what downfalls it has been the cause of can be readily seen by anyone who goes about with his eyes at all open. A party of young folks will start out of an evening for a ride; riding becoming tiresome they will stop in at a road house or cafe and dance—dancing makes them warm and tired and they must have a drink; water and lemonade will not satisfy them;—and the result? Who can tell? They don't want to go home and face their parents, and if they stay out one night they never return. The world is rotten with vice, and all caused by the wildness of modern amusements.

It is said that to attend the amusements, theatres and cabarets of New York City, it would take one week of forty-eight hours a day, and even then one would have to eat in taxis and sleep in the subway.

## Idle Fancy

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HY beauty, sweet smelling flower,  
Was never made to grace some rustic bower  
Or wilt in sunless glade,  
Or lend thy fragrance to another maid.

Dark hour, if one so fair  
Must with unworthy rival share  
The gifts of youth—of health  
And virtue-countless wealth.

Eyes, the soul's mirror are deemed  
From the depths of thine it seemed  
A message came to me—one word—  
“Love”, unspoken true, but clearly heard.

And to my thirsting heart t'was joy,  
Joy no earthly storm can cloy.  
T'was but a whisper, a spirit's breath,  
Naught can part us,—still—there's death.

—Frank H. Spearman Jr.

## Around the Square No. V.

Edward L. Nicholson.



LEEZA lady, you give to me the ten cents. I wana buy the leetle flowers for Tony. They bury heem today. No? Pleeza, lady, I am not da begger. Leta me tell you about leetle Tony.

We leeve together since the mama and the papa die. We work and we never beg, but this year work eez so hard to get and it eez awful cold and Tony he eez sick. He never was strong. We leev in the high part of the old two joint house and Tony he washa da dish and sweepa da floor, because, as I told you, lady, he not very strong. But this year he musta work because we no can leev. We don'ta eata very much because sometimes for a month we maka da fifteen cents for one day to eat. We could leev all right, lady, but we musta pay da one dolla and a half every month for da house."

"Lasta month we just can't maka da money to pay da dolla and a half. Tony he cry vera much about this, because he can't work very much to help, and about two weeks ago he look very bad. He tole me that he eez going to help, but I don't see how he was goin' to do it. Da nex day I goin' to buy a leetle

something to eat, and when I come home we goin' to eat, and lettle Tony he don't eat nothing. I tol' him why he don't eat, an' he said dat he don't feel very good, an' for me to eat it all or leava da rest for my dinner at twelve o'clock. He doa dis for two or tree day, and then I theenk maybe he don't like to eat so that he can help.

"So I work very hard dat day and maka two bits an' I buy some dago grub dat Tony he lika vera much, an' I go right home. But when I got there the man who taka da dollar and a half he was there an' he wanta da money. I tol' him please if he wait we would work vera hard and not eata much. And we could pay him in fiva day or a week, but he say dat he need the money vera bad, an' we must get out right away. So we taka our clothes, which we wear, an' we go. That night eez vera cold an' in the morning when I wake up from sleep in da old shed down by de reever, Tony he don't say when I call him if he like to get up, an' even when I tol' him we have to hurry up an' work an' maybe we get warm or get something to eat, he don't say. Den I talk to him, an' I shake him, an' then because he eez so steef

an' cold I know he eez, what you call him, freze to det'.

"He wasa not vera strong, an' he did not eata much for two or 'tree days. Then I go to do paliceman an' I tol' him dat Tony eez dead, an' he send a da big man come who take care of da poor man who die. He say to me, 'Some day God He donta like da man who do this to your leetle Tony.' But I don't say nothin', because I can't talk vera good that day.

"An' now today, lady, they going to put him where I don' have my leetle

Tony no more, an' lady would you give me da ten cents to buy da leetle flower for Tony, because he love them some-times when he could see them."

"No, I don't give to beggars, but I will give you my husband's uptown address. He gives greatly to charity, and will, no doubt, if you will do some work for him, give you the ten cents. His name is Enos Whipple. Do you know where his office is?"

"Yessa, lady, he eez da man who turn my leetle Tony an' me out for to die."





# Self Training

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Ben McCoy.



WHILE so many writers of distinction have attempted to enumerate and define the essentials of a well-rounded education in its most comprehensive sense, the classification of Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University, seems to my mind the best of all. His precepts are few, yet they include much, not only bearing on private life, but on public as well—not only gleaned from knowledge gained from books, but that gained from contact with one's fellowmen.

His first precept is of such acknowledged commonplaceness that it is not given the attention it so well merits—correctness and precision in the use of the mother tongue. Not only in business but in society as a whole is there noticeable an unfailing tendency of slurring over and of misusing grammar, and of ambiguity of expression. The very elementary principles of punctuation, writing, reading, spelling, grammar and rhetorical composition are all included under this head. And it is surprising what woeful ignorance even certain college-bred people exhibit at times relative to certain of these mat-

ters. Nor is it altogether surprising; for under these heads are classified and embraced every possible method of expressing thought. And the trouble with many of our colleges is that students devote their entire time to technical and to vocational work before they are sufficiently grounded in the very elementaries of self-expression. Without throwing any flowers at ourselves, a very learned and experienced gentleman told me the other day that, although a graduate of State Universities himself, he invariably noticed that the graduates of Jesuit institutions here in California could express themselves better than the men trained in our larger secular institutions. Many reasons may be given for this; and one of them might be that more time is actually spent, even in college, upon the essentials of expression.

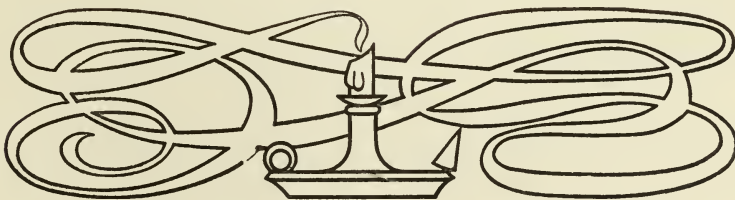
A second precept to guide us in the training of ourselves aright is to have regard to the acquiring of those refined and gentle manners which form the expression of fixed habits of thought and action. Regard for propriety, the feelings of others, love of the better and cultured things of life, expression of thoughts well considered—all these traits of character which tend to do so

much for the individual in the society of others are to be found here.

Another important rule is to acquire the power and the habit of earnest, concentrated reflection. It has been said that the initial letter of the word "power" signifies picture—the grasp clear and true of the thing one contemplates doing in its entirety. And the searching for all possible defects and advantages are the prerequisites for success in any undertaking. This, coupled with the power of intellectual growth—that largeness of character and mentality which can grasp the true meaning of progress, that fullness of wisdom which proclaims that to be stationary is to recede—these can make any undertaking successful. It means that menial details should have their due place of inferiority when grouped with the principles and objects of the

matter under consideration, and that they should keep abreast of the times and partake of any improvement. It signifies that bigotry and narrowness shall give way to fair estimates and broadness.

Then comes the greatest of all—the power to do, efficiency. The others, though bearing more or less directly upon the gaining of the power to accomplish things, do not play such an important part in a man's character as this. Men are judged by actions more often than by words, and rightly so. Criticisms and even slanders can very often be silenced by a laudable action. It is the power to do and to do well, unfailingly, faithfully the thing in hand that gives a man his standing in men's eyes, and no two other abstractions will ever gain so much prestige for a man as precision and despatch.



# The Spiders's Web

W. Darrell Daly.



**T**HANK GOD! At last I am safe!" exclaimed Pierre Duval, as he sank to the ground on the outskirts of a small Dutch village. He lifted his face towards heaven, and the words of a simple prayer of thanksgiving formed upon his lips. As he lay there, his thoughts drifted back to the day he had been taken a prisoner by the Germans on the western front. Every hour of those six months during which he had been maltreated and cursed by his captors was fresh in his memory. A smile of satisfaction played about his lips as he reflected on his escape, and on the three days of fear and anxiety he had spent in getting out of Germany.

"And now I am free!" he shouted from sheer delight, "free to return to France and take another whack at the Boche."

A sharp pain in his side reminded him that he had a wound that needed immediate attention. He had received it in his dash for freedom, and as yet had had no opportunity to dress it. He arose reluctantly, and seeing a farmhouse a short distance away, started toward it. A kindly looking old man was

puttering around in the garden, and when he had heard Pierre's story he hurried into the house with him to give him something to eat and take care of his wound. Inside Pierre was introduced to the mistress of the dwelling, Frau Van Hummell, and her daughter Catherine. They prepared a meal for him at once, and cleansed the gash in his side. His next need was rest, and having been shown to a room, he sank down upon the bed and was soon slumbering peacefully.

He remained in bed for several days in order to give his side a chance to heal, and the rest and comfort he enjoyed proved most pleasant after months of suffering in the German camps. After a week indoors he was propped up in a chair on the porch, where he basked in the invigorating rays of the sun, and drank in the fragrance of the fresh spring blossoms. Catherine, who seemed to him like a frail flower of the field, was ever by his side, ready to satisfy his every desire. He told her of France, of his childhood in the happy village of Tulois, of his days in the army, and of those bitter ones spent in the hands of the Germans. She listened intently to his tales, and her presence seemed to inspire him, and bestow on him a hith-

erto unknown fluency of expression. And as the love songs of the birds drifted to their ears, he told her of love, of the love for her that had filled his heart from the moment when his eyes fell for the first time upon her golden hair, and his ears heard the music of her melodious voice. He swore that he would return for her as soon as the war was over, and made her promise that she would not look with favor on another until he had had time to come and claim her for his bride.

Through these glad days there appeared but one cloud on his horizon, but one shadow to detract from his happiness. He would have been contented if the frequent visits of a villager named Grundel had been discontinued. He did not like his looks. He fancied that his features were somewhat German, and he wished that he would stop calling on Catherine. But his visits continued, and Pierre was compelled to satisfy himself with the thought that he was an old friend of the family.

Finally he announced one day that he must depart. A longing had come over him to get back into the trenches, and thus play his little part in bringing about peace, which would mean so much to him. But when Catherine heard of his proposed immediate departure, she protested most earnestly, and begged him to stay until the morrow.

"Why are you so anxious that I should remain until tomorrow?" he

queried, being rather surprised at her action.

An odd expression came over her face, but she simply said: "Is it strange that I should want to have another day with you?" Desiring to please her in every way, he gave in to her, and postponed his leaving until the next day.

The following morning the old couple left early to do some marketing in a nearby village, and Pierre was not sorry that his farewell words to Catherine would not be interrupted. However they had hardly departed when Grundel arrived, and announced that he had come to say good-bye and wish Pierre good luck. The latter waited for him to go, but as the minutes flew by and he remained, he decided that he had come to stay. Once he thought he saw him whispering to Catherine, but he checked the angry words that struggled to pass his lips, and blamed his imagination. Finally he decided that he must be off, and picking up the little bundle that he was to take with him, he started for the door. He had taken but a few steps, when Grundel shouted sternly.

"Don't move another inch, or I'll send a bullet through your brain."

Pierre wheeled about and found Grundel standing in front of him with a mean smile on his face and a pistol in his hand. He was completely dumbfounded, and continued gazing at the menacing figure before him.

"What does this mean?" he at last managed to say.



"It means this, Mr. Frenchman," Grundel replied with a sneer, "that you are going to be turned over to the Germans. You have been tricked, you fool. Do you think I have allowed you to make love to Catherine for the past three weeks for nothing? No, there is a reward of 500 marks offered for your capture and return. Catherine, your dear Catherine, was the spider that spun the web in which you were caught."

He ended with a mean laugh, which was devoid of mirth, and gave expression to the savage spirit that possessed him. Pierre stood motionless, like one in a trance, as he struggled to understand what he had heard. Suddenly his jaw set and he spoke.

"If it is true that Catherine wishes this," he said, "I will do whatever you say." Grundel turned toward her as if to speak, and while he was thus off his guard Pierre leaped at him, and wrenched the pistol from his grasp.

"If you value your life, fight," he hissed into Grundel's ear, "for I'll have no mercy on a German cur."

They crouched opposite one another, glaring at each other like two beasts of the forest, their jaws set, and their muscles quivering. Grundel realized that his plans had miscarried, and that he would have to employ all his skill and cunning in order to save his life. Suddenly Pierre rushed at his opponent with a wild cry of rage. He handled his fists most cleverly, and succeeded in landing several blows on Grundel's

jaw. The latter blocked a few blows, and then retaliated with a powerful right that caught Pierre under the chin. His head shot back with a sharp crack, and the expression on his face made his distress evident. He clinched in order to save himself, and clung to Grundel until the latter threw him off. Then he feinted, and finding an opening, he landed a wicked right on his opponent's nose. The blood began to flow freely from the injured member, and soon Grundel's features were bathed in red. They crept around the room slowly, eyeing each other as a cat watches its prey, both realizing that one false move meant death. Hoping to get his fingers on Pierre's throat, Grundel hurled himself at him, his hands stretching out in eager expectation. Pierre was ready for him however, and shot his fist out, catching him directly between the eyes. He stumbled, and before he could recover himself Pierre had him by the throat. He struggled madly to free himself, but in vain, for as his efforts increased the grip on his throat was tightened. Slowly the Frenchman's fingers closed, and as he realized that he had won, a faint smile of satisfaction o'erspread his face. Realizing that all would be over in a few moments, Grundel made an effort to speak.

"Catherine," he managed to whisper, "for—God's—sake—shoot—him." Pierre glanced up for the first time, and saw Catherine pick up the pistol and point it at his head. That was too

much for him. His fingers relaxed, and tears streamed down his blood-smearred face. He continued to kneel there before her, his head erect, his eyes expressing the sorrow that was in his heart. Catherine made a move as if to fire; Pierre remained motionless at her feet. Then her hand fell, the weapon dropped from her grasp, and sobbing, she sank to the floor.

Pierre went to his room and washed the blood from his face and hands. The happenings of the last half hour seemed to him like the incidents of a dream. He was dazed, and could scarcely bring himself to realize that it was all true. He returned to the scene of the encounter, and found Catherine seated in a chair, her face buried in her hands. Grundel still lay where he left him, more dead than alive. Pierre gazed at Catherine for a moment, his heart thumping madly against his side. Then he crossed the room and passed through the doorway, sending a low "good-bye" floating back to her as he went.

At the gate he hesitated. Where should he go? What was there left in life for him? Love's dream had ended, and his awakening had brought him

bitterness and despair. His head drooped. Yes, he would go back to France and fight, but life would be deprived of all its sweetness. As he meditated he felt a hand on his shoulder, and a frail voice—Catherine's voice—spoke.

"Before you go I have something to say to you," she said. Her voice was low and sweet, and Pierre could not restrain himself from turning and looking at her. How beautiful she was. Who would ever think that she would betray him?

"I can't tell you how sorry I am for what I have done," she continued. "I scarcely realized what I was doing. Mr. Grundel demanded that I help him, and I was a fool and obeyed him. I know I was the spider that spun the web in which you were caught, and I am sorry. All I can say now is that—I don't want you to leave me."

Pierre gazed at her in wonderment. Then his eyes brightened and his face shone with a smile. He caught her in his arms, and pressed her to him as she lay sobbing on his shoulder. Kissing away her tears he whispered: "Dear little spider, I hope you will keep me in your web forever."



# Communications



## LETTERS FROM S. C. MEN IN SERVICE.

"Somewhere in France", Jan. 28, 1918.

Dear Bill:

Just finished reading the Christmas issue of the "Redwood". Someone sent it to me, and unfortunately I threw away the wrappings before I found out where it came from. S. C. didn't have the break from all appearances in the Big Game; but at that it must have been some game. Sorry you didn't win, but then there is always another season coming.

I am certainly glad that I joined this branch of the service, although I have been delayed quite a bit thru no fault of mine. But I hope to be a full-fledged pilot one of these days and necessarily have a commission. I've more or less enjoyed myself since we parted, having been thru some little experiences. But my worst is as nothing compared with what some of the boys at the front must be going thru; so why not take everything as a fellow would on a hunting trip with Louis Milburn? That's how I feel about it, and ask Louie if I didn't enjoy myself when we were up at Yosemite.

Cannot get in close touch with any of the old boys over here. Tried to see Ad. Canelo, but failed to make connections.

Regards to all the family, also to the fathers and my old friends at Santa Clara.

Your friend,

PHIL MARTIN.

Philip J. Martin, U. S. Aviation Corps, France.

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Camp Joseph E. Johnston, Jacksonville, Florida, February 8, 1918.

My Dear Father Thornton:

Your prompt reply to my request for a recommendation was a great kindness on your part and an invaluable aid to me for which, Father, I thank you most sincerely.

The opportunity to take an examination for a Second Lieutenancy came as a surprise to me, and the request for letters of recommendations found me totally unprepared. So far the candidates for this commission have taken but a short step to the goal. We must yet stand a military examination on the intricacies of Quartermaster work. For one totally inexperienced the outlook is not particularly bright, but with as much studying as I can do within the next few weeks and the kindly intercession of our Mother of Wisdom, I hope to give a fairly good account of myself. However, the result is exceedingly doubtful.

While the beginning of our military career brought with it some difficulties, a few hardships, the present finds us very comfortable, fairly contented and all anxious to see the thing through to the end.

Jacob L. Miller and myself enlisted Dec. 12, 1918. Jacob is, as you know, a 1917 graduate in law; and it is, I can assure you, Father, our everpresent determination to bear the name of Santa Clara as highly as our abilities permit. It is his intention to apply likewise for a commission at the close of a course in Quartermaster work, upon which we are now entering, at which time he will also doubtless apply to you for like testimonials.

It is a pleasure to me to engage other college men in conversation for the purpose of studying them. There are in our company men from Cornell, Chicago University, Northwestern University, Christian Brothers in St. Joe, Missouri, Stanford, California, and it certainly is a source of pleasure and pride to both Miller and myself to find nothing in them to cause us to wish our education to have been obtained elsewhere than at good old Santa Clara.

We are not at all poorly represented here. Miles Fitzgerald is a sergeant in Clerical Co. No. 3, Capelle Damrel is in a Provisional company of Motor Truck drivers, James Daley is still in a Receiving company, Dan Gilman is also still unassigned. Likewise Tobias Bricca, the mail orderly of his company.

We have just completed a Mission given the men at the camp by a party of Dominican Fathers. It was a grand success. The camp is composed probably of 15,000 men. The average number that attended both the 5:30 A. M. Mass and the evening devotions faithfully for five days was at least 2000. It was certainly a fortunate opportunity for the number of Catholics here, and they took advantage of it well. The services are held in the Knights of Columbus Hall.

I shall see that you are informed, Father, of the results of the examination. For our success I would be glad to have your prayers. I thank you again most sincerely for your innumerable favors of the past, and beg to remain,

Gratefully yours,

GEORGE A. NICHOLSON.

(Editor's Note: As we go to press we learned with pleasure that Mr. George Nicholson passed his examination with honors for a commission).

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Madison, Wisconsin, Jan. 25, 1917.

My Dear Father Ricard:

I suppose you will be surprised at the address of this epistle, but not more so than I am myself.

Without any forewarning at all I was told to report to the Meteorologist at Madison, Wisconsin, was supplied with ticket and commutation from Camp Lewis, and shortly after boarded the train eastward bound, traveled in luxury and arrived here in due time. Much to my surprise, I found this not a military post, but the State University, and the Meteorologist—a splendid man named Eric Miller—told me the Government wanted me to brush up on Meteorology, learn French, improve my knowledge of wireless, learn the U. S. Code and similar things at the university and in a few weeks I would board a battleship for France. So far I have learned nothing new in weather work, but advanced some more direct methods in getting at the same results, much to their surprise. Much of the work they do appears to me antiquated. But they say it



has been done that way for years and the Government has not told them to change, so they are satisfied.

The first morning I was here the thermometer registered 8 degrees below zero, and I had been sent from Camp Lewis without overcoat or other proper wearing apparel. I noticed the slight change in temperature almost immediately. However, I don't mind the cold as I did at Camp Lewis, and am getting on very well considering. Mr. Miller wrote immediately to the Division Headquarters at Chicago, Ill., to the effect that the orders, which came directly from Washington, D. C., ordering me here were not carried out, as they especially provided that I be equipped for overseas service. I expect to hear from them very soon—at least I hope so. Everything is covered with snow and the lakes are all frozen, making it pleasant for the ice skaters and "skeeing".

Why I was picked out of that camp of so many thousands and sent to a big university like this, at the expense of the Government, is a mystery to me. What work I am to do in France is still kept from me; but I heard it intimated that I was to officer some detachment of the "Intelligence Corps". So I suppose there is no backing out for me now, but I do hope I get something worth while, and don't end my days in the regions of father Neptune on the way over.

I am well and hope you are the same. My kindest regards to my good friends at Santa Clara. I expect to be here for at least two weeks yet, and hope I hear from you before I go away. Please pray for my welfare, so that when this war is over I can go back to Santa Clara and continue where I left off.

Yours very sincerely,

ALBERT J. NEWLIN.

Albert J. Newlin, U. S. Weather Bureau, University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wisconsin.

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Fort Rosecrans, Cal., Feb. 27, 1918.

Dear Father Boland:—

Fond remembrances of my Alma Mater and especially of the many happy hours of enraptured enthusiasm I have spent in my philosophy class, even amid the hurried fever of military activity, lead me back to those grand old days in the form of a letter to my friend and teacher.

It has only been a short time since my graduation from Santa Clara, and yet were I to pay her a visit today, I would undoubtedly find many marked changes. Since leaving Santa Clara I have enlisted in the Coast Artillery Service, and before many weeks pass by, I will be somewhere in France, helping in the great cause for democracy. Although we are under heavy military training at present, in preparation for the first step into battle, I will find a few moments each day to apply my educational advantages in the study of artillery.

It has been my one aim to avail myself of all the opportunities possible in preparation for a commission in the Artillery Service, and should the opportunity to attend the Officers' Reserve Training Camp at Fort Monroe, Virginia, ever present itself, I feel that with the advantages I have in mathematics, science and law I ought to be able to give a pretty good account of myself. I hope I am not too presumptuous.

We have been very fortunate in being able to have our winter quarters in Southern California, but our stay here is now limited to a matter of hours. Several former Santa Clara boys are located at Camp Kearney, but all will soon be "over there".

I would like very much to write something the size of a thesis on current happenings, but as time will not permit, aside from the military necessity for brevity, I must at least defer any such rash intention.

I remain most sincerely,

CLARENCE F. NOELTNER.

Clarence F. Noeltner,  
65th Artillery, C. A. C., Battery B.,  
Fort Rosecrans, Cal.

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San Pedro, Cal., Feb. 28, 1918.

Dear Dick:—

You may be surprised on hearing from me so soon; but "pigs is pigs", and so too are promises, promises. First of all I suppose you want to know how I like it. Well, it's great stuff. Today I acted as guide for one of the companies, while last night I went on guard duty from 6:00 P. M. to 8:00 P. M., and today from 4:00 P. M. to 8:00 P. M. This duty befell me because I raised my hand as one having had the manual of arms. Loaded rifle with bayonet fixed, all shouldered by my little self, dressed in a full suit of blues, leggings, and P. coat (mackinaw) were the equipment. Pretty good considering I arrived here but on Tuesday. But I suppose I can thank my ever ready line rather than any capability on my part. Still if you don't come to the fore with a little nerve and, (pardon the expression), bull, you will never get anywhere in the service.

How long I will be here is very uncertain, for they are shipping us out almost as soon as we arrive. The East Coast seems to be the destination of all. I may be a little more fortunate, for several are pulling strings for me to stay, chief among them being Benny Fitzpatrick, who wants me to play on the club down here. As thirty or more arrive daily you can see how rapidly they are being sent out.

I could write pages more, but time is limited, and we turn in at 9:00 P. M., arising at 5:30. Say, boy, don't try to bum out of setting-up exercises any more; for what you have up there is merely child's play along side of the "Swedish" we get here. Two of the boys took the count this morning. Pretty hard going, eh?

Wishing you, Dick, the best of luck, and with best regards to every one and to all the Dads,

I am always,

HERB.

Herbert Garcia,  
U. S. Naval Training Camp,  
San Pedro, Cal.



# The Redwood

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF SANTA CLARA

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The object of The Redwood is to gather together what is best in the literary work of the students, to record University doings and to knit closely the hearts of the boys of the present and the past

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## EDITORIAL

### Censored War News

Shall the war news be censored? No. Why should we not crowd the transport wharves with weeping mothers and Kaiser-cursing fathers? The wharves are strong—they will not break.

Why make the Kaiser's load of troubles greater by necessitating his sending spies over here when they might be helping to lick the Allies?

Why not acknowledge that a German night raid was successful,—because success must come to him who perseveres, and the news would be such a comfort to the Kaiser's mother in law, and to those tillers of the soil who supply the German army?

Why not let us know when there is going to be a battle, so we could bet on the result? Competition is the soul of business, and speculating on battles

has gotten to be a pretty hard business among German sympathizers.

Might we not get the fight by rounds? Why not tell us where our troops are—German airmen tell the Kaiser at a great waste of gasoline.  
\* \* \* Should war news be censored? YES.

### Tempus Fugit

There never was a man who went into an examination with the feeling that he was satisfied with his preparation. There was a minute, now and then which he might have applied to learning something which he now realizes that he doesn't know.

Then how about the man who has bummed a little more than the waster of a few minutes, and then how about the man who has bummed continually? Certainly one of two courses are open to him. Either he must reconcile himself to the fact that he doesn't care—and then regret it afterwards, or he must begin to regret his foolishness immediately.

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead

Who never to himself has said  
When he flunked in the last Exam—  
Some words that rhyme with—and—."

So let's buckle down to business and we'll soon realize that we have started none too soon. Apart from all preaching about moral duty, nothing is so comforting as to realize afterward, although you started late, that you made

a flying finish, and nothing is more disastrous to the enemy than to rush their trenches.

### Dreams

Books — books—books everywhere,—the desk is hung with them and the Statute of Limitations refuses now to let us open them. Cobwebs hang,, string and curl and toss with the breath of wind, but never relinquish their hold, for misuse has claimed the volume. Spiders, ugly enough without overhanging jaws, crawl from the philosophical proof of the Existence of God, to the Rule in Shelly's case, and their long legs would creep—creep through the brain of the dis-user—but that were motion, and there is no motion there.

The dull eye closing—closing, and the human mien, speaks through the tongue of black, ever tempting, ever clawing retrogression. Slipping, sliding,—in an instant the shell from the cannon's mouth and the bedlam of the hell of battle will introduce him to a world,—not a new world but the world of a Medieval day into which the avarice of man, and wealth mis-used must draw us. At the battle's wan, He of the Wooden Cross, He, the Lord of Nations, but the Bestower of Free Will will draw them back and weep for His children lest His Father punish them.

I suppose, gentle Reader, you are wondering what we are trying to say. So am I. Well, it's merely this: in



the unsettled condition in which we now are, with the actuality of service maybe a day, maybe three months off, it is a pretty tough task to do what we would like to do, and what normal times require that we should do in the way of study. But as it is, we open a book and our eyes become filmy as the book drifts away and instead visions of trenches fill our minds. So there you have translated what is contained in the musings of the former two paragraphs.

### **Noble Belgium**

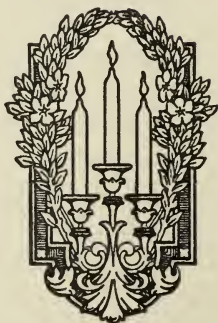
What right has a man, when another would cross his land to murder his neighbor on the other side? Has he not a right to stop him? Is it not his duty to stop him?

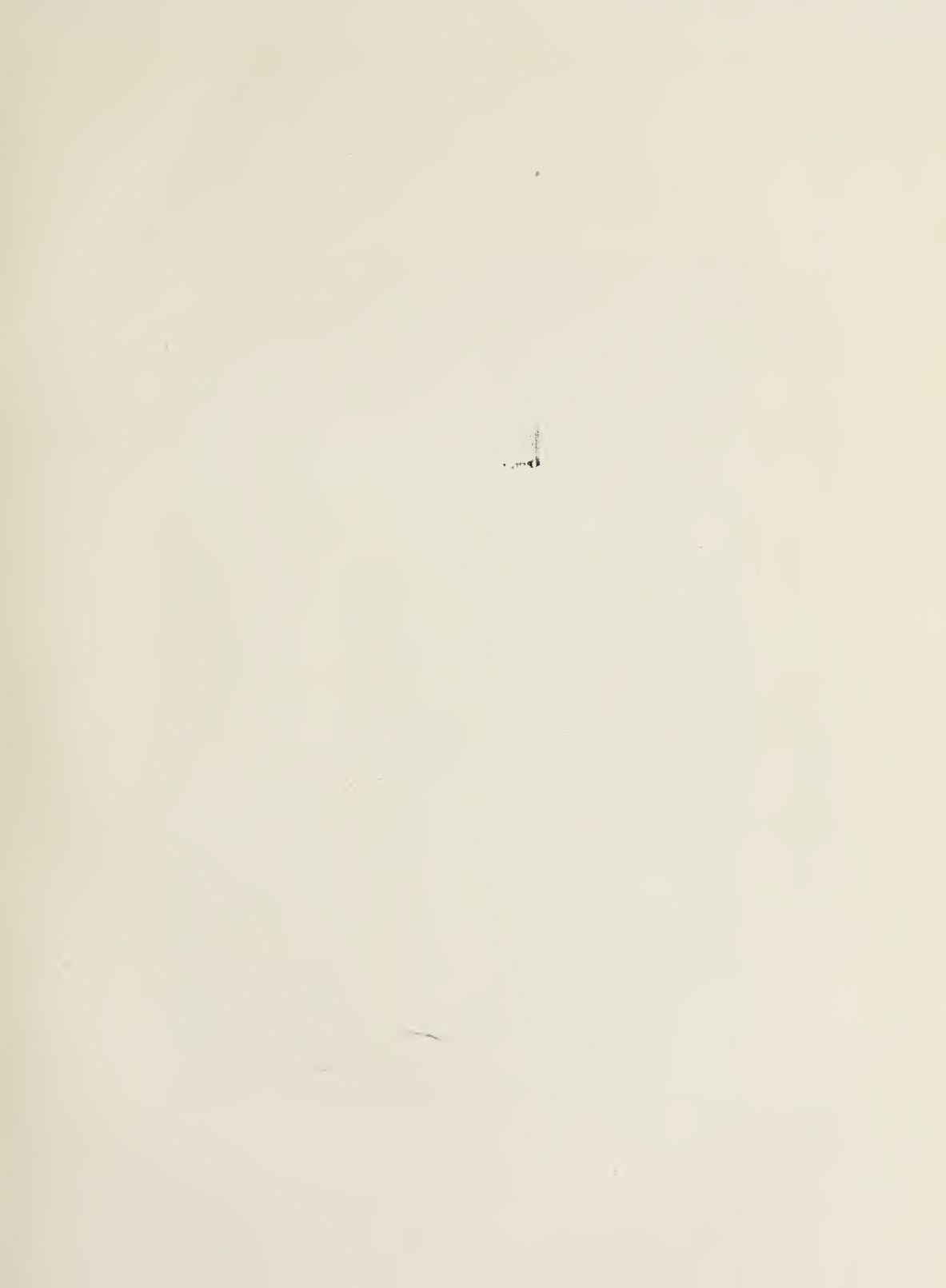
What was the Belgians' course of action when the German Army would have crossed their native land to mur-

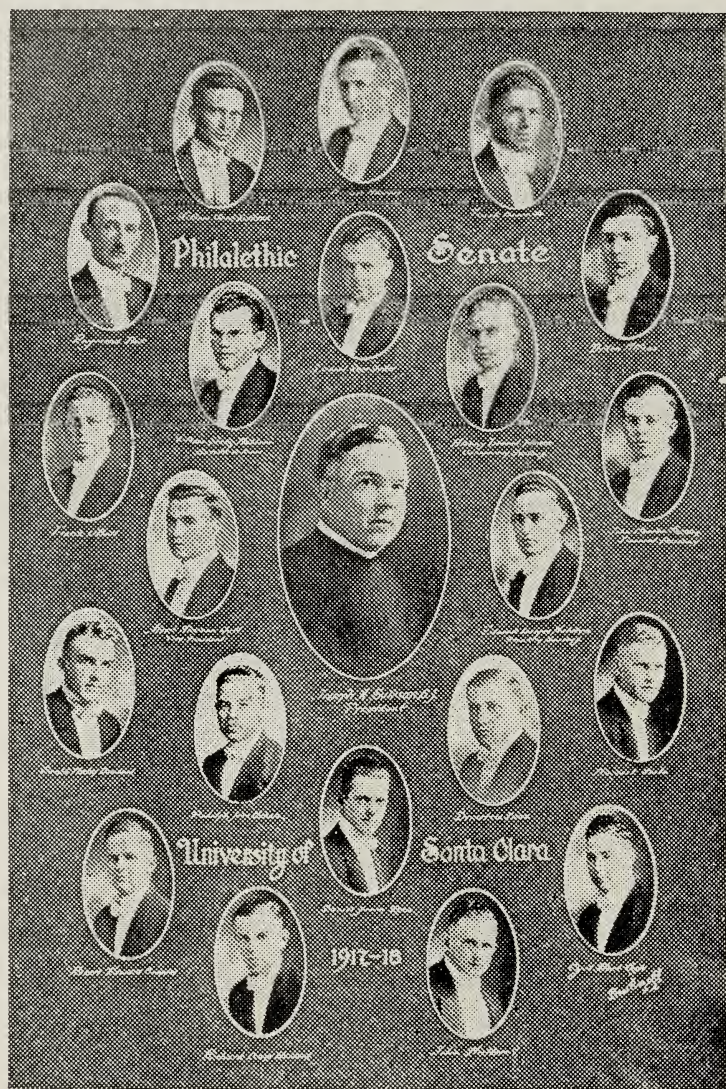
der France, their sister state? Had they a right to try to stop the German Army? Was their duty to give their all, their homes, their lives, to stop them? The Son of God has said, "Greater love hath no man than this, than that he lay down his life for his friend." If it was not their duty, we must honor them for having of their own accord, and without being duty-bound, averted a murderer's aim, and having saved nearly the whole of the civilized world from a scene of slaughter which they could leave no progeny to witness.

Shall we condemn them that they have given their fair land, and their life-blood to save ours? Nay—let us enshrine them in our hearts, and let us pledge ourselves to ever hold them as martyrs, and their deed as a heroic sacrifice.

—Edward L. Nicholson.









# University Notes



## Holy Childhood

We omitted to make mention in our last issue, when speaking of the Retreat given by Father Henry Welch, S. J., of a little donation given by the Student-Body to the Holy Childhood. The object of this Association is, as most are aware, to buy, if need be, care for and educate as Christians the neglected and abandoned children of poor or unnatural parents in far off pagan lands. Referring during the Retreat to this good work merely in passing, and recommending it to the consideration and charity of the students, Father Welch went on to speak of other things and thought no more about it. But the seed had fallen on fertile soil; and at someone's suggestion a collection was taken up at breakfast on the morning the Retreat ended for "Father Welch's Babies", as someone said. And when the nickles, dimes, quarters, halves and dollars were counted the committee met Father Welch and poured \$78.00 on the table before him. The good man was dumbfounded, not knowing whence it came or why, until an explanation was forthcoming. Never before did we so thoroughly experience the joy of giving.

## Old Familiar Faces

Living in times fraught with difficulties, yourself in a position of great uncertainty, your near ones and old pals being taken from you one by one, when you feel all alone and you look around for sympathy and consolation only to find your friends have disappeared,—then it is that you feel discouraged and down in the mouth, and if you don't give way to despair, you may be sure that you are doing so at a great sacrifice.

That's pretty much the way we are now at Santa Clara. And it seems to me that we feel the pangs and hardships of this war in no more keen way than in the separation from those who for years have lived with us as brothers in this big family here at Santa Clara. What mothers and fathers must feel, we can say that we too in a measure feel; but no love can equal a mother's love.

But although keenly feeling the hardships and sacrifices of this war, gripped, as is the rest of the Nation, in the talons of uncertainty with regard to the future, giving freely of her sons to the noble legions of the noblest cause of all, Democracy, Santa Clara



still carries her head high with hope and wears the smile of love and good cheer for all.

Almost every day, it seems, some old familiar face, a face perhaps that was looked upon with admiration and love, a face that bespoke good nature, or a face that gave expression to a heart we could confide our grouch to, is missed and we're told "he's gone to join the colors". If you're looking for something like a campus idol (if there be any such), but someone at least worthy of honor, why you find that Roy Fowler or "Pinkie" Leonard has gone. If your heart is beating gaily and you really want some fun you find "Clabby" Howard or Frank O'Neil absent. If you're looking for a song bird as a sure number for an entertainment, Louie Bergna can't be found. If you want to have a quiet, serious chat with a sincere little fellow, you'll look in vain for Herbie Garcia. If you want to start something, a committee to the President, a field day, a Senate Banquet, the erstwhile man of the hour, Bill Muldoon, will be found to have vanished. Then it is that life seems to lose its color; the bright and sunny days of springtime fade to the dripping winter afternoons that make the campus so desolate. But we must not lose heart; our cause demands that and will demand yet more. We send those we love away with a tear in our eye and a smile on our lips, and a memory in our hearts that time will never wash away. And in the chapel when we talk to Him

who alone can fill the void in human hearts we shall not forget those who once knelt shoulder to shoulder with us at the altar-rail.

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### Sickness

For some weeks, Brother Anthony, trusted keeper of our Infirmary, has been troubled with a mysterious malady, the symptoms of which give one's facial lineaments an unmistakable bloated and decidedly puffed up appearance. After days of diligent applications of generous doses of unfailing salts and iodine, that cure for all diseases, comes the edict from our medical board, said Bro. Anthony plus Joe Bismark, to the effect that the bloated disturber is nothing more or less than the Mumps. So if you become sick, you have the mumps, no matter what the affliction may be; and you are hastily rushed off to the isolation ward of O'Connor's Sanitarium. But, thank God, the unwelcome guest has gone its rounds and we are once more safe and sound.

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### Senate Banquet

Father Sullivan and his august Senatorial Body held their annual banquet on February 12. Such a display of grandeur has not been seen at the Hotel Vendome, San Jose, where the banquet was held, for many a moon. The guest of honor was Rev. Richard A. Gleeson, S. J., Provincial of the

Province of California and former President of Santa Clara; and the intellectual pabulum of the evening, to say nothing of that which appealed to the inner man, was of an exceptionally high order. The toastmaster was Edward L. Nicholson '18, and the following replied to his appropriate toasts: "The Senate and the Church," Rev. Richard A. Gleeson; "The Senate and Men of Affairs," Hon. J. J. Barrett; "The Senate and the Army," Capt. Joseph L. Donovan, U. S. A.; "The Senate and the Nation," Albert A. Quill; "The Senate of Yesterday," Hilding Johnson; and lastly we have the most eloquent, the most gripping of all, and strange to say without a title, Rev. William Boland, S. J. The Society is to be highly congratulated on this unqualified success.

### Mountain League

Midst a blare of military brass, lead by the inimitable "Fat" Howell, the ancient organization of "Ye Old Mountain League" once more condescended to come forth from the recesses of hibernation and to gambol on the green sward, playing AT the game of baseball. We say "at baseball" advisedly. With a trio of unequaled celebrities as its leaders, whose paternal vigilance and fatherly eye will guide the destinies of the organization, we have every reason to hope that its life will be a happy one. Up to date only one quarrel has marred the actual proceedings. Under the leadership of "Jawn" Muldoon, the "Gobs", a term

better known to those of maritime tendencies, will endeavor to cop the bunting. R. "Giraffe" Don, of the big brown eyes and springy hair, will surely be able to lead the "Hobos" to utter defeat. But the "Sing Kees," better known as the 1000 to 1 shot, will beyond all peradventure of a doubt, under the able guidance of D. Porfirio Diaz, a late adviser of "Carramba" Carranza, and aided by the deep counsels of President Quill, capture all of the bacon that is captureable in the ensuing schedule. There is this to be remarked, however, that the knotty problems of schedule, disputes and finances mayhap have to be referred for solution to Hillyard, Wash., where resides the one and only Father Gianera, the Ecclesiastical Plenipotentiary of last year's league. Here's to the Mountain League! May it live long and prosper!

### House

The stage is set. When the curtain rises on the night of the Ryland Debate both the Senators and the public at large will be presented with a "Triumvirate" that is bound to make an impression and also a depression—impression as to the audience, and depression as to the Senators.

The question for this year's discussion is, Resolved: That after the war the government will permanently operate the railroads. And the House has this time espoused the negative side of the issue.

Representative Eugene R. Jaeger

will make the opening speech in behalf of the House and we know from experience and association that in back of that "Himalayan" brow much resides.

The second speaker, and none the less able to meet the occasion is Rep. Francis M. Conneally, whose past records along these lines needs no meager recounting of ours.

And lastly, but by no means least—as you will see—Rep. James B. O'Connor will arrest your attention and conviction with his persuasive 100,000 horse-power vim and vigor, direct and unfailing illucidations. We put great stock in our Irish Politician.

### J. D. S.

The interest of the Junior Dramatic Society is centered, at present, upon the competitive debates to be run off during March. From these debates six best speakers will be selected by competent judges for the final debate which will be put through after the Easter vacations. These young speak-

ers most naturally are warm with emulation. To win first place as a debater in the J. D. S. is no small honor. But there is added another consideration. The President has put up two prizes—worth speaking for, he avers—to be awarded the best and second best debater. The participants in the first debate are Messrs. Riordan, Michaels, Hiller, and Neary.

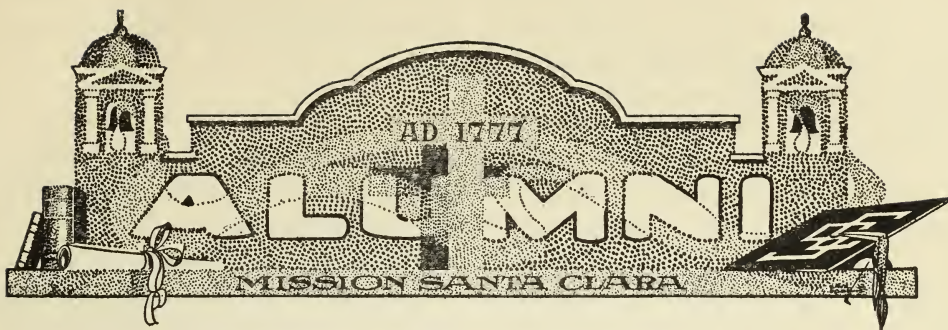
### Military Mass

Sunday, April 28th, is the day set apart for the next big Military affair; and this time it is to be an open air Military Mass. The hour will be around noon, and the Mass, unless present arrangements fall through, will be sung by Bishop John Cantwell of Los Angeles, while Archbishop Edward J. Hanna of San Francisco, will preach the sermon. In the afternoon will be held the competitive drill of the companies of Santa Clara's unit of the R. O. T. C.

Norbert Korte.







The most prominent local event which concerned the Alumni of Santa Clara recently was the Senate banquet which took place at the Hotel Vondome on the 12th of February. The banquet was an unqualified success in every way and several prominent alumni, notably John J. Barrett and James P. Sex, graced the affair by masterful orations. Mr. Barrett's speech was a gem and the Senators were given a shining example of the benefits of Senate training.

**'92** Charles Graham and Charles Strueb have taken unto themselves the destinies of the San Francisco Ball Club, commonly known as the Seals. Graham was graduate coach of the Santa Clara nine when Strueb was one of the stars on the varsity. "Charley" Strueb is one of the best known dentists in San Francisco and demonstrated the broadness of his interests by purchasing a block in the stock of the ball club.

**'04** It is with grief that we learn of the death of Jack Collins' mother, who went to her reward on March 2. Our heart goes out to Jack in his loss. For some time has his mother been invalided, and during all these years Jack has shown himself attentive and kind in a way the equal of which has yet to come under our notice.

**'07** It becomes our sad duty to record the death of the mother of John Byrnes, who passed from this life on the first Friday of February, 1918. She was especially devoted to the Sacred Heart and it was her constant wish to go to her Creator on a first Friday. We send our expression of heartfelt sorrow to Mr. Byrnes and may the soul of his dear mother rest in peace.

**Ex '08** W. Hamm has enlisted in the Marine Corps and is now stationed at Mare Island, where



he was on hand to welcome the varsity nine when it journeyed there to hand the sailors a 10-2 trimming. Hamm is making a name for himself as a scene painter, doing all that work in the theater erected for the Tars and Marines at Mare Island.

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**Ex '13** Louis J. Bergez was married on the 24th of November, 1918, to Miss Francis Elizabeth Meston of Santa Barbara. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Father Villa, S. J., in the Catholic Church of Santa Barbara. We send our congratulations to the happy couple and at the same time send our pardon for the belated announcement of the ceremony.

Mel Fowler has been sent to Columbia University, New York City, to study for advancement. Fowler joined the Naval Reserve and his advancement is the result of hard labor and initiative.

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**'14** The flying strain seems to run in the Martin family for Phil Martin is now somewhere in France in the air service of his country. He writes home constantly and several of the fellows have received letters from him. He likes the work but cannot tell of his experiences on account of the rigid censorship.

Walter Lyng is at present convalescing in Nevada after an extended ill-

ness. He holds the position of Collector of Internal Revenue in San Francisco.

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**'16**

The following from the Mariposa Gazette, speaks for itself:

"Louis T. Milburn of Mariposa announces himself in this issue as a candidate for the office of District Attorney of Mariposa county, to be voted for at the primary election to be held on Tuesday, August 27, 1918.

"Mr. Milburn is a native of Mariposa and a son of Mrs. D. E. Bertken of this town. After several years of study he graduated some time since with high honors in his chosen profession—that of the law—and is capable in every respect to fill the office he seeks with honor to himself and justice to the people of the county.

"After his graduation he returned to Merced and associated himself with the law firm of Griffin, Shaffer and Ostrander and where he made for himself a record that he can well be proud of. He returned to Mariposa last December and since that time has practised law here, making friends and clients at a rapid rate and he is already recognized as the leading attorney of the county. Sober, reliable and honest, he appears before the public with a clean record and if elected to the position he seeks the office would be placed in no safer or competent hands."

We believe every word of the above

commendation, for if there is anyone who deserves all that is coming to him it is Louie Milburn. We're proud of him. Also before we forget it, how is the duck-hunting, Louie?

Nicholas Martin, President of the Student-Body before his graduation, has registered in the School of Aviation in Berkeley and will try for a commission. His past record points to the fact that he will make good. "Nick" returned from Georgetown University, Washington, D. C., to enlist in the Flying Corps and was at college for a few days prior to enlistment. Good luck, Nick.

George Nicholson, athletic manager, debater and most popular man on the campus during his years at the University has won the commission of second lieutenant; with the result that Bill Cannon's ambition to make said Nicholson salute him is farther than ever from realization, both being now of the same rank. George enlisted in the Quartermaster Corps, and by his constant attendance to duty and by his sterling qualities won the coveted bars. George is bound to make good and we send him all success on his journey "Over There".

Ben Hewitt is now attending St. Louis University and has enlisted in the Medical Reserve and expects to be called at any time although he may be permitted to pursue his studies at the University.

"Gentleman James" Fitzpatrick has entered the School for Naval Aviation

and now is somewhere in the southland in the maritime uniform. Fitz was one of the best all around athletes who ever registered at this University and coached last year's Fresman fifteen.

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**Ex '17** Jack Bale is now teaching in the San Francisco Polytechnical School and is doing extremely well. Jack is one of the most loyal of the old fellows and keeps in touch with many old Santa Clarans, as well as with his Alma Mater.

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**'17** Richard Fox, one of the most brilliant graduates of the College of Engineering who ever attended this University is at present in New York and is confined to the hospital with scarlet fever. He is convalescing rapidly however and will soon be on his way over. Fox will make good if constant application and knowledge of the business of engineering counts for anything. He gave up a remunerative position with the Westinghouse Company to answer the call to the colors.

"Swede" Jensen who was recently called in the Naval Reserve to San Pedro was given the honor of being one of the few chosen to go to New York to study for advancement. "Swede" was one of the most earnest students in his class and won his degree with high honors. "Olaf" will make good if anybody will and the Redwood sends him best wishes and good luck.

"Goat" Curtin who has been in the Naval Reserve for some few months received his notice to appear and left for San Pedro on the 3rd of March. Curtin was one of the best hookers the Varsity rugby team ever saw and besides was a track and basketball star of no mean ability. Fight 'em, James.

**Ex '18** Bill Muldoon, known to every Santa Claran, celebrated his advent to the army by winning the half mile race from a classy field in the fast time of 2:08 in the first Camp Fremont inter-regimental meet, held at Stanford field. Muldoon enlisted in the 319th Engineers and is stationed at Camp Fremont.

It was learned yesterday that Adrian V. Prothero, the erstwhile famous right guide of C Company, has won distinction at American Lake. He has won the position of first sergeant in the Quartermaster Corps, and has had his company of 250 men out for drill on several occasions. The rudiments picked up at Santa Clara are evidently standing him in good stead. Prothero's rapid advancement is not to be wonder-

ed at as he was one of the most earnest and hard working students while at college. He has to work twelve hours a day regularly, but in spite of this he likes the life and writes a very interesting letter of camp life.

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**Ex '19** Dan Donovan who made a specialty of chemistry while at college, has enlisted in the Naval Reserve and reported at San Pedro on the 2nd of March.

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**Ex '20** "Duke" McNeil, the songbird from Nevada, and prominent exponent of the social life, has enlisted in the Marines and is now on duty at Mare Island. The fellows who saw him say that "Duke" was the class in the Marine uniform. His Marine mates have already dubbed him "Slats".

Harold Riordan is in the Medical Corps at Camp Kearney and has not as yet been moved, but expects to cross the water soon.

J. Charles Murphy.





## S. C. Men with the Colors



(Editor's Note. Last month we published a list of two hundred Santa Clara men now in the Service. We here append corrections and additions which have come to our notice during the month.)

### CORRECTIONS.

Noeltner, Clarence  
Howard, Craig  
Welch, Leo

65th Art., C. A. C., Fort Rosecrans, Cal.  
Navy, Mare Island, Cal.  
"The Grizzlies", Camp Kearney

### ADDITIONS.

Agnew, James  
Arbuna, Joseph  
Briare, John  
Brown, Warren  
Canaphe, Louis  
Collins, Charles  
Daley, James  
Diepenbroch, Anthony  
Diepenbroch, Joseph  
Donovan, Daniel  
EARL, WILLIAM

Forestry Engineers, France  
2nd Lieut., V. O. R., South San Francisco. Cal.  
Naval Reserves  
17th Co., Fort McDowell, Cal.  
Navy  
Machine Gun Corps, England  
Rec. Co., Camp Johnston, Fla.  
Medical Corps, Camp Kearney  
Motor Mechanics, Camp Hancock, Ga.  
Naval Reserve, San Pedro, Cal.

### KILLED IN ACTION WITH AMERICAN ARMY, FRANCE, FEB., 1918.

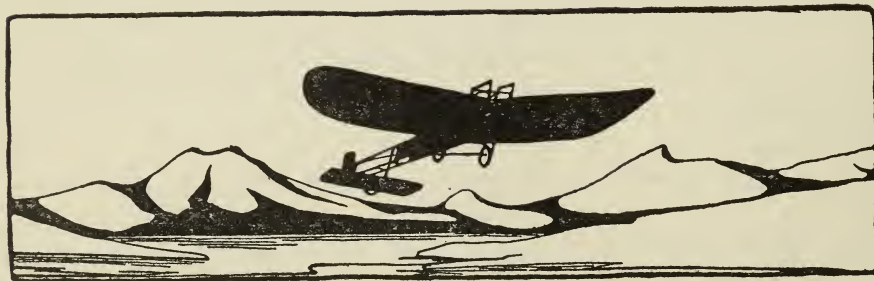
Edwards, Alton  
Egli, Ellsworth  
Enright, Cyril  
Forster, Ygnacio  
Fowler, Ben  
Gallagher, Ed.  
Gennochio, Andrew  
Goodwin, Maurice  
Graham, Emmett  
Gray, Chalmers  
Hallinan, Jerome

1st Lieut., "Grizzlies", Camp Kearney  
Army  
Navy  
144th F. A., Camp Kearney, Cal.  
National Army, Camp Lewis, Wash.  
Marines, Mare Island, Cal.  
Medical Corps, Presidio, Cal.  
Navy  
Signal Corps, France  
Naval Reserve, San Pedro, Cal.  
Q. M. C., Presidio, Cal.



## THE REDWOOD

Hamm, William	Navy, Mare Island, Cal.
Hanlon, William Jones	Army, Texas
Hauser, Paul	Army
High, Russ	363rd Inf., Camp Lewis, Wash.
Hoffman, Herman	1st Lieut., M. C., Presidio, Cal.
Kavanagh, J.	Medical Corps, Presidio, Cal.
McCarthy, Daniel	Hospital Corps, Camp Kearney, Cal.
Marston, Charles	Army
McKnight, Edward	Medical Corps, Camp Kearney, Cal.
McNeil, Thomas	Marines, Mare Island, Cal.
Morris, Eugene	Medical Corps, Camp Kearney, Cal.
Morrison, Henry	1st Lieut., M. C., Camp Fremont, Cal.
Muldoon, William	319th Engineers, Camp Fremont, Cal.
O'Neil, Ira	Army, France
O'Neil, Henry	"Grizzlies", Camp Kearney, Cal.
O'Neil, John T.	Aviation
Rollins, William	Army, Camp Kearney, Cal.
Twohy, James	23rd Engineers, Laurel, Md.
Walsh, Matt	"Grizzlies", Camp Kearney, Cal.
White, William	Marines, Mare Island, Cal.
Wood, E.	Army, Camp Kearney, Cal.





“The time has come,” said the Walrus  
To talk of many things,—  
Of prose and poems and bits of verse—  
Some cabbages—some kings.”

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## Lumina

In our search for these many things, whose time has come to be talked of, we find “Winter”, “Visions”, “Brooks”, “Snowflakes”, “Valentines” and “Wishes” to be the result of the Lumina’s clasping the knees of the muse. We must give its poets credit for being at least versatile; even if their productions should be—how does the verse have it?—oh yes!—“some cabbages, some kings”. And of the latter there was one indeed, the noblest Roman of them all, with his ermine cloak of imagery, jeweled crown of thought, and diadem of diction. Yes, “Brook” ran along very smoothly and was a credit to the author for his sense of the poetics. At the very beginning it strikes the pitch to which all its lines are to vibrate—a pitch just fitting such an idyllic little fancy as it is. It ends:

“Within the vale I stood  
And Nature’s tenderest benison was mine—  
I heard all proclaim the perfect God,  
And felt that simple living was divine.”

It is refreshing to find a bit of well-moulded poetry now and again, while grubbing amongst the various tender outbursts of much more tender youth. However we must not be cynical—that common weakness of ‘Change Men. A bit of poetry in all these magazines is indeed gladening; for common verse, like the poor, we have always with us.

But alas! pride must have its fall, and Lumina its “Winter”. Here is one of its two sentences:

“Amid the trembling tree-tops now  
the cry  
Of shrieking winds that rage like  
ghosts unlaid  
Foretell the advent of the melancholy  
raids  
Of snow and storm from Pluto’s  
realms set free  
From caves, where walls with frost-  
ed art inlaid,  
Denied the chafing tempest liberty

To blight the land or toss the troubled sea."

Lumina, we thought you never would be able to

"thread the musky-circled mazes" of that last flow of rhetoric. More power to you, but you came near losing your breath. And if Aeolus heard that about the winds being confined in Pluto's realms I am sure he would be jealous. However, "Visions" is not so bad, though it does not display any poetic intensity. And that is what makes "A Valentine" a real little gem. We are half afraid we will not be allowed to quote it; we have quoted so very much already. However, we'll try, and if it gets past the editor so much the better.—

"For all the worries, all the cares  
That I have caused thee, Mother mine,  
And for the love thy warm heart bears  
That closer links my heart with thine;  
For all the kindly mother-thought,  
For all the lessons thou has taught  
Find here the warm love thou hast sought,  
And let me be, dear Mother mine,  
Thy Valentine."

The prose does not elicit any especial praise, being very mediocre.

It is a far cry from the tenderness of the lines above to this parody on

Tennyson's dirge, that we found in the pages of the Marquette Journal,

"Broke, broke, broke,  
On Christmas Eve, O, Gee!"

and farther on

"While I search the pave for a stub."

Well, I suppose it all comes out in the wash, but what heights and depths and shades and glares of that art of poesy are we subjected to! And that last was not in the comic section; though the alms-house might have accepted it because of its age. "When You Join the Q. M. C." is done in Kipling style; at least in the regimental slang and regimental swing; but of course it has nothing like

"And the dawn came up like thunder out of China 'cross the bay."

Of your prose, Marquette, the story about the diplomat is fair, and "Billy-Goat" very poor. Now in the latter the author shows absolutely no understanding of the humanity of character. In the language of the cross-examiner we ask you—Do you really think that a girl in love with a young soldier, (as usual), would shame him before the company just for a joke? Do you ever think that she would disguise herself thus in a ludicrous costume if she were as lovely as she is depicted? But the author is one of the sex herself. Can it be that they view the rest of their sex in a different light than we? But before we begin to moralize we will say good-bye to Marquette, with the admo-

dition that being a Journalistic Magazine it discard that nervous, slangy workaday stuff it seems to cater to, and try the air currents on a higher plane. We must look above; we cannot look too high, for

“—a man’s reach should exceed  
his grasp,  
Or what’s a heaven for.”

### Univ. of Tennessee

“The Magic Writer” in the University of Tennessee Magazine is well done. This character sketch is very true to life; it could almost have been written of our own Mark Twain. “One or Two” is a simple little lyric that is rather nicely sung.

“As I sat last night I dreamed of  
you,  
Just dreamed, you know, as I often  
do.  
But dreams, alas! don’t all come  
true.”—

And so on; it was really not so bad. The rythm could be better, but we are willing to pass that by occasionally. And again “Rose in My Water-Jar” is

an agreeable little poem that lilts sweetly along.

“Sweet thing I have taken  
Dost mourn for thy sear  
And thy fellows forsaken?”

The University of Tennessee Exchanges are one of the best written and entertaining parts of the book.

### The Tattler

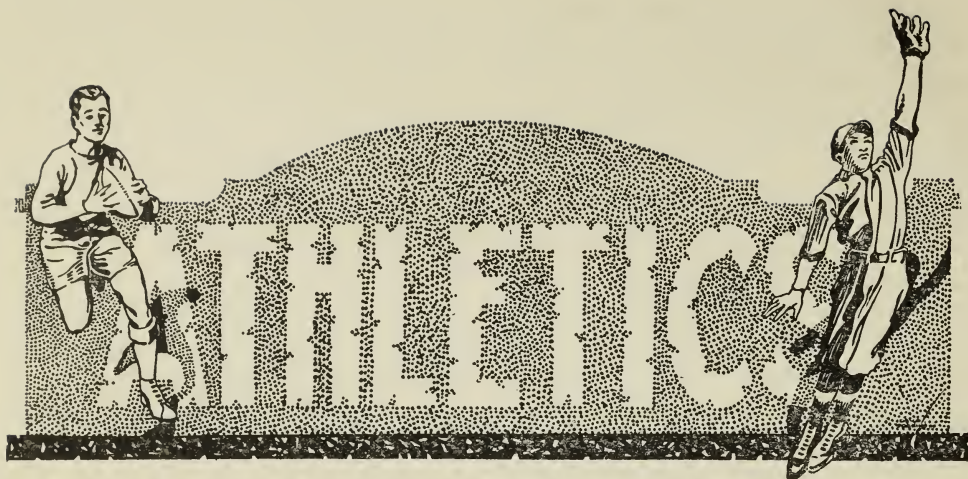
And then, well, when young misses write poetry we sometimes feel a great deal like uttering with heartfelt vehemence that word which expresses the plight of the goats that will have been herded to the southward. Listen to this:

“Brick house,  
Snow on the roof;  
Dead tree,  
Snow on the tree.  
Smoke from Reusens,  
Smoke from laundry  
Baker shivering by,  
And withal ’tis winter.”

O Tattler, lovely Tattler,  
How could you be so mean  
To butcher English poetry  
In your darling magazine?

W. Kevin Casey.





Basketball season is supposed to be in progress yet, but the dopster will look in vain for the records of any games played last month. And the reason is not far to seek. It is extremely difficult to get games that would furnish anything like adequate competition to the varsity. Even though it does not seem exactly modest for us to say it ourselves, still the truth is, that it seems very doubtful if Santa Clara ever had a more evenly balanced Basketball Team than that which represents her this year. In not a single game thus far played has there been offered any real competition. True, such teams as the world-famous Olympic Club and Oakland Golds, the equals of any teams in the country, are not on the floor this year, but though barely edged out by them last season, we have a quintet that is about 25 per cent better than that which wore the S. C. last year. But we hope next month to have something to record. California won't

play, though, goodness knows, we've tried every means to get a game; even offering to bar Freshman. No use. Stanford, for various reasons, canceled the games previously arranged, but we hope to clash yet; while there remain games with St. Ignatius and probably Davis Farm.

But if basketball is dead or dying, baseball assuredly is not. Mr. Edward Spencer is doing great work with that ball club of his. He started with one veteran of last year's wonderful team, Jerry Desmond, the rest to a man being in the service; and then he looked around the campus, issued a call for material and if he hasn't rounded together an outfit of colts that look to me for all the world like a ball club, then I am no fit judge of horse-flesh. And what is of primary importance, they hit the ball on the nose, just when it is needed; and hitting is the positive part of baseball, fielding being merely negative.

**Campbell 9.****Santa Clara 7.**

On Sunday, February the tenth, the fast Campbell aggregation of ball tossers got the better of the Varsity. The day being an ideal one to indulge in the pleasures afforded by the National pastime, a large crowd was on hand, and at the outset it looked as though Santa Clara would conquer. However, the onslaught of Campbell's heavy artillery proved too much for Durkin, and he was forced to retire in the third inning. Guichon, who replaced him, was a little more effective, but the lead gained by the enemy was too great; hence the pyramids.

**SANTA CLARA.**

	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Fitzpatrick, 2b .....	4	3	2	1	2	0
Grace, John, cf .....	4	1	1	2	0	0
Manelli, lf .....	4	2	3	1	0	0
Desmond, 1b .....	4	0	1	9	0	0
Larrey, c .....	3	1	0	5	1	1
Mackey, rf .....	3	0	0	1	0	0
Williams, ss .....	4	0	1	2	4	0
Grace, Jim, 3b .....	3	0	0	2	2	0
Durkin, p .....	1	0	0	0	0	0
Guichon, p .....	2	0	1	0	1	0
Totals .....	32	7	9	24	10	1

**CAMPBELL.**

	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Esola, rf .....	4	3	2	1	0	0
Culbertson, ss .....	4	2	1	2	3	1
Scott, cf .....	4	1	0	2	0	0
Pratt, c .....	4	0	1	9	1	0
Perry, 1b .....	3	1	1	10	0	1
Philips, p .....	3	0	0	0	1	0

**AB R H PO A E**

Rhyne, H., 2b .....	3	1	2	1	3	0
Rhyne, M., 3b .....	2	0	0	0	1	0
Bellaney, lf .....	3	1	0	2	0	0
Totals .....	30	9	7	27	9	1

**Santa Clara 10.****Stanford 8.**

In a game replete with the thrills that usually accompany a ninth inning rally, the Varsity defeated Stanford upon the latter's own grounds. Stanford got off to an early start and it looked bad for the Varsity when they entered the ninth inning with the score eight to five against them. However, it was right here that the Stanford battery struck a snag, and when the dust caused by their fall had cleared away, the score stood, Santa Clara 10, Stanford 8.

There were two on and none out when Coach "Tub" Spencer sent young Mackey in as a pinch hitter and the old story which you have so often read, came to pass. Mackey delivered himself of a three-bagger, scoring two men. This seemed to unnerve Barnes, the Stanford flinger, and he forthwith issued two passes to first. Then our goodly coach deemed it highly advisable to send in another pinch hitter, and after looking over his nucleus of anxiously awaiting youngsters, he picked young Larrey. When the Stanford fielders regained possession of the ball which Larrey had sent soaring through space at a mighty clip, they found this person Larrey, resting easily upon

third base; "nuff sed". Stanford was unable to do anything with Leavy's curve in its half of this inning.

#### SANTA CLARA.

	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Scholz, 3b .....	4	2	1	1	2	0
Grace, cf .....	4	3	3	1	0	0
Manelli, lf .....	4	2	3	2	0	0
Desmond, 1b .....	3	0	1	11	0	1
Fitzpatrick, 2b .....	4	1	3	1	2	0
Hoebling, rf .....	4	1	1	1	0	0
Williams, ss .....	3	0	0	3	2	0
Garcia, c .....	3	0	1	7	1	0
Berg, p .....	0	0	0	0	0	0
Fowler, p .....	1	0	0	0	0	0
Leavey, p .....	0	0	0	0	0	0
Mackey* .....	1	1	1	0	0	0
Larrey* .....	1	0	1	0	0	0
Totals .....	30	10	14	27	7	1

#### STANFORD.

	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Dickey, 3b .....	4	2	1	2	1	0
Wayland, lf .....	4	1	2	1	0	0
Knox, rf .....	4	0	1	2	0	0
Lilly, cf .....	4	1	2	1	0	0
Campbell, c .....	3	0	0	7	0	0
Davis, 1b .....	3	1	2	10	0	1
Doe, 2b .....	3	0	0	2	1	0
Galloway, ss .....	3	2	1	1	3	0
Liefer, p .....	1	1	0	0	0	0
Barnes, p .....	2	0	0	0	0	0
Totals .....	31	8	9	27	5	1

**Santa Clara 9.**

**Sailors 2.**

On Wednesday, February the twenty-seventh, the Varsity journeyed to Mare Island, and added Duffy Lewis'

Sailors to the lists of its defeated foes. A left arm swung by a certain Mister Berg proved too much of a bewilderment to the sailors, and after the first inning all they could see was the swing of Mr. Berg's "soup-bone" and a thing that looked like a pea coming at them. In consequence of this exhibition, the sailors collected only two hits, while the Varsity gathered six. Guess who won.

#### SANTA CLARA.

	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Scholz, 3b .....	1	1	0	0	2	0
Grace, rf .....	3	0	0	2	0	0
Manelli, lf .....	3	0	0	1	0	0
Desmond, 1b .....	4	0	0	11	0	0
Fitzpatrick, 2b .....	3	2	1	1	2	0
Hoebling, cf .....	4	2	1	2	0	0
Williams, ss .....	4	2	2	0	3	0
Larrey, c .....	4	2	1	1	0	0
Berg, p .....	2	2	1	0	0	0
Totals .....	28	9	6	18	7	0

#### MARE ISLAND SAILORS.

	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Cain, cf .....	2	1	1	1	0	0
Campbell, ss .....	3	0	0	2	3	3
Gage, 3b .....	3	1	1	2	2	1
Merriman, 1b .....	1	0	0	7	0	0
Ritter, 2b .....	1	0	0	1	2	0
Burtleson, lf .....	1	0	0	1	0	0
Barnett, rf-p .....	1	0	0	1	0	0
Ewing, c .....	2	0	0	3	0	0
McFadden, p-rf .....	2	0	0	0	0	0
Totals .....	16	2	2	18	7	4



**Sanitary Train 7. Santa Clara 5.**

The pitching of Rixey, a former world's championship star of the Athletics, was too much for the Varsity. Nevertheless it took him ten innings of good ball to turn the trick and it was only after he had retired the last man that everything was safe and sound.

The Sanitary Train started with the gun, gathering four runs in the 3rd inning and increasing their lead by two more in the 5th inning, until the two teams entered the eventful eighth with Santa Clara two runs in arrears. Then the Varsity staged a come back and tied the score, only to be nosed out in the tenth, when Berg, who replaced Guichon in that inning, hit three batsmen in succession.

Guichon pitched a masterful game, allowing only three hits. Errors were responsible for the majority of the Sanitary Trains' runs.

**SANTA CLARA.**

	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Scholz, 3b .....	5	2	1	0	2	0
Grace, rf .....	4	2	0	0	0	0
Manelli, lf .....	5	1	1	4	0	2
Fitzpatrick, 2b .....	5	0	2	3	1	1
Hoeftling, cf .....	4	0	2	0	0	0
Desmond, 1b .....	3	0	0	9	0	0
Williams, ss .....	4	0	1	4	1	1
Larrey, c .....	3	0	0	9	0	0
Guichon, p .....	3	0	0	1	3	1
Berg, p .....	0	0	0	0	0	0
Bresnan .....	1	0	0	0	0	0
Totals .....	37	5	7	30	7	5

**SANITARY TRAIN.**

	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Coughlan, ss .....	5	1	0	2	2	2
Brien, 2b .....	4	0	0	3	2	0
Pedroni, 1b .....	5	1	1	9	1	1
Lindsey, 3b .....	5	3	1	1	0	0
Floid, lf .....	4	0	0	1	0	1
Vecchi, rf .....	4	1	0	2	0	0
Bussiert, cf .....	4	1	1	0	0	0
Dobbins, c .....	3	0	0	11	2	3
Rixey, p .....	4	0	0	1	4	0
Totals .....	39	7	3	30	11	7

Norbert Korte.

**PREP NOTES.**

Once again do we cast our eyes upon the activities of Prepdom, and it is as usual that with no little pride do we note the achievements of the young set. Although basketball has about outlived its career of usefulness as far as this season is concerned, still one more scalp was attached to our belt on the evening of March 2nd when the team took on the Academy Boys of the College of Pacific on their own court. And regardless of the fact that the Preps had not touched a basketball for weeks, we nevertheless defeated our opponents, 34 to 20. The line-up: Humphrey and Moran, forwards; Hyland, center; Ferrario, Grace and Reddy, guards. Humphrey and Hyland, to say nothing of Grace and his superior guarding, are deserving of especial mention; and as for the Black and



Gold quintet, a tall boy, labeled "Huskey", was their real hero of the evening.

So that game, I believe, puts the quintet on basketball for this season, there being nothing left to play. That our season has been a successful one there can be no doubt. Ten victories and one defeat is not a bad showing for any team, at least so we judge so. And that defeat, by the way, does not really belong to us, for it was scored by the 8th Infantry, a Camp Fremont team. Those dough boys are the class of the soldier teams in these parts, and have been playing all the varsity teams round about. But we had a game scheduled at Fremont with another team; on arriving we discovered that the other team was not free, but the 8th offered to take us on. Willing to try anything once we were game. We got home alive alright, having lost by about 20 points. But later on we had the satisfaction of seeing the Varsity trim them by something in the neighborhood of 50 points.

But now King Baseball is here and the Preps have gotten off to a good start. They have played but one game up to the present, and that was with Stanford Freshman; but they gave a very good account of themselves, bringing home the long end of a 7 to 3 score. The outfield looked like Big Leaguers, taking in something like ten drives, and not easy ones either. Hyland, Humphrey and Dick Williams were the guilty trio. If Dick Williams would

only show a little more jazz he would make a wonderful ball player; for he is as graceful a lad in the field as we have around the institution. So wake up, Richard, boy! Frank O'Connor pitched that game and did well, allowing but few hits and those well scattered. And the team played well behind him. The infield comprised Ferrario behind the mask, Charlie Brown at first, Judge at second, Pipes at short, while Gus O'Connor held down third.

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### MOUNTAIN LEAGUE.

With fitting pomp and ceremony, as has been noted elsewhere in this issue, with a procession headed by a brass band, the Mountain League, magnates, mere players, and all marched up the main street of Santa Clara, on the morning of February 27, thence to the Varsity Field, where was staged the first game of the 1918 Season. To those who have followed the notes of the Redwood or affairs at Santa Clara during the past years, the Mountain League will need no introduction. Organized by such notables as "General Stuttich" Marenovich and "Pope" Gaffey, it still exists, nay even thrives, owing to the spirit infused by those founders into those who now hold their places as dignitaries, not unworthy sons of such illustrious founders. 'Tis said their ghosts are seen to flit around the campus in the wee hours of the morning.

To the uninitiated we might explain

that those eligible to the Mountain League are men of the College Department who are not on the Varsity squad. Three teams make up the organization, and of these, the Gobs, headed by "Bag" Muldoon, and the Hobos, under the tender care of Bobbie Don we have nothing whatever to remark, except that they have each taken a game from the third team, and that all their future actions will speak for themselves. But it is of the third team that we have our dire misgivings. They are led by "Dumpy" Diaz, bandit chieftan that he is; that in itself is bad enough. But aside from that it is with tears in our eyes that we think of the name they have taken unto themselves, and on account of it the entire league seems doomed to utter failure. And as for uttering it it is with fear and trembling that we essay to do so; and we cannot but predict dire catastrophe and un-failing woe to "Dumpy" and his band of—sh!—whisper it softly, brother,—SING KEE'S. For considering all the anathemas that have of recent days been launched against Sing Kee—venerable Chink, Weather Prophet, Laundryman, and last, but not least, conductor of a lottery,—we cannot but feel that the god of baseball will inflict condign punishment on all who venture to have aught to do with one so cursed and ostracized.

### ALLIES' LEAGUE.

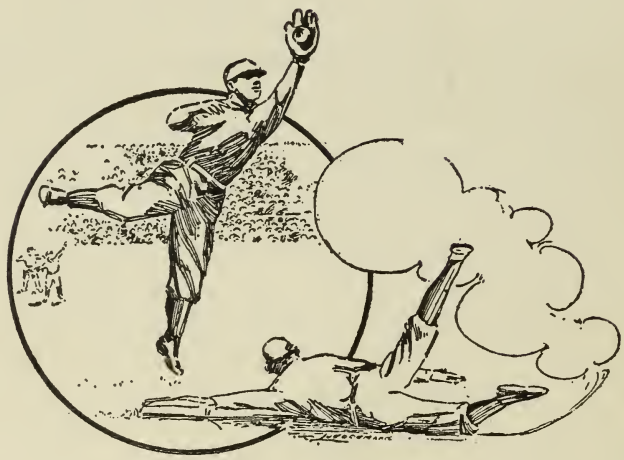
What the Mountain League is to the College men, that the Allies' League is to the Preps. Paul Donlon is President of the organization, and Jesse Woods, Treasurer. Four teams, "Wops", "Frenchies", "English" and "Irish" are the contestants for the pennant, or feed, or glory, or honor, or whatever it is that is to be awarded.

The "Wops", captained by Joe Mus-to and managed by "Dago" Arata contain such a noble list of aristocratic Italians as "Tootsie" Argenti, Bedollo, Cleghorno, Howells, O'Brien (?) and Rethers (???). Harney runs the English all by himself, but is ably helped in his games by the direct descendants of the old English families of Howard, Guthrie, Bassett, and even Nolan. With Tom Williams as captain and Woods as manager and Vault and Regan and Co. to aid them the "Frenchies" say there is nothing to it. But, between you, me and the telephone booth if there is any doubt about the ultimate outcome of the season just look over this list of formidables who make up the "Irish": Michaels, manager; B. Donlon, captain, and privates Shanahan, Riordan, Murphy, Hennessey, McLaughlin, Donohue, etc. To be sure the "Micks" are at the bottom of the ladder at present, but that is owing to internal dissension; but once they realize that their battle is not against themselves but against other nationali-

ties, the "Wops" and all the others, "Tootsie" Argentie and "Dago" Arata to the contrary notwithstanding, will never be able to check them.

Clubs	Won	Lost
"Wops"	2	0
"Frenchies"	2	1
"English"	0	1
"Irish"	0	2

Fred J. Moran.



THE REDWOOD



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# University of Santa Clara

SANTA CLARA, CALIFORNIA

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The University embraces the following departments:

A. THE COLLEGE OF PHILOSOPHY AND LETTERS.

A four' years' College course, leading to the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

B. THE COLLEGE OF GENERAL SCIENCE.

A four years' College course, leading to the degree of Bachelor of Science.

C. THE INSTITUTE OF LAW.

A standard three years' course of Law, leading to the degree of Bachelor of Laws, and pre-supposing for entrance the completion of two years of study beyond the High School.

D. THE COLLEGE OF ENGINEERING.

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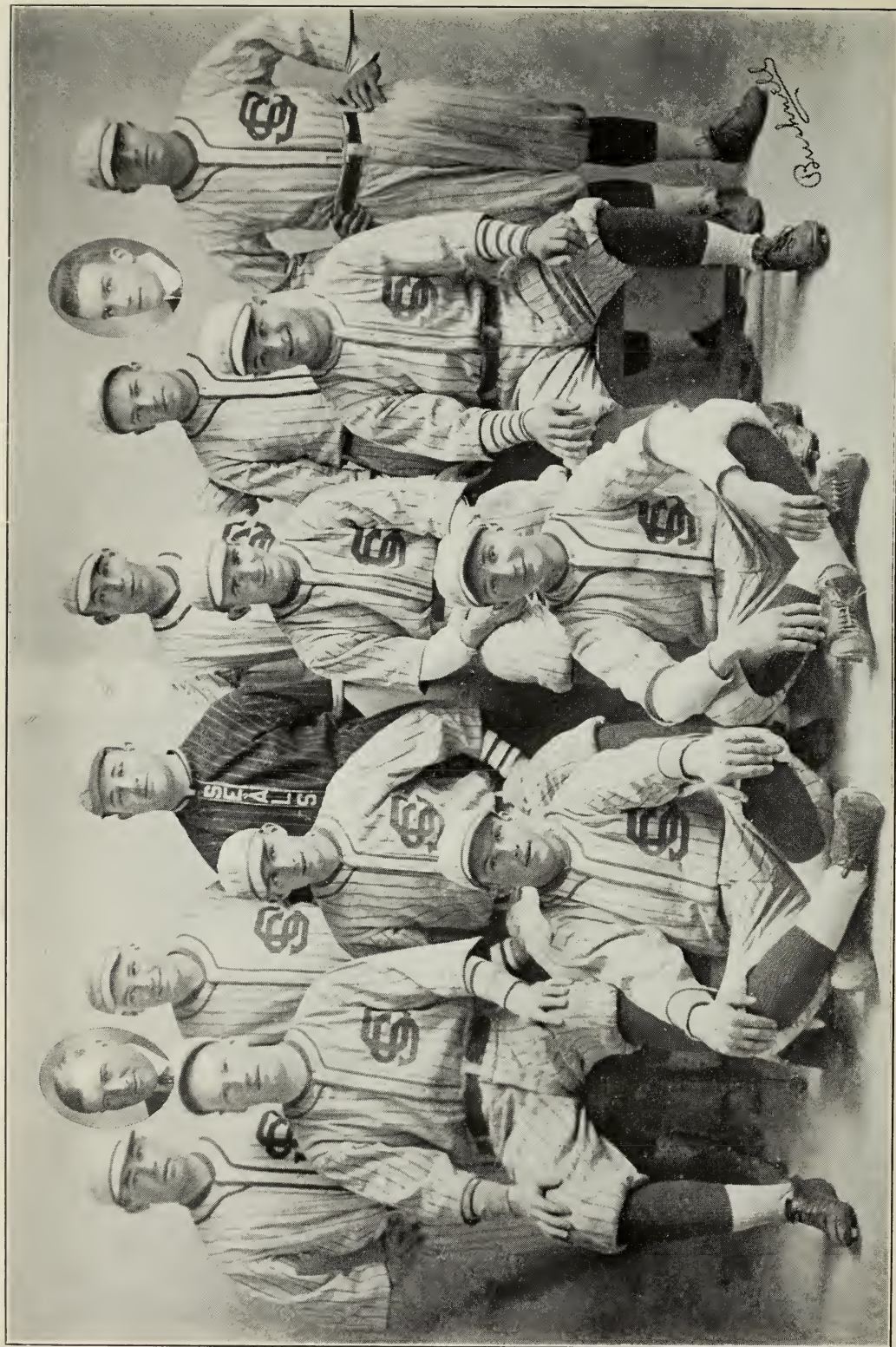
WALTER F. THORNTON, S. J.,

President

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COACH, SPENCER

BASEBALL TEAM

STUDENT MANAGER, DESMOND



# The Redwood.

Entered Dec. 18, 1902, at Santa Clara, Cal., as second-class matter, under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879

VOL. XVII

SANTA CLARA, CAL., APRIL, 1918

NO. 6

## The Hero

**H**e seized the awful, fuming thing  
The hissing hand grenade,  
He tried to fling it far from me—  
And God! The Price he paid.—  
I lay beneath the Belgian skies,  
A wounded man, too weak to rise.

And he was dying now. I knew  
He gave his life for mine,  
I crept to where he lay alone,  
The hero of the line,  
And through his great eyes, deep and  
dim  
I looked into the heart of him.

They call me hero now. The cross  
I wear upon my breast  
I carry to remember him  
Who served his country best,  
Because a real hero lies  
Somewhere beneath the Belgian skies.

—J. Charles Murphy.



# The Mission Cross of Santa Clara

Frank X. G. Hovley.



HEROES, conquerors, geniuses, pioneers, of all times have had their scribes; Ulysses had his Homer, Aneas his Virgil, Johnson his Boswell, and even Captain Scott in that memorable and heroic dash to the Pole was not without someone to sing his praises. But we who live in this land of verdure here beside the Western sea, must often confess to our shame, that we know but too little of the group of pioneers who, leaving the vine and olive clad hills of sunny Spain and the glories of Madrid or Barcelona, came to these, our own shores, not with mighty caravals of splendor and bedizened with the arms of awfullness, but bearing the cross and olive branch of peace and arrayed in the coarse brown habit of the Order of St. Francis.

These men were heroes, pioneers, yes—and conquerors. In a few short years their gentle sway extended in an unbroken chain of about a day's journey on foot apart, from the beautiful Mission of San Diego in the South to the equally beautiful Mission of Sonoma, more than eight hundred miles to the North.

From the hills and valleys all about this chain of twenty-one Missions, the untutored aborigines flocked to them; bringing with them health, sometimes though not always good will, and always boundless ignorance. Out of such a mass of uneducated material the gentle Padres welded a system of government which has come the nearest of any system devised by man to the dream of the Utopia. Out of such a mass were developed artisan and artist, shepherd and shipmaster.

You who pass under the shadow of the old Mission Cross of Santa Clara need but lift your eyes to get some idea of the glory that once was. Around that cross upon which you gaze day after day, in times gone by the savage redskins have flocked by the thousands. In memory we see once more the old mission:

“Before us rise the dome-shaped mission towers,

The white presidio, the swart commander in his leathern jerkin,

The priest in stole of snow.”

Ah, those were days of all content, days before the greedy officials of Mexico turned their avaricious eyes towards the Mission's fat flocks and herds, days before the blight of avarice

swept down from the north and from the east, days before the vandal in quest of gold planted his foot within the light of our western sun. With the planting of that foot came a curse upon the land. The gentle Padres gave way before the plodding usurper, who, with his besealed paper from the great government to the east, took away the lands of the generous Spanish settlers, and annulled their deeds though made by a king's own grant. The aborigine

with no place to turn left again for the hills which sheltered him in his youth. Unable now to hunt or fish he slowly starved or was hounded to a cruel death by those who stole his birthright. And the Indian is gone to a man.

But, let us now rise up and thank the God who watches over all of us that there is yet a spot in sunny California where the traditions of the old Mission Padres still hold, a spot, whereon stands the Mission Cross of Santa Clara.



# The Gift

Ben L. McCoy.



THAT could be more embarrassing than to discover that a friend had given an honor of yours not to a man of spirit and action, but rather to one of those numberless dreary dreamers who drift through their existence without an ideal? And by rudely taking advantage of your jesting privilege I am wishing all my gloominess upon you so sincerely and brazenly that I hope you will consider it too difficult to cast off.

"I am starving because there is no one who takes enough interest in my welfare to write to me; and to rise out of myself I am modelling you in my fancy and have already given you a specific 'cut and dried' personality. It is my hope that I never may meet you—I don't wish my creation to fall from her pedestal shattered. If you have the desire to save a sliding Angel of Death by just some well-meant advice, then, I beg of you to answer the most abrupt letter you have ever received.

From the hand of

CHANCE.

Care Kx. Ignore, Dijon, France."

The whole winter season had ground itself out since, in those days of rest

and homesickness after watching over No Man's Land, he had hopefully sent his appeal back overseas to the old Golden Gate—back to the valley where he had wasted his days and which—how he hated to recall it—yes, with all the talents and opportunities a young American could possess, he had thrown away everything, an all but realized future—wealth, position, friends—because in a fit of unreasoning morbidness he had estimated that he was doomed for failure.

"Over There", yes, in the muck and the filth of the trenches, how he despised the hastiness and obstinacy to which he owed his position! A dreamer without a friend to communicate with, he had done the unusual thing—written to a nameless address of a girl someone had slipped into his hand as he left the old campus. Even that had offered him no reply, and he, who once had boasted that he had never yet met a game he could not win, sank down on a stump at the edge of the parade-grounds. He began to consider.

"A corporal after twelve months of army life, Jean, and a fair education at that," he murmured to his companion. "What is the 'bon mot', as you

call it, for a man on the verge of pulling out of it for good?"

The Poilu lifted one eye ever so slightly and, with his usual suggestiveness, ventured, "To him that hath," and returned to sphinx-like silence.

"By which you mean?" persisted the man in the olive-drab.

A sigh of content issued from the sprawling figure taking a sun-bath on the turf. He seemed too busily occupied to trouble himself with any reply.

"Well you know full well that I haven't a thing in the world but my pay and that is all invested in Government bonds and securities."

"Non, mon ami," he kindled, "you 'ave youth, you 'ave courage, you 'ave not ze fear to take ze chance. Here I, an old paysan, and you—Sacre dam! All you think on is monee, monee—'ave you no heart, no passion?"

"You may be right, old buck. I used to think the same, but now I am changed. I used to think that man had three parts; first, his soul and ideals; next, his position in society; and last of all, the work by which he made his living. But that is all over, so why think of it?"

The other jumped from his back and thrust his finger before his comrade's face.

"If someone give you a chance, you promise to accept?"

"Anything once, you know," he challenged.

A mysterious smile of calculation was beaming in the old soldier's face,

and with a lame apology of something he had to do before evening made his way back through the grandstands, not to the camp as he had implied, but to the town itself.

The next day happened to be one of ceremonies for the regiment, and Chance outfitted in his best at the head of his squad, was thinking of the bars that he might have won had he stayed at home. They were at rest during a lull in the exercises, and he payed no attention to what was taking place outside his immediate concern.

"Corporal!"

An orderly was waiting for recognition.

"Report to your Battalion Commander immediately," came the order, and before the dazed man could ask for an explanation, the orderly dashed off among the spectators and was lost to sight.

"Corporal Chance, Sir."

The Major turned.

"You are to escort this young woman," he said, nodding to the other end of the table, "wherever she wishes to go and for any length of time she desires. You are to make no inquiries. Use your own judgment. In this," handing him a packet, "will be found all you might need. Report to me in person when you return."

With a salute Chance accompanied his charge from the parade-grounds to the town.

And so, without even an introduction, the young non-com found himself



attached as guide and protector to a young woman whose face, even was shielded from his vulgar curiosity by a heavy grey veil.

First to Calais, then back to Carignan they leisurely travelled, and in four days scarcely a word outside of necessary questions had been spoken. Chance was becoming mysteriously interested in his ward. There was something that brought back a dim memory of other times he had had—something familiar, yet he could not explain. From a very few remarks she passed he discovered that he had received quite a recommendation from his commander. But that was all.

A week later found the two silent individuals in one of the moonlit arches in an ancient garden in Versailles. With an intense earnestness a soft voice behind him murmured:

"Do you ever think on such evenings as this of Missions scattered through groves of olives and oranges, where one's minds sometimes forms big fancies and huge castles in the air?"

A look of apprehension and wounded pride darkened his countenance, but he was silent.

"Really, I didn't intend"—her voice caught suddenly and the man turned around with surprise to find her coat and veil cast aside, and the girl sobbing gently in one of the armchairs in the shadow.

"We all have our little disappointments and they are always transitory," he consoled her. "Don't think about such foolish things."

"Not with us, Chance, not when you have opened your heart to someone you think you have never met, and no answer is received."

He started. How could she know of his foolish venture?

"You can't," he began.

"Yes, I am and do mean! Your letter came from California back to me here where I have been doing relief work for the past year. It was infinitely rude of me, I grant, but you mustn't think I have forgotten. Jean, you know him, has been my friend ever since I landed, and he has told me all about you—about your boldness and rash adventures on the day you went over the top with not an officer to take command—how you urged them on to success and never received the slightest recognition for your valor. Don't say I don't know; for I have been thinking of you ever since I got your letter."

"But who are you? Tell me, won't you? You cannot refuse me now," he pleaded.

"Do you remember," she went on, "do you remember one sorry rally night in the old school when you had lost your game? Remember a white fur and soft brown eyes that invited you—"

\* \* \* \*

The men of the 31st and the people of Versailles can never forget the benevolent and brave couple who spent two of the most precious years of their lives in the cause of humanity—Major Chance and wife, U. S. A.

## A Legend

---

A TALE is told: back, down the sinning years  
A slowly shifting shadow cooled the sands  
Of old Jerusalem

Beside the first, another, in whose arms,  
Another lay.

But Etheneuse, the robber, from afar  
Marked out their passage—hurried after them.  
They halted there, and Etheneuse looked down;  
A sweeter lovelines or more queenly grace  
He had not seen,

But from her deep eyes, gazing on the babe  
Within her arms, there shone a tender light;  
More sad than wrenched, heart, dry sobbing grief.  
Before he turned away, across the rough  
And furrowed face of Etheneuse

A tear dropped.

Rough, cruel and licentious passed the life  
Of Etheneuse,—at last,

As every man must do, he came to die;

And Judgment; in the Book

There was no mark upon his reck'ning page

But black, and the Great Judgment Hand

Points down,—but see,

Beside him stands the Mother of the Christ,

All beautiful, and in her hand, a pearl.

And now she speaks, "Unto my thirsting soul

He gave a drink

He gave unto the pity of my plight—

A tear;

Unto the salvage of his soul—a prayer".

Then Etheneuse was judged,

"Go thou and rest;

"A sinner's tear was never prayed for her

"But that I pardoned him."

Edward L. Nicholson.

# Maria

---

Harry Wadsworth.



THE clock in the old church tower struck four. It was nearly the hour for departing and each sound of the chimes fell like a sharp knife upon the hearts of three of Ireland's poor children. In a little thatch-roofed cottage was a mother, biting her quivering lips to restrain the flow of tears that would not be kept back. This white-haired, pious woman, emaciated by the weight of years, was bidding her son, her boy, farewell, a broken-hearted mother's farewell. With her trembling, wrinkled hands she clasped to her breast her boy, that noble man who was going forth to seek a livelihood for himself and the dear ones he was leaving far behind. By his side stood the young wife whom he had married but three months before. She was not crying, for she was too dazed to realize what was about to happen. To her it seemed like a strange, wierd, horrible dream. No words did she speak, for her lips were sealed as if in death. The great blue eyes which before had sparkled in the light of love now stared vaguely at the earthen floor. A saddened trinity surely were these three souls.

Ireland had witnessed hard times. The war, the submarine menace and consequent lack and high price of food had told their tale. Michael had engaged himself on a Transatlantic steamer as a third-class engineer, for high wages were being offered seamen owing to the danger from the submarine. But it was extremely dangerous work. After twenty-six years he was about to leave his native land, his Ireland, perhaps never to gaze upon her fair shores again.

In their sorrow the little family did not heed the passing of the moments and before it could be realized the great clock struck the half hour, the final signal for Michael's departure from the home of his youth. The three walked slowly to the pier where the great steamer, that mighty carrier of the ocean, was lying ready to steal forth onto the great unknown. There again they renewed their vows of love and ecstasies of parting. It was only now that Maria, as the fair young wife was called, fully realized the truth and gave way to tears.

A noise! A clash of chains! A sound of disturbed waters. What was that? A whistle! A shriek of anguish! A mother's moan! "Maria!" shouted

Michael as he darted up the gang plank and as the ship gradually glided away into the fathomless space beyond the very winds and waves seemed to carry back to the ears of the stricken wife the parting word, "Maria!" All was over. With bleeding hearts the two women turned from the scene of parting and without a word slowly walked to their empty dwelling which before had been so filled with joy and happiness.

Early the next morning the sun broke through the gloomy clouds of night and shone forth in all its brilliant splendor. Maria rose early and climbed to the old Cathedral which mounted the highest hill in Queenstown and from this elevation looked out over the town and far off onto the great blue sea. Several boats were hurrying towards shore and the very breeze that swept over the city from the sea seemed to whisper words of terror. It was not the calm scene which she had looked upon on other mornings but rather a scene of confusion and excitement. Maria, who was constantly thinking of her husband felt as though something had happened and leaped forward like a frightened deer and ran down the hill into the town.

In her mad flight she came upon the old village pastor who was walking with mournful step and with bowed head towards his church and stopping short she asked him in pleading tones the cause of all the excitement in the town. The venerable old priest sadly

looked at her and said, "The Germans! They have sunk the vessel that sailed last night and these ships that you see are bringing to shore all the dead and dying that can be found." "Michael," was the only word that was uttered through the bloodless lips of the frightened woman and she ran to the shore in search of her loved one.

The bodies of the dead were strewn along the sands with white cloths covering their distorted faces. The wet and ragged clothing clung to the lifeless forms, making the spectacle more hideous than one can picture. Men and women, wailing and weeping, were plodding along through the sinking sands winding their way in and out among the bloated corpses in the hope of recognizing the bodies of their relatives. Mothers were searching for their sons, sisters for their brothers, and wives for their husbands. Here a mother would send forth a piercing shriek of insane laughter upon finding the ghastly remains of her son whom she would clasp to her breast and smother with kisses. There a father would stumble over the mangled body of his daughter, whom he had seen depart only the day before in the prime of health and happiness. A scene it was not to be described.

Maria walked along between the rows of the dead uncovering a face here and there in her frantic search for her husband and not heeding the sights of misery that were all about her. For hours she searched and searched in



vain. Upon the arrival of every tug with its hideous cargo she would run to the landing with renewed zeal in hope of coming upon her lifeless spouse. All was of no avail. Her husband's body had not been carried ashore. After the fruitless search she turned in despair and half crazed with grief and overcome with sorrow she groped her way up the cobbled street to her home.

When she opened the door, her eyes bulging out, her breath short and heavy, the old mother rose from her chair near the fire and said, "Maria! What is the trouble? You look so pale. Surely something is wrong. Tell me, my child, what ails you?"

There was no answer. Again she sought to find out the cause of her daughter's strange look and like the crash of a mighty wave bearing down upon her or like the din of a giant cannon came forth the word, "Dead."

"Michael!" cried the aged mother in frenzied appeal and the only reply was a stifled sob. Their very prop of life had been taken away and the two women, broken, were left without the only ray of sunshine that had ever pierced through the clouds of their lives; now all was darkness.

Michael Clancey had watched the shore as the ship that was carrying him to America sailed forth on that sad day of parting until the very mountains of old Ireland faded away in the distance and to him were nothing more than a happy memory. Time went quick-

ly and when the gong sounded eleven he went below to the bunk that had been prepared for him. For over an hour he laid awake thinking, thinking, thinking.

At two o'clock there was a sudden jolt and a sort of rumbling noise down in the engine room. The ship stopped short and the motion was followed by a sort of muffled explosion and the crashing of glass. Emergency calls, those death-like whistles which put terror into the hearts of all who hear them, were sent out. Immediately the passengers from the staterooms, men, women, and children, crowded onto the deck. Those below were slower in getting out. Clancey did not feel the jar but was awakened by the cries of the women and the shouts of the men. He jumped up quickly and in a flash was on the upper deck. By this time the ship began to settle on one side and it was evident that it had been the victim of a submarine. It was bitter cold. The wind blew incessantly as if trying to lend a greater horror to the scene. Life-boats were lowered and one was overturned as it neared the water, thus throwing its occupants into the merciless sea. Women were rushing around like mad, and children were separated from their parents in the vain effort to save their lives. Flashlights scanned the waters, lighting them up as if to show the stricken people in mockery the death that was agaiting them. Such were the conditions when Michael Clancey reached the deck. The life-

boats were overcrowded with women and children and there was no haven of safety left for the unresisting men. Nothing remained to them but to hurl themselves into the sea and to trust to some unseen hand to rescue them.

Consequently, when he felt the ship giving way beneath him, Clancey jumped to the railing and with one great leap flung himself into the seething waves. Several moments later the great ship disappeared and it was all that he could do with his failing strength to hold himself away from the terrible suction of the sinking vessel which was drawing him towards it like a mighty magnet that threatened to crush him. Dying creatures were all around. With all the strength of his youth he grasped a plank which had been thrown from the ship and clung to it for hours. All this time he desperately fought against that sinister death that was ever lurking at his side.

Time passed slowly. In Ireland the young wife, half believing her husband to be dead, hoping against hope, waited patiently through the long months for some word from her loved one. The poor old mother waited too in the lingering hope of receiving some news from her boy. Each morning the two would climb the hill to the old stone church and there they would pray to the Master of all and to His holy mother, Maria, for the safety of their beloved. The icy hand of winter was again seen scattering its sleeting rains and cold winds all over the land. Soon

the old mother, who was rapidly failing in health, had to take to her bed and to give up her frequent trips to the holy temple. Two years had now passed since the departure of her son and the little flame of hope of seeing him again that so constantly burned in her heart, was rapidly dying, leaving that heart in darkness. But Maria, that courageous spirit, would always mount the hill and before entering the Cathedral would look out onto the cruel ocean that had robbed her of her all as if feeling that in mercy it would send him back to her.

A little later her aged mother passed away and Maria was left alone. Now her visits to the house of God became more and more frequent and the hours which she spent within these holy walls were the only remaining semblances of her earthly happiness. It was here alone that she felt peaceful, contented. After the third year of her husband's absence she decided that truly he must be dead and that now her mission in life was to work for humanity and prompted by these thoughts and after great contemplation and careful consideration she donned the veil and became a Sister of Mercy.

She was placed on one of the hospital ships that plied up and down between England and the continent. At last she had found happiness. The wounded and convalescing soldiers fairly loved her and her smile was a constant source of inspiration to all about her. Her cheerful countenance and ever helping

hand spurred them on and encouraged even the most down-cast among them.

One day, when this vessel was far out from the shore, a detachment of German ships stealthily encircled her and slowly closed in upon her. Even the ships of Mercy were not exempt from the wrath and greed of the Imperial German Eagle. They seized the ship and took it as a prize of war to Germany. The crew and all aboard were interned, but Maria, being a member of a religious order, was allowed the privilege of going about Germany at her own option. There, too, she found much suffering and as she was working for God and not for nations she set about doing all in her power to heal the sick and wounded behind the German lines. As the main scene of operations was in the French sector the majority of nurses made their way toward France and Maria also followed that she might offer her services.

Great preparations were being made for a mighty battle. The officers in command seemed to feel as though it was to be a decisive one and in anticipation of this vast armies were sent forth, and the men of Europe engaged themselves in the bloody and uncivilized work of slaughtering one another. Thousands upon thousands were cut down and the very souls as they departed from the mangled bodies and flew through the air to their Creator, seemed to moan and bewail the bitterness of man. A bloodier scene of carnage was never witnessed. In the dis-

tance the ruined frames of once prosperous and happy villages stood out silhouetted against the sky like some fantastic vision of a ghostly abode. Cannons roared and shells fell all around spreading the dreadful conflagration. Maria, even under fire, went out upon the field and attended the wounded. She feared not the weapons of death; her only thought was to care for the dying.

After hours of incessant fighting the tide of battle seemed to go against the Germans. Inch by inch they crept backward, but still fighting, and never giving in to their defeat. Soon the French took over the first line of trenches and the Germans were blinded by a brilliant barrage fire—then they began—there was some hand-to-hand fighting—they trained their machine guns upon the Teutons—and the air whistled, screamed and resounded with bullets. They fought a stiff fight! no cowardice crept in. Hell was there in all its fierceness.

Maria stood on a slight elevation a little in the rear from which she could discern the French troops as they moved forward. She saw many gallant sons of France fall in the field of battle, fall gloriously. And as their bright blood stained the earth she saw the soul of France quiver with a sigh.

The prisoners were sent out to dig trenches in the rear of the firing line for the retreating Germans to fall back into, and among their number was Michael Clancey. He had been working



but a short while when a great shell burst near him with such force that he was thrown several feet and severely wounded. A piece of steel had entered his left side and had punctured his lung and left him slowly bleeding to death.

When the ship on which Clancey had been was torpedoed, the submarine lingered after its bloody work to see the results which it had accomplished and when the gray light of the dawning morn shone forth the only living signs of the dreadful catastrophe were a man lying unconscious on a slab of wood, and two others overcome with cold in an oarless rowboat. The water was covered with a black oil which clothed it as if to mourn the departure of the very beings it had smothered. The submarine came to the surface and rescued the three men, all that was left of the thousand souls that had perished. Among these was Clancy. On their way to the base of operation of the U-boat two of the men gained consciousness; the third died of exhaustion. Immediately they were taken to an internment camp near the French battle line, where they were put to work digging trenches and making roads for the German army.

Now that he was wounded, realizing that his end was near and that all earthly ties would soon be severed, he

murmured the little prayer to Maria which he and his beloved had said so often in the peaceful shrine of his native village. "Maria!" he prayed, "Maria!" and then as one sent by heaven, the nun, his Maria of earth, came to his side. Hearing his crushed cry she had gone to the injured man to give him aid, and kneeling down took him into her arms. She screamed, screamed sickly in her strangled throat. Michael was too far gone to show the happiness that his heart felt at the meeting. The only sign of his joy was the blush in his face that reddened more and more, advancing steadily and coming forth like angels of the Lord, telling the story that words could not. Michael took her hand in his. Oh, what a thing some one person can do and make the world a re-created heaven. "On earth as it is in heaven." He smiled and that smile played around her like the sunshine of the Riviera—like the roses that embroider June and then his eyes met hers. For a moment they stared wonderingly at one another, but his stare had become fixed and glassy for death had claimed another victim. Death.

With a trembling hand and tearful eyes she laid the lifeless form down and raising her strangled voice toward heaven joined her prayers with his to the great mother, Maria.



# On Getting Up in the Morning

Demetrio Diaz.



HEARD a fellow say the other day, "Gee! I didn't feel like getting up this morning." I hastened to bid him be of good cheer, and not to be unduly cast down over the affair, because really we should not be dominated by feelings.

"A real man," so spake I to him, "puts the kibosh on feelings right off the reel, looks duty square in the face, and is dominated first and last by right reasoning, independent of what his feelings are in the matter."

That sounded pretty good to me, so seeing that I had him on the hip I took him by the coat lapel like the Ancient Mariner and held forth at greater length.

"Young man," I continued, "if I were to go by feelings not a day would have passed by for months, nay even for years but that I fain would remain on the downy hay until the sun towards its zenith had sloped his fiery wheel. And yet not a day has passed in those months, and scarcely more than a dozen in several years but that willy nilly I crawled out from between the sheets at six or earlier."

And I think I was right. No doubt

about it, one of the most delicious sensations I know of in the world is the supreme satisfaction of having several more hours to sleep and knowing it. I knew a man once who used to set his alarm every night on retiring for 3:00 a. m., so that he could wake up, recall that it was time for the milk-men to be starting on their routes, pity the poor devils, switch the alarm off, turn over and take the most supreme satisfaction in recalling that he had several hours yet to go. Another fellow I knew who used to weep with disappointment whenever he slept through an entire night without waking up. He sort of felt cheated. So natural is it for us humans to hate to get up early in the morn.

And if I may be allowed to warble an experience of mine own, I might say that I well remember how, in preparation for my oral examination at the end of my Sophomore year I had contracted the habit of being aroused at the bewitching hour of five bells. When the exam was over, having gotten through somehow, though not entirely to my own or the faculty's satisfaction, I cast about for that which I thought would cause me the greatest satisfaction over the prospect of my new freedom.

Casting about, I say, for a subject of jubilation, I struck upon the happy idea of having myself called **de more** at five on the following morning. And so indeed I did. The Pater called, and he did shake me. I opened my eyes, came to, told him I didn't have to get up, turned over and slept till nearly noon. That was my idea of a riotous time. To my foreign mind it had cabarets, football games and untamed women quite backed off the map.

Yes, we do hate to get up in the morning. I used always to think that there was something wrong with the fellow who got up early and didn't have to. That time, I opined, could be spent much more profitably under the warm blankets. And now that the dear Government has stepped in and routs us out even an hour earlier we all feel that we are being doubly cheated. I've talked to men who have more than passed the zenith of life, men who have been used to early rising for decades and then some, and almost to a man they tell me that it's always an effort to get up in the morning. I guess it's one of the things we never get used to, like fast-days, malted milk without whipped milk and nut-meg on top, or a stag dance.

But, on the square, do we really need all the sleep we take, or is it a mere delicacy and downright laziness? It


strikes me that if we would accomplish anything really worth while in life we can't afford to lie in bed and waste all those precious hours.

A modern philosopher used to say, "Don't waste time; that the stuff life's made of." And good old Napoleon, who is not too old fashioned to cite as an example, said that most men sleep their lives away, or something to that effect. He himself with his mind ever full of plans and details, his body ever alert and active, seldom, if ever, took more than five hours sleep. Hannibal, pagan that he was, was **eodem genere**, but of course he is altogether too much out of date.

Seven hours sleep is easily enough for any grown person, and eight hours for any lad who has reached the age where he is supposed to have a little common sense. But if we make those hours regular, and make it a point to get up when it is time, we will notice that we will not feel so sluggish as we ordinarily do after irregular hours of sleep. We'll get fat on it; we'll have time to do lots of things we have not time now to do; but most of all, we'll feel that every time we overcome the inclination to stay in bed once it is time to get up, even though the bunk invites us most pressingly to remain, we take another step in the direction of making men of ourselves.

## Over There

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 VER the ocean, under the sky,  
Here on the battlefields I lie.  
Somewhere above are the stars I know,  
Somewhere the mountain's cooling snow,  
Somewhere men piled row on row.  
I look to the sky, but all shows red;  
Dark as the blood my breast has bled.  
I catch at my throat, gasp and choke,  
There is no aid, only clouds of smoke  
And wounds that drip, sicken and soak.  
I look again, there's a gleam of light,  
A something as clean as the snow and white.  
It touches me on the breast and head,  
I think it an angel with bright wings spread  
To bear me to Heaven when I am dead.  
I kiss the cross and the cross is red.

Hubert Lucas.

# That Crust of Bread

W. Kevin Casey.



AVING, economizing are pretty broad terms. They find place in every branch of human activity, in every business concern or factory, in every dwelling place in the land. And save and economize we must if we are to win this war and help our Allies. But as these terms extend into every nook and corner of a nation's life, it would be too vast a subject, not to say too uninteresting, to treat in its generality. We will take then a particular angle of this vast proposition, Save and Economize, and examine it from that angle much as we approach some corner of a picture gallery to enjoy paintings from a "close-up", as they say in Universal City, which, if viewed from a distance appears as one confused jumble. And the angle we take is the one that we are sure is most appealing, that of the Belgian sufferers.

The bread that we cast away means life to them. To us of America a thing must be brought home that we may realize it. And this matter of the Belgian women and children, this matter of the gaunt specters that were once women; of the tiny starvelings that were once

children, has not been fully realized as yet by us. And we may well pray God that it is not brought home to us—to these our own prodigal, generous, magnificent United States.

It was only yesterday that I saw a picture of a Belgian father, mother and child. His head white with bandages, his hand done in a sling, and a crutch in place of a shattered leg, he stood to the left of the picture, stood there brave and straight in his blue of the Belgian troops. By his right side stood his wife, partly leaning on him, evidently from exhaustion, the picture of despair. And between them crouched their child, a meager little mite, crying—it must have been for bread. The hands of the parents were stretched towards America, asking for bread that they might live, asking not as abject slaves, but as if they were of the blood royal; for the Belgians of today are the proudest, noblest people on earth. The Romans were all kings, is a byword and ever was. Ever was till today. The Belgians are all kings is the paraphrase.

They have fought gloriously and well; at Liege and Namur the Germans were made to pass over their dead bodies. The fields have been devasta-



ted, plowed by swords that were red with Belgian blood and that were not beaten into plow-shares, and plowed by mines and shells. Their means of subsistence are gone; and they look to us to supply them—they look to us for bread.

Many and many a loaf we cast away each day; loaves that would feed a family overseas for days are cast away thoughtlessly by us. If we would only think that in a few years our homes may be blasted as are the Belgians', that our people may be unsheltered as are the Belgians, that our fields may be plowed with shells as are those of the Belgians, that our very mothers and fathers and sisters and brothers may be tortured and slain as are those of the soldiers of the Belgians, if these things we could realize, perhaps we could take more care of preserving our resources and more care of sympathizing and helping a fellow-people.

Bread for the Belgians is cried from the housetops today, cried by those who have been over there; and their cries fall on unheeding hearts. We see the world through that stained glass called "ego". And that world is shown to us as we wish it. We chose to say that the Belgians are nothing to us, too far away for us to be disturbed by their weeping. Nothing to us? Yes they are nothing to us if we are fighting for autoeracy, if we are not possessed of any bit of humanity, and can

sit calmly by while the world is put on the rack and tortured. Too far away for their weeping to reach us? May it be many long long years before its echoes are borne to the hearts of our very homes. May that time be far far distant when those cries will be echoed in our very hearts; that is what we pray, and that is what makes us tremble, that thought that to-morrow's winds will bear those tears and heart-aches to us.

That being so Belgium is something to us? She is indeed, she is our sister nation—her tears and sobs are breaking our own hearts. We want to help her; but oftentimes, clumsily, like Northern lumbermen, we do that which is more to her detriment than to her help. She does not want the delicacies of life now. Do we load a dying babe with toys? She wants bread, and that we can give her if we only sacrifice a little, save a little.

Till we have saved the crumbs from our tables, till we have felt the flush of self-sacrifice or abstained from some morsel desired, till we have sensed and appreciated the joy of giving with generous hearts to those that need what in our stupendous prodigality we have cast to the dogs, till then and only then will the Belgians wonder why we disappoint them, only till then will our land be enveloped with the blown mist of little Belgian's tears.

# Out West

Louis Buty.



RED DOG was all excitement. The event,—the advertisement of which had covered a period of two weeks and much space,—was fast approaching. The Rev. E. Van Gelical was due to arrive for his week's crusade against iniquity. Already the "mammoth" tent had been erected, already committees had been formed and all was ready.

But the cause of the excitement was not due so much to the fact that the Rev. E. Van Gelical was going to whitewash the town, as to the fame and renown which attached itself to that personage. His rise from highwayman to evangelist, his fight and victory with John Barleycorn, and many other no less heroic conquests were common talk; for the many placards scattered throughout the streets and byways of Red Dog had made them a matter of general knowledge. The Rev. E. Van Gelical was indeed quite a celebrity—he freely admitted it to himself, nor distained to reveal the fact to others.

At the station to meet him was the reception committee and half the population. First and foremost among these was the Rev. D. Vine, a brother

of the cloth. The 5:30 train rolled in on time at 6:45, and the anxious looks of the watchful waiters were somewhat increased, as no one to whom the title of Reverend would seem appropriate, got off the train. However, two gentlemen of snug and professional appearance supervised the removal of their baggage from the baggage-car with much care. Evidently they were drummers, and were bringing with them valuable samples.

The safe removal having been effected, one of them advanced with much swagger and pomp to the disappointed Rev. D. Vine. Slapping that dumbfounded cleric on the back, the newcomer gave vent to the following greeting: "Peace be to thee, brother. May the sun never shine where you rest. Welcome the Rev. E. Van Gelical to your prosperous hamlet."

Thus came to Red Dog, the Rev. E. Van Gelical, whose name will ever echo in the mouths of many generations. For his story forms one of the high lights of Red Dog history.

That evening at the appropriate hour the reverend gentleman ascended the slightly raised platform in his tent and addressed the sober part of Red Dog's population. Attired in an ultra-ex-

treme cut of checkered suit, with shoes and hosiery which partook not of that degree of silence and dignity which is usually associated with his calling, he presented a striking figure.

The beginning of his sermon was really wonderful. He went through a series of contortions, of words and face and body, which would make Billy Sunday envious, and accentuated his points by pertinent extractions from the "Muledriver's Guide". It was indeed a new method of salvation he was using.

Evidently the climate was not adapted to his methods, for soon he found it necessary to remove sundry portions of his apparel—his coat, vest, and collar. The rabble of Red Dog realized and appreciated the practicability of this move, and signified it by clapping. The Reverend saw that the moment was ripe, and immediately began a tirade against Red Dog's local palace of iniquity, the saloon. Such a tongue-lashing did he administer to such institutions that drunkards winced with shame and guilt. Confidentially he narrated the silent struggle of his own life, how he had gone to the mat with the Demon and had been thrown for the count, and then some, how he had gradually but effectually turned the tables, and had finally raised himself from such a state to the position and esteem which he then held. Nor did he neglect or pass up any possible occasion to give the credit for all his virtues to whom

that credit was due—his own chastened self. Booze he denounced as an unmitigated, unadulterated, dyed-in-the-wool curse; he referred to it, as a concentrated quintessence of poison, about as useful to the world as infantile paralysis, German spies, and scarlet fever. He concluded by putting himself on record as the greatest living antagonist of Bacchus.

A brief intermission followed, during which a venerable patriarch passed the collection box, and the chorus took up the strains of "What Will the Harvest Be." The Rev. E. Van Gelical had previously excused himself and had retired to a small space in the rear of the tent, partitioned off by a piece of canvas to "commune with the spirits."

The partitioning wall of canvas was held in place by but one rope attached to the top of the tent. In the hurry of erection it evidently had not been tied very securely, for, while the chorus was still chanting, the rope became unfastened, or slipped, or something, and the partition dropped, revealing to the vulgar gaze the person of the Rev. E. Van Gelical "communing with the spirits"—yes, indeed, with a whole bottle of them. Nuff ced. That evening Rev. E. Van Gelical, minus coat, vest, collar, and hat, and somewhatly abused, set out into the lonely desert in which Red Dog was a mere oasis. Fold his tent he did not, but like the Arab, he stole forth into the night.

## Ignatius' Vision

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'T WAS dark, and hidden were the shadows grim  
Beneath the arches of the chapel, where  
The soldier-saint knelt motionless at prayer.

With wings outspread the golden cherubim,  
Beside the altar where the lamp burned dim,  
Poured music on the incense-laden air.  
When rich in tenderness beyond compare,  
More thrilling than the choir's angelic hymn,  
Was heard the Father's voice. And there, below  
His awful throne of light, the fatal tree  
Still pressed the pale and wounded Christ, as though  
His Sacred Heart were saddened by the plea  
Ignatius made; then answered softly, slow,  
"To you at Rome will I propitious be."

John M. Burnett.



# The Spring Drive

Randall O. O'Neil.



DOESN'T it beat the world how another spring drive is upon us and still this war goes seemingly merrily on? All through the winter months men, sane and intelligent humans it would seem, the same as you or I, have been lying dormant and latent in trenches of muck and mire, storing up their powder and ammunition together with what is left of their power, waiting for the dawning of Spring just in order that they might make another onslaught on other such mortals as themselves.

But we digress. Still, speaking of Spring Drives I really don't see how they can manage any such thing "Over There" if once the germ of spring fever should make its debut into those warring spheres. If it once got a firm foothold it would evidently be no time until we had peace and a lot of it; for both sides would be in quarantine. Judging from the way people suffer from spring fever in these parts there is nothing like it for taking all the fight out of a man.

Again we digress. It is neither of spring drives such as take place in the war zone that I would fain discourse

on, nor upon the effects, good, bad or indifferent of spring fever; but it is of spring drives of another category. Listen, and you shall hear.

You know I got a new Ford the other day, all spick and span, and just as canny as ever Henry determined a Ford should be; and for the first little while we had a most glee-glorious time taking the novelty or blossom off it, as it were. But when the spring drive of spring fever set in I began to lounge around and about the abode till I guess I began to be an eye-sore to friend wife. So she suggested, and very rightly too, that as to-morrow was Sunday we ought to take a nice long, balmy, invigorating spring drive in our new machine—er, I mean Ford—and also that we picnic on the way.

The motion being duly made, was seconded, voted upon and carried unanimously by her who controls the destinies of our little family. Reverently and carefully I bent my will to conform, and when the next morning bloomed forth we were ready. So I piled in the lunch and took it out; then piled in my posterity and replaced my goods and chattels, helped her who is mine wife for better or for worse to her seat of eminence, cranked the bus with

an ominous whisper of almost audible profanity—and we were on our way.

So we buzzed or sawed or purred or skipped along or whatever it is that Fords are supposed to do. As the wife had said, it was certainly great to get out into the country, out where the skylark holds sway with its profuse strains of unpremeditated art; out where the owls and other night birds flirt with and wink and blink at the barnyard domestics and other chickens; out where the wind that shakes the barley is the self-same wind that skips over the poppy-breasted hillocks right past your very nose, and on and on until in the neighborhood of the city it strikes Butcher Town; then it deposits its load of fragrance and takes up another.

Finally along around noon we reached a little sheltered glen where the running waters of a tiny brook leaped up and down in fawn-like play. This we, I mean the wife, decided was an ideal spot whereat to partake of our little repast.

As I had been tightening my belt for the past hour and a half I most eagerly stepped down from my lofty Ford, loosened my belt and for a moment gave vent to visions of picnic capers and real old time picnic lunches. But just then to my dismay friend wife informed me that we could get right back in and that we were going to eat in the same aforesaid Ford. She didn't like to lie down or stand up eating; she wanted to sit at her meals. She hasn't

a classical education, otherwise she might have enjoyed reclining at meals. Then, too, things might get dirty, and also, but above all, she had SUCH an abhorrence for things that crawl.

At first I objected and protested most vigorously, but of course with no avail, for the boss always sees to it that the boss's desires and whims are complied with. So here again the lesser will conceded to the greater, and, needless to add, we ate in the car.

There we were, the children and I in the front seat waiting for the wife in the back seat to "deliver the goods", which she did in due time. So we, the four of us, ate and drank and bluffed at being merry, and when in our cramped positions our various capacities had all been displaced, we quit eating of course, but I was grouchy the rest of the day. And I know the Mrs. didn't enjoy the whole outing any more than I did lunch in the machine. As the shades of night began to lower we directed ourselves homeward, and somehow or other I noticed that the wife had grown exceedingly and unusually quiet; and on looking at the children I saw them wan and pale.

What could be the matter, I wondered. Nothing; I thought. Or perhaps just the change in air currents; so I gave old Henry F. more gas and kept on at the same speed. But ah! Something was indeed the matter; for Oh, just a pain—a pain that was a pain—struck me about amid-ships, or just about between my pantry and my din-

ing room; and I almost caved in right then and there.

Yes, when I started to complain, they all had it and had it badly. Gee! if we could only hold out for another mile we'd be at the doctor's. And, thank Heaven, we did. This learned sage shook his head and pondered a moment, and I bellowed "Hurry up," which he finally did. Then he took out a long, snakey, hosey arrangement, attached to a 100,000 horse power vacuum pump; and he invited us successively to swallow about forty-seven feet of it, which we did, eagerly and readily. The pain was so severe we would willingly have swallowed anything between and including our own words and reputation if necessary.

Well, he heaved and pulled and tugged while we tossed and groaned, and then finally that snake-like apparatus seemed to catch what it wanted in its venomous grasp down in the deep, dark and painful recesses of my entrails, and then again the Doc pulled, with the result that something gave way at about the tips of my toes and all the way upwards; and then what a relief!

When I caught my breath after these proceedings, and after I caught

my second wind on receiving the bill, I asked, "What on earth was the matter with us anyway, Doc?"

"Matter," he returned, "why a very severe and acute case of ptomaine—it's lucky you got here when you did."

"Ptomaine," I repeated, as I reflected on the pantomime that I presented as I handed over his fee; and then I put in, "what causes this ptomaine poison you speak of? Whence comes it?"

"Oh," he replied as he stroked his chin in quite a professional manner, "why I should say many, many things may cause it; but the most common is that of eating out of a can."

"Can?" said I.

"Yes," said he.

"Humph," I moaned as I looked over to where the wife was standing; but she shamefully hung her head. She felt guilty. So I only said as calmly as I could, "so you would persist in our eating in the Ford?"

But she made no answer.

This season we have a different "boat" altogether. We use a fliver exclusively for our spring drives and machine lunches.

# Just an Incident

Henry C. Veit.



THE Vandervoorts were one of the lineage of a very aristocratic yet highly esteemed family, which owned vast acreage upon old Manhattan in the days of the early Dutch possession. Wealth and distinction were still theirs, not mere distinction alone, as is so often the case. Yet a family of such nobility is not infrequently most particular in all that touches upon its immediate subsistence. And to effect this in a way commensurate with the dignity of the family there were often internal uprisings. In the culinary department especially there was a constant revolution.

Biddy, an Irish cook of prodigious make-up, in keeping with her good naturedness, threatened to stabilize the Bolsheviki reign in the kitchen; for she, a recent arrival in her new duties, having taken the place of perhaps twenty or more predecessors in the space of a year, was apparently destined for retention in the roster of her capricious mistress' servants. Biddy had a way about her that was distinctly taking and individual, which even to the casual acquaintance proved amusing. And too, it tended to equalize or counter-

balance the other peculiar traits that in her every day life were so strikingly rampant.

None had made a more careful study of the new cook than Larry, another of Mrs. Vandervoort's help whose duties were the caring of the lawns and flowers. He undoubtedly was experiencing a movement of romanticism, though at first unaware of it creeping into his soul. At first sight of Biddy he marvelled, this being merely transitory it would at first appear, yet, as he failed to resist beginnings, the same emotion grew and grew, until Larry realized that in Biddy he had found the likelihood of a sure and appropriate mate. Perhaps their attentions were mutual in this regard, since neither seemed to tire of the other's presence or protracted conversations with which their daily routine was crowded and purposely so. It is a peculiar way with all lovers.

"Och, it's an illigant mornin'," softly mused Larry, exuberantly suffused one fine morning, with the divine spark of love, as he busied himself peculiarly and almost coquettishly about the kitchen door. "An' it's dyin' I am for a sight uv the lovely girl that's made me pass a slapeless night drammin'



uv her. Ah, there's Biddy comin' as rosy as the clouds uv the mornin'."

Larry had been peering through the screen door at his approaching Lady Love. Goaded on by—well some great and overwhelming power that only those really in love can fully experience and properly enjoy, that gentle and pulsating throb of the heart, twitching and jumping in sheer delight as it imbibes to inebriation the delectable presence, Larry quietly stepped inside.

"The top uv the mornin' to ye's, Biddy, me jewel," greeted Larry in his sweetest tones.

"Ah, ha, Misther Larry," cheerily responded Biddy, who emerged from the pantry heavily laden with dishes, "shure an' yer up betimes, wid yer compliments an' flatterin' spaches."

"To be sure I am. For it's little slape I have wid yer purty face betwixt me an' the shlumbers of midnight."

He hesitated oddly; then a serious appearance bordering on bashfulness, took hold of him, but he braced himself, and found courage to continue.

"Oh, Biddy darlint, won't ye's come for to go for to be me widdy?"

Indignant by such effrontary, Biddy flushed deeply and snapped back like a maddened dog.

"Indade," retorted she, "an' I'll be nobody's widdy. If I'd not my hands full I'd box yer ears, so I would."

"Och be aisy." Larry pleaded in a conciliatory tone. "That's a delicate way of axing ye's to be my wife."

The corners of Biddy's mouth dropped like the falling of a barometer. There was trouble brewing, still the offender ventured on.

"Hands full! By that same token, Biddy darlint, I'm just going to stale a kiss from your purty lips."

Biddy's voice raised like the creaking of a rusty hinge, it's treble reverberating in the big room.

"Indade, but yer not. Kape off, or I'll scratch yer face, so I will."

She kicked her foot menacingly.

"Wid yer hands full?" teasingly queried Larry.

Larry now launched an encircling movement and incidentally, as his outstretched arms encircled Biddy's waist, performed the first step in his subsequent enactment.

"Away wid ye's," cautioned Biddy, retreating.

"Whin I've tasted the cherries uv yer lips," suavely whispered Larry.

Biddy was effectively ambushed. Larry's grip tightened as with his lips he tasted a luscious smothering kiss.

An ominous silence was the sole witness to the tender scene, however for but an instant; for into that pantomime shortly broke Mrs. Vandervoort. They sighed audibly as they withered under the concentrated gaze of the mistress' bellicose features. Augmenting this was a thunderous crash. The rare china littered the floor in fragments.

\* \* \* \*

An interesting article appeared in the morning papers, subsequent to the

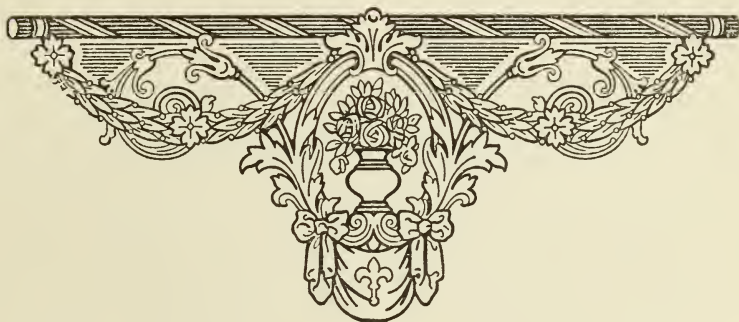
above happening, under the title of "EFFECTIVE CAMOUFLAGE" and which read:

"Mrs. Vandervoort, a prominent society woman of this city was the victim of a most singular coincidence yesterday.

"Her new cook, who from all outward appearances an apparently upright person, was discovered by Mrs. Vandervoort in a kissing bee with another of the hired help in the kitchen.

After having been dismissed, it was found she had absconded with most of the household silverware and other valuables. Upon further investigation it was found that she had been a man, incognito, a burglar, wanted by the city authorities for numerous recent hauls.

"Larry, Mrs. Vandervoort's gardener, and incidentally the Romeo of the kitchen enactment, when questioned by the police said: 'Yes, shure and the dirty vagabond sthole me watch.' "



# Cor Ad Cor Loquitur

John Bradley.



WHEN Cardinal Newman chose the phrase "Cor ad cor loquitur" as his motto at the time of his elevation to the cardinalate, he chose the expression that in a word describes his whole life. In that one phrase "Cor ad cor loquitur" is summed up his greatness in English literature and English history. It describes the characteristic trait of his writings; it describes the influence which he exercised on the young men at Oxford.

His constant effort in writing was to express simply, clearly the thoughts that welled up within him, to make as clear to his readers as it was to himself that which he felt and conceived. To this end he wrote and rewrote, only often on reading it over the next day to tear up that at which he had so strenuously labored the day previous; and all because he felt that it was not sufficient all because he felt that it was not sufficiently indicative of that which his own heart felt. And he would start anew.

While writing, little did Newman realize that he was producing literature of the very highest order; little did he dream that what flowed from his pen

would take its place among the world's classics and be shelved in our libraries along with the very few of our greatest English authors. His one aim was to make himself clear, to paint an exact picture of the ideas that found place in his mind. And he succeeded.

The result was that Newman set a new standard for literature; and his prominent place among England's greatest literary men was won, though unwittingly as we have said, through his devotion to that principle, "Cor ad cor loquitur". And that as well as being the fundamental characteristic of Newman's life is the distinguishing mark of the literature, barring fiction, which followed and which in great part received its inspiration from Newman.

And all this exactly bears out Newman's own definition of literature, which he sets down in the remarkable essay of the same title, as the expression of personality. For he contends that the stamp of personality is the distinguishing mark of that which is really literature. In his own works this personality shines forth, impressing on everything to which he has put his hand the marks of his own masterly mind and gentle character. But chief among these in this respect is *The Apol-*

ogia, conceded by most not only to be Newman's most splendid work, but "the literary gem of the Nineteenth Century", as, I believe, Arthur Christopher Benson says.

More, it is not only the greatest autobiography of the century, but it ranks with Saint Augustine's Confessions as the greatest of all times and peoples. Yet it is fundamentally the setting forth of his character and personality, as well as the revelation of his heart's truest and inmost sentiments. It is the very embodiment of "*Cor ad cor loquitur*", and it is this personal touch and self-revelation that makes the *Apologia* a masterpiece of literature.

In it Newman's whole soul lies entirely unfolded before us. In this work Newman lays his whole life bare to the British public, he conceals nothing from them; he recalls the impressions of his youth and sets them down for all succeeding generations to look upon; he brings back the convictions of his early manhood and explains how they were received and developed; he recollects his actions and sayings during his Anglican ministry, and demonstrates how his doubts arose and how he finally was led to abandon the English Church and acknowledge the authority of the Roman Church, and affirms his satisfaction with his present position.

The old proverb of "know thyself"

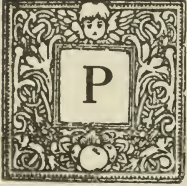
is well exemplified in Newman's life. Not only did he know himself, but, what is rarer and infinitely more difficult he could portray to others the manifold conflicting and succeeding sentiments and emotions that arose in his heart. Such a revelation took the British public by storm, established the *Apologia* as a classic, cleared Father Newman's reputation of the stain of dishonor cast upon it, removed from him the unpopularity resulting from his espousal of Catholicism, and it vindicated the honor of every English Catholic and wiped out the odium attached to Catholicism since the days of the Armada.

This was a great accomplishment, and demanded a great cause which was found in the attack made by Kingsley and in the subsequent revelation by Newman of his whole life and all his thoughts to an ill-disposed public, a thing requiring no little courage and self-assurance. No man less sure of himself and of his cause, less confident of his past would have dared to set before the people such a record of his life. And the very fact that Newman undertook this work proves his sincerity and honesty; for had he anything to be ashamed of or to conceal never could he have spoken so openly. In a word the whole book merely bears out the motto he had chosen for himself, "*Cor ad cor loquitur*".



# War's Test

John Hiller.



PETER MORRIS was not a striking man. He was of the type that slips through life and into the grave without marring the surface of World Events. He was five feet eleven inches in height, well proportioned, with ordinary features, a little paled from an indoor life, and with a chin that had no bold jutting. He walked with a slight forward stoop, due, no doubt, to his bending daily over the books of J. D. Grimm & Co. Thus you know all that the world knows of Peter Morris.

For three years the war had rumbled in far-off Europe. Then, as it broke on our own shores, sons of Uncle Sam everywhere gathered around the colors. Let us look at Peter Morris about this time.

"What? Me enlist? I should say not. Ain't there plenty other fellows knocking around without jobs? Let them take the bums. That's all the army is anyway. What? Paul Smith enlisted? Why sure. You know why don't cha? Well, I'll tell ya. He was pretty near getting fired."

I suppose you've all heard this before.

Then came the draft. Look again at Peter.

"Well, I can't help it if the government wants to take the bread out of people's mouths, why, alright. I don't care for myself, it's for my mother. Ya know I'm keepin' her these days, and if they took me it would go pretty hard on her. Poor old soul."

But the office force, to whom he made these orations, smiled behind their hands, for they knew that Mrs. Morris had several thousand dollars in her own name.

Then came the time of the examinations.

Listen to Peter this time reciting to the office force a list of his grievances caused by the examiner.

"And I told him I couldn't see it. (Ya all know I've had to wear glasses lately.) But he just smiled at me an' says, 'A little while ago, when you didn't know I was testing you you were able to tell me what kind of bird that was over in that tree, now you can't even tell me the colors on that chart. Something queer.' And he smiled queerly at me again. Now here's my papers and they got 'passed' written on them. Can you beat that? I believe they'd take a man with a

wooden leg and a glass eye. You know I can't see well. You know I have to ask you sometimes what the date is 'cause I can't see the calendar on the other side of the room. Don't ya? Well can you imagine them passing me?"

"I don't see," murmured the office-boy sympathetically, "how you can see to find your mouth when you eat."

Let us leave another interval and again listen.

"Well, I leave for training camp in a week. You fellows don't know how lucky you are. Just think of me,—sleeping-tent, guard duty, formations, and maybe even kitchen-police. Ugh! It's awful. I hate to go."

Look upon Private P. Morris, who has been at camp two weeks. His face has a little healthier color and his back is straight, but there seems to be a peculiar something that we shall describe as a strain or nervousness about Peter's bearing. Maybe we have chosen an inopportune time to look at Peter. It is during the bayonet practice. Each man is required to run down a slight incline and lodge his bayonet in the body of a dummy at the end. Peter runs slowly down the incline. The sergeant yells, "Faster". At the bottom he makes a short, nervous thrust at the dummy, by luck lodging his bayonet in the dummy. "Make your thrust surer and harder. Always keep the point of your bayonet up on a level with your chin," bawls the sergeant.

"These d—— sergeants, always find-

ing fault," murmurs Peter to himself. "Didn't I stab the old dummy?"

A few days later, as Peter is walking through camp, Corporal Ackerman, the corporal of his squad, joins him. Presently they come to the boundaries of the camp. The corporal breaks the silence. "Remember, the other day you and I had a little argument, you know what about. If you've got something else to say, say it now, there's nobody around." There was menace written on his bulldog jaws.

"Why, why—er—no, I thought we settled that already. I thought I told you that you were right."

The look of menace on the corporal's face gives way to one of contempt. "Why, you yellow cur," he muttered, and walks away.

Peter, after five months, sails from "somewhere on the Atlantic" for France. He is on the transport "Mesham". By day he always sees a periscope, and by night has his ears trained to hear about twenty explosions. He and a life preserver become constant friends; in fact almost inseparable friends. He becomes the butt of nearly all the jokes and jokers on board. His life is miserable. They all know him for what he is.

The scene shifts again. This time it is the front line trenches "somewhere in France". Eight men crouch low and at a muttered command spring suddenly forward. They gain the shelter of a shell-hole safely. "Lay low, men," warns the corporal. It is Corporal Ack-

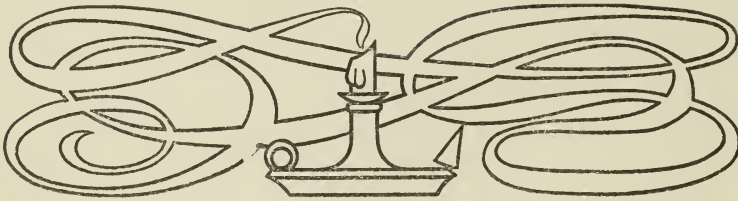
erman. We recognize another of the men. It is Peter. He looks very white and shakey. He is one of the bomb-carriers, and has the bombs slung in their safety kit, on his back. He loosens the kit and carefully unwraps the bombs. He looks to see that each bomb-pin is intact, for if one should be loose it would blow the whole expedition to Hades. They are all intact. He picks up several of the bombs and places them carefully in the crook of his arm. They are about to begin one of their bomb-attacks in "No Man's Land".

He hands one of the bombs to the nearest man, and then suddenly slips. in his effort to catch himself he throws

out his arm and the bombs fall to the ground. Surely one of the pins must have been jarred loose! Peter suddenly throws himself on the ground covering the fallen bombs with his body. He crouched there one moment—two moments. Nothing happens. There is only the dismal shriek of shrapnel overhead.

"What are you doing there, Morris?" Corporal Ackerman harshly asks. "Get up and give out those bombs in a hurry."

Peter gets up sheepishly and looks at the bombs. "Oh," he said quietly, "I thought they were going to explode."





# Communications



## LETTERS FROM S. C. MEN IN SERVICE.

PELHAM BAY, MARCH 10, 1918.

DEAR FATHER THORNTON:

You will no doubt be surprised to hear that I am now at the Pelham Bay Park Naval Station.

I have been here now for over two weeks and surely feel like the "stranger in a strange land." I am not acquainted even with a soul in the whole State of New York—to say nothing of having friends.

I came on a special military train with five hundred others travelling over the Santa Fe route from Los Angeles to Chicago and from there on the New York Central. It took us exactly five days for the trip across the continent. Wonderful does not adequately express my feelings. You can well appreciate this statement when I tell you that never before in my life have I been without the limits of my own State.

Two days after our arrival at the station orders came to pick out all college men. Since then we fortunate individuals have been living in a separate building. From the time we get up in the morning until we go to bed at night they keep us going at full capacity, either attending classes, drilling or studying for the classes we are to attend the next day. The object, no doubt, is a feeling out for officer material. Consequently I am using every atom of my physical and mental energy to leave no stone unturned in accomplishing this end.

I tried my hardest to transfer to the Naval Flying Corps, and did in fact pass with high grades the mental examinations, but failed when they gave me the severe physical tests. At the time I felt, oh, so disappointed, but after all, Father, I guess that it was for the best. A man in this branch of the service, from the viewpoint of aeronautics, must be physically perfect. To get in with certain of these physical imperfections has only the ultimate result of the loss of an aeroplane to the government with the added result of loss of important information and perhaps the aviator's life.

Although my application failed, I want to thank you, dear Father, for the wonderful recommendation you sent me. I shall always feel deeply indebted to you. From one viewpoint I am trying to repay you, by leading a clean Catholic's life. If I had no other reason, I would still owe to dear old Santa Clara a spirit of allegiance to the principles with which she armed me before sending me forth to live my life in the world. God grant me the privilege never to forget.

It is almost time for the lights to go out, so I must close. I promise you, Father, that I will write from time to time telling you my varied experiences and no doubt I will have many to tell before the war is over. I am ever

Your True Friend,

ELMER D. JENSEN.

U. S. Naval Station, Pelham Bay Park,  
New York. Reg. 2—I.



YERBA BUENA, CAL., APRIL 6, 1918.

DEAR FATHER:

I suppose you are anxious to know how all is with me by now, so here goes. Left the City for Yerba Buena (Goat) Island on Tuesday morning and arrived at the recruit's quarters in time for dinner, which consisted of soup, boiled beef and "spuds", served on crockery dishes. After dinner all the boys got together and scrubbed dishes, and the deck (floors) of the mess room also. I was in with a bunch of Texans and a few fellows from up north and it made me laugh to hear these Texans talk. "Hy, buddy, where you all from," greeted me as I entered and even now I have not as yet become accustomed to it. That night we spread our mattress and blankets on the deck, and oh boy, it was sure a hard bed. I don't know how much of the night I slept, but it surely could not have been very much. We rose at 5 o'clock and followed the same routine of dishes after breakfast; then we all went up for physical exams again. I went through all the drills with the rest of the boys and when the doc put the stethoscope to my chest he told me he thought I had a weak heart, I told him it was the first I knew of it, and he told me to wait and called in two other docs. They put me through a stiff test and could not find anything the matter with me, so I was passed. I then went down to get my clothes which consisted of two suits of blues, four suits of whites, three white caps, one flat hat, two suits of heavy underwear, two suits of light underwear, six pairs of socks, two of shoes, towels, handkerchiefs, scrub brushes, tooth brushes, clothes brush, etc., etc. This is all we get free as long as we are in the Navy.

We then went or rather were sent to the detention (D) camp, where we will remain until the 30th of this month. Here we learn all a recruit should know, in short, naval etiquette. Also, here is the place where we get our shots in the arm (T. P.'s). I got one of mine yesterday, also a vaccination, and aside from my arm being a little sore, I feel O. K. Some of the boys go down for the count after taking their serums, and yesterday one big boy fainted before the needle was even shot into his arm. I guess it scared him. We get two more before we get off the hill here, then we are regular sailors.

The routine up here is pretty stiff, but my training at Santa Clara helps out a great deal. All one has to do to "get by" is to listen, do what he is told and above all keep clean. This last especially is drummed into one's head. This morning all the companies (1500 men) lined up for personal inspection, and the head officer told us we were the cleanest company up here. When we were dismissed the Texans started shouting, "Who said the Texans couldn't keep clean, even if we do come from the desert." Anyhow that was quite a compliment and it made the boys all feel good about it.

We have an ensign for an officer up here. He is one of these fellows who worked up from the ranks and sure is stiff to the boys. I don't mind it at all because of the military training I received at school, but it is sure hard for some of these wild cow-punchers to take orders from him.

Reveille up here is at 5 o'clock, and it is certainly hard to get up. After, about 5:30, we take a cold shower, roll up our tents, clean up and then go to breakfast. After breakfast we scrub the decks of our tents, shine our shoes and clean our teeth. Then drill, mess, drill, till 4 o'clock, then nose spray and chow (supper). After supper we go up to the Y. M. C. A., wash clothes or do as we please. It would make you laugh to see us all up here. We all have our hair clipped and look like a bunch of convicts. I myself felt like one for a while, but now am getting used to the place nicely.

Well, Father, please excuse this pencil and writing, as I am in my tent writing on a magazine on my lap, by a very poor light. Give my best to the Good Fathers and to all the boys and tell them to write to me as I would sure like to hear from anyone of them. Good-bye, Father, write soon, and say a prayer for me once in a while.

Your old pupil and friend,

LOUIS BERGNA.

Co. A 3, D Barracks, U. S. Naval Training Station,  
San Francisco, Calif. This address till the 30th.

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Wednesday, March 3, 1918.

DEAR FATHER:

Just a few lines to let you know that I still think of you and the short time I spent at Santa Clara.

The orders sending me here were lost somewhere between San Francisco and Washington, and as a result I didn't arrive at the Fort until the middle part of January. However, I enjoyed the extra time at home and have no regrets now over the delay as I have finished the ground course, passing the examinations last week and am now taking my captive balloon flights. They offer no thrills being about as much sport as an elevator ride. As yet I have taken no parachute drops so there is a chance of my changing my mind regarding the sport after I have jumped into space about 4000 feet above ground. After completing the required number of captive balloon flights we go south for a course in free ballooning which means rides every few days of 400 miles and more. When finished with this we are awarded a commission.

I have seen the Creighton University's basketball team win several games and they have some team, believe me, not losing a game this season and taking on all.

Tell Father McElmeel that I intend going out to see his father and mother soon. To date I have left the Fort on but five occasions, but from now on should be able to use my pass every week. It is only for a half day, so you can see how they keep us on the jump.

How are things going with the ball team? I hope alright, and that Jerry makes a better manager than a billiard shark. I don't suppose he told you, Father, of the way I trimmed him when he was in Sacramento for the Christmas holidays. It was part of my daily exercise and I hope on returning he will be in better form.

Also, is there a Mountain League? I get the "Redwood" home, but have neglected having it forwarded to me so have lost track of the doings outside of a few items the "Bee" publishes. And have Korte, Diaz, Howard and a few others been able to secure "umps" that could go through five innings without being bounced? I don't think war should be hard for me after having faced that crowd. I need not ask for the Sanctuary Society for I know what it will always be under the guidance of its leader.

The worst part of this whole affair for me is the being always among strangers. If there were only a Leonard, or a Maher, or Rooney, here, I could really enjoy it. I hear from Mike every month and some day he is going to show me Ireland. We have already planned a reunion party to be staged in Paris or Berlin, and with Maher as fun-maker it will be a great success.

Tell Jerry or anyone else there that they needn't wait for a letter from me before writing. Please remember me to all the Fathers and fellows, and oblige,

Your Friend,

JACK O'NEIL.

Flying Cadet J. F. O'Neil, Fort Omaha, Nebraska.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 22, 1918.

DEAR FATHER THORNTON:

Knowing from past experience your kind heart, I feel that after I explain the cause of my shameful delay in answering your letter and in thanking you for your kindness, you will pardon me.

As we have had a spell of good weather, we have been flying every day. All the planes and balloons in the station have been in the air. So we are on the run from seven-thirty in the morning until ten at night, when we little birds are put to rest good and tired. But today being Washington's Birthday and with a snow storm in full blast, we have a few moments to ourselves.

After making careful inquiries as to an appointment to Boston Tech. I find that all the men now there are being detailed to balloons. And, Father, I would rather be a third-class coal-passenger on a tug-boat than an Admiral detailed to balloons. So I shall just take my time and see what is in store for me.

With many thanks for your kindness and hoping that I am remembered in your prayers,

I remain your most humble friend,

TOM.

Thomas Conneally, U. S. N. Aerial Corps,  
Fort Tilden, N. Y.

SAN PEDRO, CAL., MARCH 26, 1918.

DEAR FATHER:

This morning one of the old Santa Clara boys, Herbert Garcia, gave me a "Redwood" to read. To say that I read it is a mistake. I devoured it. It looked good to see the names of the old fellows signed to the articles, "Dumple" Diaz, "Moose" Korte, Nicholson, Charlie Murphy, "Mick" Casey, etc. Garcia, by the way, is a great chap; he has a glad hand and a pleasant smile whenever he meets one. But it seems that almost every day one meets some one of the old boys whom he had not met here before. Naturally a lengthy conversation ensues as each recalls the happy days at S. C., escapades, hairbreadth escapes, "inner campus" sentence, and what not. "Oh! them were the happy days!"

As far as life in the Navy goes I must say I like it very much; at least here at San Pedro. One never knows where he will be transferred; but here's hoping I'll stick around quite a while. Not a single boy who has gone East from here, but does not write that he wishes he were back. Our climate here is just about ideal.

Well, this is Holy Week; but one would never guess it; for we have very little to remind us of it. In fact we do not even have Mass on Sundays, and you have no idea how much we miss it.

Father, let me ask you not to forget me in your prayers, as you may rest assured you are not forgotten in mine. And I thank you, Father, for the many favors you showed me while at College, and I hope that our Lord will bless you for it in the future, as he has done in the past. With best regards to the Fathers and boys,

I remain most sincerely,

DANIEL O. DONOVAN.

Daniel O. Donovan, U. S. Naval Station,  
San Pedro, Cal.

# The Redwood

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF SANTA CLARA

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The object of The Redwood is to gather together what is best in the literary work of the students, to record University doings and to knit closely the hearts of the boys of the present and the past

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## EDITORIAL

### Ku Klux Again

We read in the morning papers that Salinas boasts a Ku Klux Klan. Well may Salinas boast. Too long have alien enemies openly insulted our nation, our President and everything else of ours. Too long have their spies strode amongst us with their hyphenated smiles and poisoned our food, inoculated our soldiers with germs and laughed at our militarism, at our Am-

ericanism, at Washington, Lee, Lincoln and the Spirit of '76. And the great majority of them have gotten away with from thirty to ninety days in jail, no labor and plenty to eat. Are the farmers, lawyers and merchants raving about the support that our boys at the front should be getting? No. To a great extent it is the **public officeholder** who, if he could see the sons of fair California dying in France, choked to



death by a gas bomb, blown to pieces by a shell or starving in a German prison camp, would realize that the soldier's greatest support outside of necessities must come from his treatment of captured pro-Germans and those of so-called labor factions which are not labor factions but degraders of the term, and our great indirect lighteners of the Kaiser's bloody path. This is a time when the formalities of law must be cast aside. Men must act from their very hearts and to do this the greatest manhood is required. Prominent men do not risk their prominence by so doing. They make themselves Washingtons, Lincolns and Sheridans. They do more good than many day's fighting on the front. They make themselves Pershing's greatest aides.

Honor to the Ku Klux Klan of Salinas, the real enemies of Kaiserism.

## Kant

Lately our amiable friend **Kr.** Wilhelm has ascribed his success in military maneuvers and his Kultur principle to the great German philosopher Herr Kant. Now, so as to clear up any skepticism about the skepticism which the Murder Master claims as his omen of good luck we will refer to the Kaiser's latest version of the matter. He praises Kant's theory and claims that deep within his soldiers lies the Kantian instinct to believe that you are and that your rights are and to respect them, but doubt your neighbor's exist-

ence and in turn doubt the existence of his rights, and you need not respect that which you doubt the entity of. Deep within, on the surface of, and reeking from the very essence of the Kaiser's Kantian doctrine is devilish selfishness, hellish selfishness and only too well satisfied are we with the explanation and only too sincerely may we say "This is Kaiserism." Philosophy is philosophy and God, the angels, and our consciences are another thing. So, with the spirit that, from the heart of the pitifully thin ranks of the Belgians, with the love of mankind that said to the great overwhelming army of Huns "In the name of God stand back," and then in His name fought and died with those words in their mouths, I say, with that spirit in our hearts let us cast aside that principle of philosophy taught in so many of our American universities if it teaches the Kaiser's doctrine of bloody revelry. If the principles of Emmanuel Kant are in great measure responsible for Prussianism let us banish them from our universities before the minds of our youth be tainted.

## Calaveras Dam

It is not for us, we realize very fully, to criticize the decisions and works of experts, but, as all public opinion seems to be against the constructors of the Calaveras Dam since some giant steel-head gnawed his way through the breastworks that stemmed the onrush of waters through the Cala-

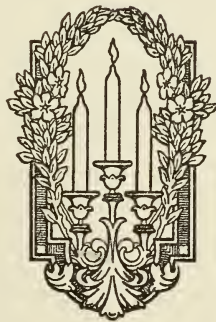
veras valley and undermined the work of years, we would enjoy, at least for the sake of argument, to put in a word for the underdog. Could mud be made to change its nature without the aid of heat and solidify, as the dam experts opined? It seemed, as the long pent-up waters went booming down the lower canyon that it would not,—but—, as I remember, the work took hundreds of men and hundreds of thousands of dollars to accomplish. The workers, gaining the zest of the great enterprise have come, driving their trucks down from the dam, their faces cracked and bleeding from the hot wind, yet smiling, and cursing at their own slowness.

Two cement walls held the earthen center washed from the mountain sides by the hydraulic system, therefore the earth was wet—it was mud. Would this

solidify? Experts thought so. Experts in whom the dam officials placed such confidence that they backed their beliefs with a million dollars and told them to go ahead. Then, when the hundreds of tons of water at the will of God tossed aside the childlike works and plans of man and went roaring through the huge project, men were quick to blame the contractors, the dam experts;—blame must be placed somewhere,—everywhere. But who were the losers,—the blamers or the blamed?

Mistakes will ever happen, and someone must ever bear the blame, but where there is \$500,000 worth of sincerity should there be all blame? Not in our minds.

Edward L. Nicholson.



# University Notes



## Sergeant Doc Wells

The evening of March 20th saw our Auditorium crowded to capacity with patriotic citizens anxious to hear Sergeant "Doc" Wells, the Canadian hero who lost his arm doing his bit, tell of what he saw and what he helped to do, of what he suffered while a prisoner among the Germans. And believe me, he had a great story to tell. For a full hour he talked, and so rapidly too, that he crowded two hours' ideas into the time; and we all sat spell-bound. It's a long time since I have listened so enraptured. Of course he told of great things, of great heroism, great achievements, great suffering and of great atrocities. But he himself is no mean talker; not what one would call eloquent, but fluent, remarkably so.

## Ryland Debate

The Ryland Debate, that ancient institution of Santa Clara, and upon which every Alumnus looks back upon with pleasure, has come and gone for this year. And it was a good debate, a very good debate, well contest-

ed throughout, with plenty of fire and no little oratory. The question read: Resolved: That after the War the Government should permanently operate the Railroads. The Senate, represented by Messrs. Gerald Desmond, Daniel Ryan and Edward Nicholson upheld the affirmative, while the negative was championed by Messrs. Frank Conneally, Eugene Jaeger and James O'Connor, who were on the platform for the House. Mr. James Sex acted as chairman. Indeed it would seem strange if he were not in that capacity; and after the Judges issued from conclave, he announced that the affirmative won, but not unanimously. The winners of the individual prizes will not be announced till Commencement, May 22.

## Liberty Loan Parade

On April 6th, the University R. O. T. C. Battalion journeyed to San Jose by special cars to take part in the Third Liberty Loan Parade. The Cadets, together with a Regiment of Infantry and a Battery of Field Artillery from Camp Fremont, paraded through the main streets of San Jose before as

big a crowd as ever lined the streets of that municipality. Almost the entire population of fifty thousand was out. The Battalion gave a good account of itself, being especially mentioned by the officers on the reviewing stand for its soldierly appearance. The band, under the direction of Prof. S. J. Mustol, marched at the head of the corps, and once more brought great applause from the bystanders. No fooling about it, we're sure proud of that band; and we have been told more than once that it would make many a regimental band jealous.

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### Roll Your Own

Grief and deep sorrow is little by little spreading through the campus as it becomes more and more difficult to obtain from the Co-op store or from any tobacconist the good old reliable Bull Durham. And matters were brought to a worse point the other day when someone discovered the following item in the paper:

NEW YORK, April 3.—The government has taken over the entire output of the "Bull Durham" cigarette tobacco manufactured by the American Tobacco Company at the company's factories at Durham, N. C., and will devote it to the needs of the American troops abroad, it was announced here today.

What are we to do? Life without Durham isn't life at all, especially if you've been raised on it since you sneaked your first smokes in someone's

barn or woodshed. Nothing can take the place of Durham. You can have your P. A., Velvet, Phillip Morris, Pall Mall, Camels, Lucky Strike, and all the rest of the tribe. They're good for a change now and then, but for a regular pal nothing fills the void like good old Bull. There's only one way out of it, I see, and that is enlist and ask to be sent to France on the very first boat; for if the whole supply is going across we want to be there to meet it and greet it.

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### J. D. S.

The try-outs for the prize debate in the Junior Dramatic Society have been completed, and the following names were chosen by the judges to compete in the final contest: Messrs. George Ryan, Frank Riordan, and Fenton Williamson and Messrs. August O'Connor, James Michaels, and Cletus Sullivan. The first three will uphold the affirmative and the last three the negative of this question: Resolved, That the selective draft be extended so as to include all those between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-eight. The debate will be held on Tuesday evening, April 23, in the J. D. S. hall. The student body is cordially invited to hear these eloquent young men hold forth.

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### Sanctuary Society

To the minds of the members of the Sanctuary Society comes the question as it has come every year,



"Where shall we go for our picnic?" And every year, with but on exception, after several places have been discussed, they end up by motor-trucking out to Villa Joseph, situated high up in a Redwood grove of the Santa Cruz Mountains. A prettier spot would be hard to find, and the Sanctuary Picnics there have always been memorable affairs. Four more names have been added to the Sanctuary's Roll of Honor, Bill Muldoon, John Muldoon, Craig Howard and Harry Jackson. The first named is at Camp Fremont, the others in the Navy.

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### House

Not at all to be outdone by their rivals, the Senate, the House had its banquet at the Hotel Montgomery, San Jose, on the evening of April 5. It was a very successful affair from every point of view, and was enlivened to a great extent by the presence of the University Jazz Orchestra. As the principal feature of the evening was what entered into the man and not what proceeded from him there was but one talk, the members insisting that they hear from Father Jos. W. Riordan, the Speaker, who has done so much for the House this year.

### Father Walsh

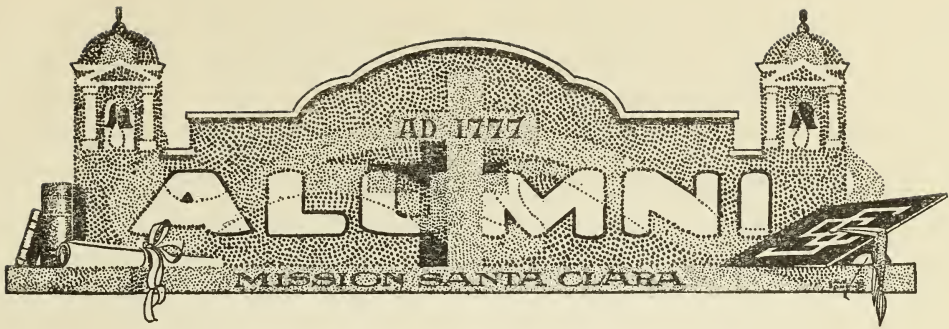
From present indications we shall, in the course of a very few weeks, cast about for a new Faculty Moderator of Athletics, as well as for one not too slow, to say Mass for us in the morning, both of which duties are being fulfilled to the queen's taste by the present incumbent, but who is soon to be off to the war, Father Henry L. Walsh. He is to be commissioned as a Chaplain in the Army as a First Lieutenant, and the papers are due any day now. That Father Walsh will make an ideal Chaplain we make no doubt; his work with the boys and with the Sodality Club will bear ample testimony to that. The Student-Body wishes him all success, and it is our fond hope that we shall meet him "over there" and, if God so wills it, be shrived by him, if we are to "click and go West" on the field of battle.

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### Condolence

Just a few days before our Easter vacation Harold Schwartz, a Freshman received word that his brother had died on the previous evening at San Francisco. The Student-Body wishes to take this occasion to express its sympathy to Harold as well as to his bereaved parents.

Demetrio Diaz.



The Summer Retreats under the supervision of Father William Boland, S. J., will be held again this year on the Mission campus. The lay retreats proved so popular last year that this year four retreats will be given. The first will begin on the evening of Thursday, the thirteenth of June and will end on Monday morning, the seventeenth. The second will begin on the eve of Thursday, the twentieth, and will end on Monday, the twenty-fourth. The third will begin on the eve of Thursday, the twenty-seventh, and will end on the morning of Monday, the first of July. The fourth retreat will be strictly a week-end retreat and will begin on Friday, the fifth of July, and will end on Monday morning, the eighth of July.

The Alumni Notes for April bear a great resemblance to a First Sergeant's report at American Lake, or to a compendium of names and addresses from Camp Fremont. More power to the old fellows of Santa Clara who have placed the Red and White high in the records of patriotic service. Everywhere we

find them, in the Naval Training schools, on board ship, in the army cantonments, miles above the clouds, flying for Uncle Sam, prying the secrets of the deep, studying at colleges and universities for immediate service. And on the honor roll of those who have sacrificed their lives on the altar of freedom, of those who have given that last full measure of devotion, in order that the nation may live, we already find the names of several Santa Clarans. The book-covered desks fade away into misty forty-two centimeters and the wainscoting becomes a dug-out somewhere over there. The swinging light is a German Taube hovering near to ferret out secrets it should never know and a great fly knocking on the window pane is a piece of stray shrapnel. And then, recording the deeds of the fellows of old, of the men who have gone before and blazed the trail, no longer seems a duty but a pleasure—a small reward indeed for the hell they are going through. And so, gladly we proceed.

'62 It was with great sorrow that we recently learned of the death of the wife of Hon. Delphine M. Delmas, Santa Clara's oldest living alumnus. Mrs. Delmas died at her home at Santa Monica, and with her husband the Alumni and Student Body condole most heartily.

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'97 Rev. William A. Fleming has been made pastor of St. Gertrude's Church in Stockton, and was welcomed to his charge by a public reception in Fair Oaks Hall, Stockton. We congratulate Stockton on its acquisition, and we wish Father Fleming all success in his new parish.

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'11 "Babe" Reams is now a top sergeant at American Lake and is getting along famously. Next time we hear from him we hope to put Lieutenant before his name.

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'13 Constantine Castruccio, who was graduated from Columbia after his graduation from this institution, is now in the trenches. Castruccio had a flourishing practice in the law business in Los Angeles before departure and was on the high road to success in the legal profession. We wish him equal success in his new calling.

"Scib" Davis, one of the boys of five years ago, entered Annapolis after leaving Santa Clara and is now an ensign in the United States Navy. Davis was one of the best liked fellows on the campus during his sojourn at Santa Clara and was also one of the stellar athletes of the Juniors.

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'15 Angelo Bessolo, mailman of the yard in the days of old is somewhere in the army, but where is a question. Anyhow we know he is making good for he had the stuff in him and should make a great soldier.

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Leo Welch is with the Grizzlies at Camp Kearney and expects to go across at any time. Welch pitched on the Varsity when he attended college and was considered one of the best bets in the box.

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'16 Lieutenant Adolph B. Canelo is at present in France and has had some grim experiences in the first line trenches. He is there for the purpose of studying French guns and was given charge of a battery on the firing line for several shifts when he received his baptism of fire from the German artillery. He writes that his barrage stopped a Ger-

man raiding party and that the great American General was right in his well-known characterization of war.

Navy and a certain wagon spoke used at reveille in the morning to get the men out of bed occupied several paragraphs of his narrative.

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To Joseph Noonan on March  
**Ex '16** 16, was born a daughter.  
 Congratulations, Joe! Being  
 that Joe was ever such a votary of St. Patrick, we make no doubt that the new arrival has already been baptized Patricia, at least she should be.

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Frank O'Neill has been transferred to the Navy Training School in Florida. "Nooks" is pretty close to Palm Beach and the Navy may lose a good man. O'Neill has been in the Navy for about two months now.

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**'17** Charles D. South Jr., whose flaming hair, flying in the wind might be considered a thing of beauty that is a joy forever, has been made a corporal and is still stationed at Camp Kearney. Charlie writes that he likes the army life, but that the social whirl is a thing of the past for him. He is in Co. E, 159th Infantry.

June Vogler is in the Signal Corps at the Presidio, and from all reports is doing well. June was an expert in wireless before he enlisted and we predict a great success for him.

Audrey Philip Schmidt, lawyer extraordinary, has been called to the ranks of the Naval Reservists at San Pedro, where he has come into contact with many of his old friends from Santa Clara, notably "Goat" Curtin, "Bag" Muldoon and Tommy Riordan. It is said that Schmidt is conducting a private law school and that he has hired Curtin as Chief Instructor.

"Penn" Lyon enlisted in the 319th Engineers, was transferred to the Naval Radio Corps and is now studying wireless at Harvard. It all happened within a week and for that reason we surmise that he has not yet had time to write and tell a few of his experiences.

We think that the last mentioned gentleman deserves a notice all by himself, and judging by a letter which he penned to Johnnie Jones we think that Curt has not lost the good old line yet. In this epistle he describes life in the

Bill Muldoon and Hilding Johnson are at Fremont in the 319th Engineers and both have been made corporals in recognition of their military training at Santa Clara. That further advancement awaits these men goes without saying for both are earnest in everything they go about. Muldoon goes to American Lake with the Fremont track team next month. He will run the quarter.

Ed. Lannin is in the Coast Artillery at Fort Scott and writes that he likes the army. Three of his brothers are also in the service. There can be no



doubt of the fact that the Lannin family are doing their bit.

Toby Bricea, who should be one of this year's graduates, heard his country calling and enlisted. He is now the mail orderly of his Company at Jacksonville, Florida, and writes to say that Palm Beach is a joke compared to North Beach.

Ed. Harter has been commissioned a Second Lieutenant of artillery after a three months course at an Officers' Training Camp in Virginia. Harter will be stationed at Vancouver for the time being.

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“Caruso” Soto is now in the  
**Ex '19** 319th Engineers at Camp Fremont and is said to have lost one hundred pounds in the past three weeks. When he shall have lost a little more avoirdupois he will be in

the heavy-weight class and will be ready to get any German in the business. “Pablo” writes that he is immensely pleased with army life and he is betting ten to one that the war will be over before his regiment appears on the scene.

Charlie Collins was one of the survivors of the Tuscania and was the only Santa Clara aboard. Collins was something of a baseball player in his days at Santa Clara. He wrote a most interesting letter relating his experiences during the sinking of the steamer. The men in his boat landed on the Irish coast and were the first American troops to touch the old sod. The people looked at them in wonder and treated them like princes. From last reports Collins was in England and expected to cross the channel shortly.

—J. Charles Murphy.





## S. C. Men with the Colors



### CORRECTIONS

Jackson, Walter  
McGurrin, Buckley  
Ybarrondo, Thomas

Naval Reserve, San Pedro, Cal.  
Ensign, Navy  
Naval Reserve, San Pedro, Cal.

### ADDITIONS

Ahern, Paul  
Bergna, Louis  
Bliss, Roy  
Boone, Frank  
Brown, Joseph  
Carew, Paul  
Casey, Thomas  
Gramer, Gerald  
Degnan, John  
Demartini, Joseph  
Donovan, Daniel O.  
Donovan, Eugene  
Fitzpatrick, Benjamin  
Ford, John  
Hall, Harry  
Hall, Raymond  
Lohse, Marcel  
Lyle, George  
McCann, William  
McDowell, Hubert  
McNamara, Edward  
Robasciotti, Julius  
Sargent, Jake  
Shipsey, William  
Somps, George  
Soto, Pablo

1st Lieut.  
Navy, Yerba Buena, San Francisco  
Naval Reserve  
319th Eng., Camp Fremont, Cal.  
Capt. M. C., Camp Lewis, Wash.  
Naval Reserve, San Pedro, Cal.  
Medical Corps, Camp Fremont, Cal.  
Artillery, France  
1st Lieut., Camp Lewis, Wash.  
319th Eng., Camp Fremont, Cal.  
Naval Reserve, Mare Island, Cal.  
Naval Reserve, San Pedro, Cal.  
Naval Reserve, San Pedro, Cal.  
1st Serg., Army  
Aviation  
Naval Reserve, San Pedro, Cal.  
2nd Lieut. Inf., France  
National Army, Camp Lewis, Wash.  
National Army, Camp Lewis, Wash.  
Naval Reserve, San Pedro, Cal.  
Navy, Yerba Buena, San Francisco  
Navy, Mare Island, Cal.  
Naval Reserve  
Navy  
The Grizzlies, Camp Kearney, Cal.  
319th Eng., Camp Fremont, Cal.

(NOTE: The entire list will be reprinted in the May issue. In the meantime we shall be most grateful for any additions and corrections.)



"This were a medley; we should have him back

Who told the 'Winter's Tale' to do it for us."

The Princess.

Monotony kills. The old worn out forms are tiring; and so instead of picking a book at random from the pile lying on my desk, exposing its faults and perhaps extolling its merits, I thought it might be well to strike out a more novel trail. In a moment, therefore, I shall sieze the literary offspring of Undergraduate America, and lead it out before your gaze. Hitherto you might have gained an occasional glimpse at solitary merits of some college or another. Perhaps it might be well to see that wild-eyed race of beings, the College writers, in one assemblage; perhaps too a small comparison here and there may lend elan. So if this *Revue* 1917-1918 prove a la mode we expect your interest; should it prove jumbled, we crave your pardon.

In this issue we shall consider undergraduate Poetry; in the next you will have the long-faced essayist and the various exponents of the Short Story bowing before you.

The light waves come first, you know, and college verse is as light as light can be. And in perusing this poetry a few of its characteristics which were especially individual attracted our notice. For one thing, most of the poetry is either branded with the season in which it is written, or reflects the lights and shades of war. Autumnal odes weep with regret for the lost summer; a war verse tells of trench horrors, or what is immensely more naive and natural—of a soldier's farewell. That it has laid the axe at the roots of maudlin sentimentality is one of the things for which the war may boast.

Also that bug-a-boo of a year ago—Vers Libre—seems, like Baal to be gone a journey. We only came across one or two of his parting splotches. That Amy Lowell is losing her devotees is lamentable; that Mr. Undergraduate prefers his poetry in good old fashioned rhythm is evident. A few like the old Sonnet form—most, the Iambic Tetrameter well mixed with alternate rhymes.

The college poet is inclined to be bombastic rather than simple. And his

figures moreover are startlingly unoriginal. Not once can we recall seeing an entirely original idea or figure—not even once. All were either old figures with the same features but in different attire; or with both features and attire changed, but still recognizable from their old selves. Can it be that the imitative instinct of American youth is only making the works of that youth a second edition of the English Classicists? But then a certain critic remarked not long ago, “Appeal is the first essential of successful poetry—not originality.”

Now, when we glance over the magazines several there are that immediately detach themselves by reason of their poetical as well as general literary merit. Some of these are, Fordham Monthly, Georgetown College Journal, Nassau Lit., Holy Cross Purple, Boston College Stylus, Canisius Monthly and The Tattler.

In these magazines two names stand out in view of their poetic excellence and consistent contributions—Edward Eustace, who writes for Fordham, and Michael J. Miller, who espouses Canisius. Edward Eustace, who attains some heights even unknown to Pegasus, should beware of being too grandiose. Thompson is a better model than Swinburne. A sweeter singer is Michael J. Miller—a sweeter singer and a simpler.

But then all praise or blame is in a degree futile. It is best let the poems lilt their own praise. Here is an excerpt from “The Balance” by Edward

Eustace, appearing in the February number of Fordham Monthly. He talks of the galley-slaves:

“Should a heart-string snap at the oar-lock

When the starred sky bridged the main,  
The sharks lolled up to a sucking splash

And the seas ran on again.”

That, with its intensity of suggestion is a splendid touch of artistry. Nothing is said of the death; nothing is described of the body being thrown overboard. Only the effects are given:

“The sharks lolled up to a sucking splash

And the seas ran on again.”

But doesn't this appeal to the heart more? It is a song of Michael J. Miller and appears in the November issue of the Canisius Monthly.

#### A SONG.

Last night a star was falling,  
And oh, I thought of thee.  
Last night a voice was calling,  
And oh, it called to me.  
I saw thy light fade out and hide  
Its ashes in a grave;  
I heard thy voice till echoes died,  
And not an answer gave.

Dawn came, Regret was weeping  
Where thy lone star-dust lay;  
Dawn came, thy heart was sleeping  
To wake no other day.



And I with Love came silently  
 To keep my vigil there;  
 And I forgave the heart of thee  
 With lips that murmured prayer.

Perfect it is, perfect in its rhyme, in its rhythm and in its melody. The occasional initial repetitions hint of the effort that obtained that elegant simplicity.

"Carmen Vagorum", which appears in the December issue of the Nassau Lit. is another of the real poems we unearthed in our explorations. It sings of the chords of life at their deepest, of the tides of life at their flood, of the froth of life too—as lightly as if the pen that wrote it were dipped in that froth; that froth that drifts as free as if it were churned at the clash of the seven seas. It is a song of youthful exuberance—a song of the open road.

These first two stanzas will give you a fair idea of it:

"Hey for wayfaring!  
 We, the Goliards,  
 Blithe though penniless  
 Pass in routs along  
 Hedges and Highways  
 Singing, carousing  
 In May-time and Summer.

Green the by-paths  
 Glisten at sunrise;  
 Soft sifts the sunlight  
 Through leaves at mid-day,  
 White in the moonlight  
 Streams the highroad."

And again, there is a poem in the

Georgetown Journal written by Ward F. Barron, '04, in France. In our opinion it is a diamond of first water. We would like to quote it in its entirety, but since there is dearth of space you will have to be content with a few snatches.

#### A LARK SINGING.

"Above the fields of flowers,  
 All yellow and all blue  
 That line a lane in Picardy,  
 The lane we're marching through,  
 There sings a little laughing bird  
 As larks at home might do."

And a few lines further on:

"And yet a little journey  
 And not a league from here  
 Across the fields of Picardy  
 The great gray clouds appear."

And later:

"He seems in such a rapture,  
 This awful April day,  
 It might be he is heralding  
 A new and golden May,  
 More filled with prayer and promise  
 Than any spring could say."

In the Richmond College Messenger we find a poem by Walter Bambi. In some places the meter is a trifle untrue, in others the figures and pictures slightly crude. However it is an exquisite work of imagination and preserves a pretty swing. The writer shows poetic temperment in the facility with which he leaps from mood to mood. It begins:

"In the Springtime, joyous Springtime,  
When the lindens bud anew—  
When the morning flush is breaking  
And the grass is wet with dew."

Can't you feel the cry of Spring in those lines? He begins the song to Summer thus:

"Gentle and mild the zepthers blow,  
Sweet and soft, murmuring low,  
Nodding the linden to and fro."

After a description of Summer, a description as lazy and langourous as those last three lines—a description in which we can almost hear the idyllic Indian Summer breathe—after this he shifts to Autumn. Now sharp winds are blowing, happiness is gone—

"Blow, blow, O wind from the West;  
Let not the spirits of the dead leaves  
rest,—  
Creak, ye have branches, and laugh at  
the jest!  
Summer is gone, the birds are fled,  
Spring and the morn are cold and  
dead."

Do you follow the transition? Do you notice the sharp, fretful, broken, despairing meter, And lastly utter despair, final death. Winter's hand itself has pressed these lines which begin the last song to him:

"Snow, snow bitterly blowing  
Snow in the darkness and night."

In its song of youth, maturity, decline and death it reminds us of the *Idylls of the King*. That cycle of course is the history of anything that lives.

Other poems that were more than mediocre are "Poppies" in Tatler, "Together" and "Garden of Joys", *Georgetown Journal*; "Vale" in *Campion*, "Dust o' Dreams", "My Little Lad" and "Mother" in *Canisius*, "Passersby" in *Holy Cross Purple*, "A Child's Voice" in *Boston College Stylus*, "Clair de Lune" in *Stanford Sequoia*, "Red Dawn" and "In Memoriam" in *Fordham Monthly*, and "Life of Day" in *The Dial*.

Such then is the first act of our *Revué*. Its realization was not all that we had planned; but still if you were perhaps pleased with some glad phase quoted, if you gained even a slight idea of the standard of College poetry, we consider our efforts well-spent. Through faulty judgment we may have overlooked some of the best poetry; through lack of space we may have not praised poems worthy of praise. However, now a month's interlude, and then the second act of this *Revué*. We hope it will redeem the first.

W. Kevin Casey.

# ATHLETICS



According to the prediction of last month, so boldly made by the athletic dopest, there is a little to say about our basket-ball team and its meager activities. After a retirement of five weeks, owing to a lack of games, it was announced that the Red and White would meet St. Ignatius on the latter's court, at San Francisco. In an endeavor to get in condition and be able to shoot at least five per cent of the attempted throws, Capt. Don, had Mannelli, Vicini, Guichon, Diaz, Korte, Humphrey and J. Muldoon out for two strenuous practices before meeting this worthy rival. The exact state of these players' condition, after what has been said, is left to the reader's own judgment.

**Santa Clara 41. St. Ignatius 40.**

It was on Thursday evening, March 14th, that this much heralded event took place, and it might be added, the only real game of basket-ball the Varsity has had this year, the other three or four games being entirely devoid of anything like competition. The game

was a fairly good one, being a little rough at times because of the smallness of the court, and ending in all the excitement that a most rabid fan could desire.

The Varsity gave a fair imitation of its true worth during the first half, the score being 24 to 8 in their favor at the end of this period. Then came the inevitable. The wearers of the Red and White slowed up most perceptibly about the middle of the second session (you can guess the reason), and it was only by a supreme effort in the last few minutes of play that they were able to hold the Ignatians, who were coming very strong. For Santa Clara, Capt. Don, Mannelli, and Guichon showed to advantage, while Oneil and Williamson were the stars of St. Ignatius.

It was hoped that a return game could be arranged, but fate was against it and so the Red and White basket-ball season was formally declared closed, although it is hard to gather from the dope that it was ever really opened.

The teams lined up as follows:

SANTA CLARA		ST. IGNATIUS
Don (Capt.)	Forward	O'Neill (Capt.)
Manelli	Forward	Molkenbulur
Diaz	Forward	
Vicini	Center	Cronin
Guichon	Guard	Ohlandt
Korte	Guard	Williamson

### BASE BALL.

Whether base ball will follow in the weary disheartening footsteps of basket ball remains to be seen, right now the dope again favors an affirmative answer. With Coach "Tub" Spencer, the life and light of Santa Clara's baseball, gone to other fields of conquest, and with the campus interested in nothing else but "squads right, column left, or the morning exercises," there is a great tendency to call baseball "quits" for the rest of the year. However, in a spirit of wisdom we shake our heads and say, "we shall see".

One thing can be said in favor of baseball, to date the season has been a great success. Plenty of games, plenty of victories, and (softly) some defeats. "Tub" succeeded, as has been said before, in building up a team of fighting aggressiveness, around one veteran and star, Capt. "Jerry" Desmond. Although young and inexperienced, this team has done Santa Clara credit, so we thank Mr. Spencer and fondly hope he will be with us next year.

### Santa Clara 2.

### Stanford 9.

Saturday, March 16, the Varsity journeyed to Stanford (via the customary motor truck, for they love motoring) and returned on the short end of a 9 to 2 score. Every one on the Stanford diamond, except the Crimson players, seemed to be listless and did not take much interest in what they were doing. Time and again the Varsity could have scored, but before they woke up to the occasion, the chance had been taken away. There was lacking a certain dash and pep to the Red and White's fielding; and this, coupled with a few errors plus Stanford's hits was responsible—well, the score was Stanford 9, Santa Clara 2.

This evens up the series of one victory apiece and we hope that the third will not be called off as it would not do to leave things in such an unsettled condition.

### SANTA CLARA.

	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Scholz, 3b .....	4	0	1	1	3	2
Grace, rf .....	4	1	1	0	0	1
Mannelli, lf .....	3	1	1	2	0	1
Fitzpatrick, 2b .....	4	0	0	2	4	0
Hoeftling, cf .....	2	0	0	2	1	0
Bresnan, 1b .....	4	0	1	13	0	0
Williams, ss .....	3	0	0	1	1	2
Larrey, c .....	3	0	0	3	2	0
Guichon, p .....	3	0	0	0	3	0
*Mackey .....	1	0	0	0	0	0
Totals .....	31	2	4	24	14	6

\*Batted for Williams in 9th.



## STANFORD.

	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Dickie, 3b .....	5	0	1	0	1	1
Harvey, rf .....	4	1	0	1	0	0
Lilly, cf .....	4	3	1	2	0	0
Campbell, c .....	5	4	2	10	1	0
Galloway, ss .....	5	1	1	0	4	1
Wayland, lf .....	5	0	1	3	0	1
Doe, 2b .....	3	0	1	4	2	1
Davis, 1b .....	2	0	1	7	0	1
Liefer, p .....	3	0	1	0	0	0
	—	—	—	—	—	—
Totals .....	36	9	9	27	8	5

**Santa Clara 15. Twelfth Infantry 4.**

On Sunday, March 24, the 12th Infantry of Camp Fremont armed themselves with six hits and invaded our territory. However they spent their six hits, mighty as they were, too freely in the first two innings, netting them four runs on singles by Corrough, McClain, and McLean, with three baggers sandwiched by Tabor and Henry. After this their attack was listless and their baseball ridiculous.

It was in the third inning that the Varsity's heavy artillery, under the able direction of Corporal Gus O'Connor, who, by the way, grabbed four hits during the game, two being home runs, opened fire. When the smoke and din of the bombardment had cleared away, six runs were chalked up and a new pitcher had replaced McLean, Watkins by name. Watkins was of little or no good to the retreating soldiers, as they refused to rally around his faulting soup bone, which he

swung with embarrassing fruitlessness, and the murder continued, until good old Father Time came to the rescue.

For Santa Clara, Hoeftling, Larrey and Bresnan starred at the bat, while Williams and Fitzpatrick were the bulwarks of defense. Tabor and Henry did well at the bat for the 12th Infantry, while in the field,—well, to tell the truth, the poor fellows didn't know they were doing wrong, so we won't pick on them.

## SANTA CLARA.

	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
O'Connor, 3b .....	6	3	4	1	2	0
Hoeftling, cf .....	2	2	1	0	0	0
Berg, cf .....	0	0	0	0	0	0
Mannelli, lf .....	6	1	1	2	0	0
Fitzpatrick, 2b .....	2	2	0	1	2	1
Bresnan, 1b .....	3	2	2	7	0	1
Macke, rf .....	3	0	0	1	0	0
Hyland, rf .....	1	1	1	0	0	0
Williams, ss .....	3	1	1	2	1	1
Grace, ss .....	1	1	0	4	2	0
Larrey, c .....	3	2	1	8	2	0
Ferrario, c .....	1	0	0	1	0	0
Leavy, p .....	5	0	1	0	2	0
	—	—	—	—	—	—
Totals .....	36	15	12	27	11	3

## 12TH INFANTRY.

	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Corrough, cf .....	4	1	1	2	0	1
Tabor, 1b .....	4	1	1	8	0	0
Henry, rf .....	3	0	1	1	0	0
McClain, 3b .....	4	0	1	0	2	1
Viles, ss .....	4	0	0	1	5	0
Shepard, 2b .....	4	0	1	3	0	0

	A	B	R	H	P	O	A	E
Stadelli, lf .....	3	0	0	2	0	1		
Hitchcock, c .....	4	1	0	7	1	1		
McLean, p .....	1	1	1	0	1	0		
Watkins, p .....	1	0	0	0	0	0		
	—	—	—	—	—	—		
Totals .....	32	4	6	24	9	4		

Norbert Korte.

### PREP NOTES.

For some little time now has the Preps' Spring Drive been on; the trench warfare of the basketball court has been abandoned for conflicts in the open field of the diamond and track. Well may we be proud of our material in these two lines of sport, and we would bid our young hopefuls be of good heart and keep at it, for with the war shooting holes in the ranks of Varsity material next year more than one Prep may with good reason aspire to a coveted block.

The Prep ball team has been showing up very well, and can boast not only of class but the ability to hit the ball at the proper time and hit it "where they ain't", as a certain J. McGraw of New York is credited with saying. And it is in the department of hitting that the Prep's strong point lies, and hitting is the positive feature of a ball game; hitting, not fielding, nets runs. Well our last two games were with Stanford Frosh, and the Preps came back

on the long end of the score in both encounters.

Of the men Capt. Gus O'Connor carries a mean stick around with him that is liable to bust up any ball game, while he manages to spear anything on, near or around third in a way that elicits the jealousy of more than one Varsity man. Backstop Ferrario too is gifted with a good eye and a mighty arm, with the result that few stolen bases were chalked up against him. The twirling has been done by Frank O'Connor and by Bresnan, and with no mean ability at that, but we must not omit to say that the support accorded the pitchers by the rest of the team is the best we have seen in a Prep team for more than one season.

Then too in track, Volkmor, Hyland, Bedolla, Kaney, Murphy, Riordan, to say nothing of lesser lights, will hold their own in any dual interscholastic meet. Just at present they together with the Varsity men are getting into shape in anticipation of the Pentathlon meet to be held on Father President's Day, scheduled for April 20. At present thirteen cups and five medals have been donated as prizes, every one of which is "a thing of beauty," not to say "a joy forever." So we would advise all to don the track suits on these long evenings and better the condition.

Of course the time for practice in any line of sport is somewhat limited these days, and we are handicapped

considerably. For the military being not an unimportant factor in these trying and hooverizing war days "us Preps has" a hard task of it to squeeze in time from our manifold activities of studying, sleeping, eating and playing at being soldiers for a little something now and then in the line of athletics. For this reason it is rather difficult to give all the time to developing new ma-

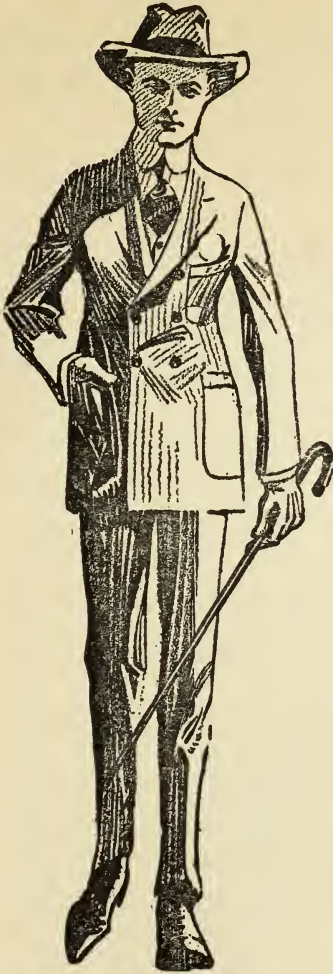
terial that we could desire; but we seem to get by.

The unrest and uncertainty of the times coupled with the shortness of time is responsible to a great extent for the seeming lack of interest in the Mountain League and Allies' League. But who knows the pep may come back any day, so why worry.

Fred J. Moran.



THE REDWOOD



## New Spring Suits

To select your new Spring Suit at "THE HASTINGS" will be a genuine pleasure, because the stock is so comprehensive and the styles and fabrics so distinctive.

The prices, too, are consistent with

"Hastings Quality."

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# University of Santa Clara

SANTA CLARA, CALIFORNIA

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The University embraces the following departments:

A. THE COLLEGE OF PHILOSOPHY AND LETTERS.

A four' years' College course, leading to the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

B. THE COLLEGE OF GENERAL SCIENCE.

A four years' College course, leading to the degree of Bachelor of Science.

C. THE INSTITUTE OF LAW.

A standard three years' course of Law, leading to the degree of Bachelor of Laws, and pre-supposing for entrance the completion of two years of study beyond the High School.

D. THE COLLEGE OF ENGINEERING.

(a) Civil Engineering—A four years' course, leading to the degree of Bachelor of Science in Civil Engineering.

(b) Mechanical Engineering—A four years' course leading to the degree of Bachelor of Science in Mechanical Engineering.

(c) Electrical Engineering—A four years' course leading to the degree of Bachelor of Science in Electrical Engineering.

E. THE COLLEGE OF ARCHITECTURE.

A four years' course, leading to the degree of Bachelor of Science in Architecture.

F. THE PRE-MEDICAL COURSE.

A two years' course of studies in Chemistry, Bacteriology, Biology and Anatomy, which is recommended to students contemplating entrance into medical schools. Only students who have completed two years of study beyond the High School are eligible for this course.

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WALTER F. THORNTON, S. J.,

President

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# The Star-Spangled Banner

---

OH, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,  
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming,  
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous fight,  
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming?  
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,  
Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there,  
Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave  
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

On the shore, dimly seen thro' the midst of the deep  
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,  
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep  
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?  
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,  
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream;  
'Tis the star-spangled banner, oh! long may it wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave!

Oh! thus be it e'er when freemen shall stand  
Between their loved homes and the war's desolation;  
Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land  
Praise the pow'r that hath made and preserv'd us a nation;  
Then conquer we must when our cause it is just,  
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust."  
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.



This Issue is Dedicated to  
Our Boys in the Service





# The Redwood.

Entered Dec. 18, 1902, at Santa Clara, Cal., as second-class matter, under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879

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VOL. XVII

SANTA CLARA, CAL., MAY, 1918

NO. 7

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## Our Service Flag

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Dedicated to Our Boys "Over There."

**N**ERVE thou, O Lord, in the cause of right  
Our loved ones battling in lands afar;  
Strengthen our souls in the sacrifice  
Wrested from us by a ruthless war.  
Bless, bless this flag, be it type to Thee  
Of worship shrined in our liberty.

### CHORUS.

God bless our boys. All power is from above.  
They serve not man, They serve Thee, God of Love.  
No nobler fruit is born of nobler tree;  
In serving Country, Lord, they're serving Thee.

If crimson band in our peerless flag  
Shall symbol be of the blood they shed,  
Grant, grant, dear Lord, that the spotless white  
Be type of lives in Thy service led.  
And stars of blue bid our hearts upsoar  
To realms of peace where we part no more.

Those stars of gold—though they gleam through tears  
That well unbid for our dear ones slain,  
Beam hope's bright rays that Thy mercy, Lord,  
Has made our loss their eternal gain;  
And earth's rare tribute for duty done  
Is pledge of crown in Thy Kingdom won.

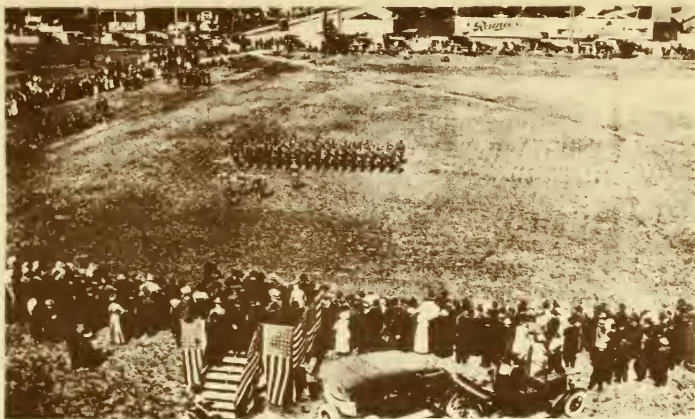
Jos. W. Riordan, S. J.

# Inspection of the R. O. T. C.

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## OFFICIAL ANNUAL REPORT MADE TO THE WAR DEPARTMENT OF AN INSPECTION OF THE MILITARY DEPARTMENT OF THE UNI- VERSITY OF SANTA CLARA, AT SANTA CLARA, CALIFORNIA, Made April 19, 1918, By Major E. H. Pearce, A. G. D., N. A.

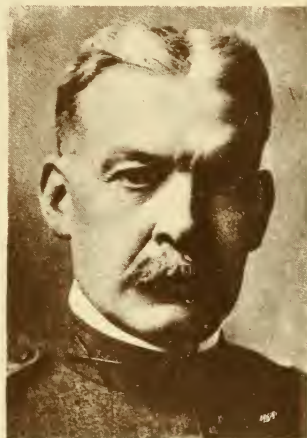
1. Is this institution essentially military, or is the military instruction merely a single feature? **Essentially Military.**
2. What degree of importance is attached to the military instruction by the faculty? **The very greatest.**
3. Is any change in the War Department classification desirable? **Unclassified.**
4. If not already classified what classification should be made? **Military college.**
5. Is the officer on duty at this institution cordially supported by the faculty in the matter of military instruction and discipline? **Yes: supported in every way possible by the faculty. He was given full authority to reorganize the institution as a strictly military college, and the excellent results are apparent to all.**
6. Are the students required to be continuously in uniform, and do they lead, as far as the surrounding conditions can reasonably be expected to permit, a military life? In other words, are the conditions such as to impress them constantly with a sense of being under military discipline? **Yes: the students are marched to meals and under discipline at all times.**
7. To what extent is the military spirit developed and nurtured? **To greatest extent possible.**
8. With what degree of zeal is military duty performed? **The very highest.**
9. What was the general appearance of the cadets at Inspection? **Excellent. Well set up, well groomed, uniforms clean and well fitting. Hair cut short. A fine looking lot of young soldiers.**
10. Have the requirements of par. 27, G. O. 70, W. D., 1913, as to the time allowed the military department been fully complied with? **Yes; far exceeded.**
11. Have the requirements of par. 28, G. O. 70, W. D., 1913, as to the course of instruction been fully complied with? **Yes; far exceeded.**
12. Is the efficiency in infantry instruction and training sufficiently ad-



**PARADE GROUND**



**"THAT Band"**



**Capt. J. L. Donovan, U. S. A.,  
Commandant**



**ASSEMBLY**





vanced to warrant devoting time to instruction in artillery and other branches?  
**Not as yet.**

13. Is the military instruction of such an extent and thoroughness as to qualify the average graduate for a commission as a lieutenant of volunteers?  
**Absolutely yes.**

14. Is the military professor eligible for this detail? **Yes; particularly well fitted in every way.**

15. Is he satisfactory to the authorities of the institution? **Yes; I doubt if any officer in the army would be more so.**

16. Is the retired non-commissioned officer satisfactory? **None detailed.**

17. Do the conditions warrant the continuance of the detail at this institution of an officer as professor of military science and tactics? **By all means. Santa Clara is the only institution of military standing in the West that is an essentially military institution with cadets in barracks and under discipline at all times.**

#### GENERAL REMARKS.

The University of Santa Clara is the only institution of university standing in the Western Department whose cadets live in barracks and are under constant military discipline.

The routine of the institution is patterned after the Virginia Military Institute and West Point so far as is practicable to do so.

Captain Donovan, the Professor of Military Science and Tactics, is an able officer of wide experience and has been given a free hand by the Faculty, with instructions to organize along the best military lines possible. The result of his work in the past few months is hard to praise too highly,—especially in view of the fact that the institution has received no equipment from the War Department, being armed with a motley collection of old pattern Springfield rifles of every conceivable model. However, they have been thoroughly cleaned by the students.

It is earnestly recommended that this institution be given priority in issue of ordnance equipment in the Western Department, as it is in the poorest condition in that respect of any of the large institutions. Uniforms and other equipment would be very acceptable, but the ordnance is the crying need.

The military spirit of the students is being developed and fostered in every way possible and this institution will, in time, be a model of its class.

E. H. PEARCE, Major, A. G., N. A.

EDITOR'S NOTE—(Such was the report made to the War Department by its Inspector, Major Pearce. That it is most gratifying to Captain Donovan, the Faculty and the Students is a matter that is better imagined than expressed. Following are two of the recommendations made to the War Department by a Board of Four Inspectors. The recommendations in the other part of the document refer to all colleges where a Unit of the R. O. T. C. is maintained, so we shall not quote them; but these two refer to Santa Clara especially. And we bear our blushing honors thick upon us.)

12. In regard to priority of issue of equipment, the Board most earnestly recommends that the University of Santa Clara, Santa Clara, California, be given priority above all institutions in the Western Department. This University is the only essentially military college in the Department with cadets in barracks and under constant discipline. At present these have no equipment whatsoever from the Government and are using a motley collection of old Springfield rifles of every model. Every possible assistance should be given the institution in view of the amount and scope of military work undertaken.

13. The board desires to make special mention of the excellent work during the last school year in the military departments of the following institutions:

University of Santa Clara,  
University of Idaho,  
Throop College of Technology,  
Washington State College,  
Mt. Tamalpais Military Academy.



# The Law of the Forest

Edward L. Nicholson.



JOHN WERN was a lawyer, and success was always his. Some people with classical educations said that the Fates had propelled him upward—that the fates had called him from the ranks of the idle rich—had gifted him with an adept liking for the law—had made him win difficult, almost hopeless cases on niceties and technicalities,—had won for him the highest approval of the city's public, and then, taking the burden from the Fates, had elected him district attorney. Still he won, and with each victory his pride had grown. While still in the ranks of the idle rich, he had married, and at the age of twenty-two, God had blessed him with a son, and in His infinite justice had taken unto Himself the young wife's soul when the child was but six months of age.

So I have set my story. For twenty years, although pride and success now held the upper hand in John Wern's life, his pride and love lay in his son above the victorious pride of his mastery of the law.

The boy, in the summer of his twentieth year was studious and steady, but Wern understood that the condition of

the body ruled the mind, and he and the boy were preparing for a month in the northern woods. The city was stifling, but as the huge mogul sought the upper hills, the clear air filled the lungs of the two, vacation bound, and their minds turned to the riffled streams and the luring fly,—to the stillness of the leaf-floored forest and the wary deer.

The horses awaited them at a watering-place far up the rugged slopes, and Lo, last of his tribe, led them far into the leafy shaded stillness to the camp of a once hostile tribe, but now, in the common sympathy of the fading afterglow of the Indians' glory, his brothers.

Here, beside the lake, mirroring from its depths of gold the fading purple beauty of the sun, the two of another race smoked the long pipe of the peaceful Indians and dreamed of the morrow. And here, with his strong bronze features darkened more by the coming night, they met The Eagle, a stalwart specimen of the days when fearless, the buffalo and elk ruled the green hillsides.

"We shall hunt that canyon across the lake in the morning," said Wern, turning to the boy; but his son answered nothing. He was buried in his thoughts.

The beauty of the morning far sur-



passed the sunset. It was a glowing and growing radiance. The Indians were astir long before Wern and his son, and Lo had prepared their breakfast and was waiting when they stepped to the edge of the lake to douse their heads in its sleep-dispelling coldness. Breakfast over, they refused the guide's company and set off around the lake, their rifles across their shoulders and with all the blood-thirstiness of untried Nimrods. The morning passed and their hunger grew. Deer were plentiful, but as was to be expected, the alignment of their shots was somewhat awry, and mid-afternoon found them back in camp, gameless and tired.

The next day they wandered about in the forest surrounding the camp. On a beaten path they met The Eagle, returning from hunting, with a buck slung across his shoulders, and his ease beneath the burden was amazing. He flung the deer down and greeted them, gazing with admiration at their new, shining automatics. Perhaps thinking of their poor luck of the day before, he took young Wern's gun from his hand, and pointing with his finger to a leaf falling from the upper branch of an elm tree some thirty yards away, threw the rifle to his shoulder, and scarcely aiming, pulled the trigger. Watching the spot where the leaf had fallen, the boy ran forward and picked it up. There was a tiny hole in the leaf, as near to the center as he could have measured it offhand. They were equally surprised when The Eagle spoke.

"That is an excellent gun," he said. "Will you trade it to me for beaver furs when you leave?"

John Wern was in deep wonder at the Indian's perfect speech, but his thoughts changed abruptly, and he whirled about, as the boy burst out, "I am never going to leave—I never liked the city anyhow."

For a moment John Wern was silent—he was thunderstruck.

No words would come. Was it for this that he had raised the boy,—sent him to the best schools, had had private tutors for him,—had been so proud of his showing? Whether it was a blessing or a curse John had a terrible temper when aroused. The Eagle silently picked up his deer and strode off down the path, and father and son faced each other. Wern restrained his temper,—perhaps the boy was only fooling.

"You didn't mean what you said?"

"Yes, I am going to stay here always."

Again there were sparks of fire in Wern's eyes. "You are not."

"You'll have a hard time stopping me," answered the young fellow coolly, yet there was a snap and a determination in his voice. It was the first thing in his life that he had really wanted, and no one was going to deprive him of it so easily.

Wern's pent-up wrath burst forth. There were few words, for words to Wern meant little—yes there was an argument:

"You gambling cur," said Wern.

"Remember who it was that raised you."

"And remember the honest people you stole the money from to do it,"—the boy had inherited his father's temper.

Wern had turned to pick up his gun, and in neither his nor his boy's eyes was there the love of father and son, but anger, blind passion.

"You are a liar."

"Then you are a thief,"—something snapped within Wern at the words and his eyes were blood-red. He swung around, half threw the gun to his shoulder and fired. The boy's hands were thrown above his head and he pitched forward. Wern did not notice the revolver that flew from the boy's hands into the brush. He did not notice anything. He was out of his head. There was a hazy realization gradually growing upon him. He had killed his son. And then there arose a greater fear—the trial—the punishment. The boy was dead, and this could never be recalled, but life to him was sweet. Death—death,—it was hard to think of that. He was stumbling along the path that led out of the woods, his gun still in his hands. The trial—the sentence—life was indeed sweet. His passion was cooling now—but there was the same red blur before his eyes—in his eyes. He was out of the woods now though he did not notice—he was stumbling blindly on. He could not dispel the sight of the noosed rope. Was it instinct that told him that

death was ahead? His eyes were blurred—burning,—but it must be the rope that the sense of danger warned him of.—His breath left him.—A wild demoniacal scream burst from his lips;—his eyes were clear now.—He was plunging down, straight down through open space. Suddenly his foot struck a rock. It held for an instant, then the shock tore it loose. A scrub oak shot out horizontally from the cliff. His hands struck a branch—closed, and he clung.—His fingers were like iron as he clung. He hung but a few feet from the cliff, and swinging his body he nosed his toe into a crevice. This helped, but his fingers would soon become cramped and break loose. He looked up—the edge of the cliff over which he had plunged blindly was fifty feet above. He screamed;—the rocks about echoed the sound until it died into a soft mocking laugh, then ceased. But hark! another voice—he knew that voice—he looked up—The Eagle!

"Hold there for ten minutes and I will pull you up. The camp is half a mile away,"—then The Eagle was gone. Ten minutes?—it was scarcely five, when the voice came again, but to Wern it was a million years. Yet through the eternity there shone a light—life. As he heard The Eagle return and call to him, he swung his body out again, though it nearly cost him his hold on the limb,—and with his remaining strength kicked his toes into the crevice. The Eagle had a rope. It took no words to tell him that Wern could

not tie it about himself. There was a swish, and the end of the rope struck Wern's face. There was a note of command such as Wern had never heard before in a man's voice, as The Eagle called, "Do not touch that rope!" and throwing back his head he watched the Indian. There was no tree above to which to tie the rope—no shrub, no solid rock; if the rope slipped over when The Eagle was not holding it—there was not another rope like that within fifty miles.

Wern wondered what was going to happen now. Whatever it was it must happen quickly. He held back his head and watched. Slowly, but unhesitatingly, a moccasin appeared and sought for a foothold. Then there was enacted what John Wern had never believed a man capable of. Instinct moved the Indian's body,—placed his feet,—and during The Eagle's climb, Wern breathed but twice,—long gasping sighs. If there was an angle formed by the cliff, it was less than 90 deg., for to the eye, the face of the cliff leaned toward its base. To the eye there was no foothold, and The Eagle's foot sought what, to the strongest hearts that Wern had known, would not have been there—and found it. The sight was awe-inspiring,—grand. There was no sorrow in Wern's heart, but his eyes were filled with tears.—An eternity had passed. The Indian was beside him, standing on nothing. With one hand grasping the limb that Wern held, the other hand knotted the rope about Wern's body. The Eagle's eyes spoke.

There was no audible word, but after the command Wern could not have loosened his hands had he wished. He shut his eyes—then opened them. The Eagle was gone,—whether up or down—Wern did not look. A terrible cramp has seized him. It was in his stomach—it was moving to his chest. Would it reach his heart or force his arms to give way first? His lips moved, and for the first time he had turned from the new grave where his wife lay—. "Oh God, give me strength;"—then the rope tightened, and simultaneously Wern's mind and body gave way.

Consciousness surged back—the rope was loosened. Wern's eyes sought the Indian. He stood there, his arms folded. His strong features, unmoved, showed no sign of the test that Wern had witnessed, or the terrible strain from the unconscious swinging body.

Slowly, weakly, Wern arose. He held out his hand:—"The Eagle, if you will come with me to the city, you shall live in the finest home that money can buy. You will never have to worry about the winter again."

But the Indian stood, his arms folded, his face a carven image—and Wern's hand was untouched. Then he spoke: "Your son is dead. He was shot. His own gun was discharged but once, that was when I shot at the falling leaf."

Realization returned to the lawyer. He must play his part—he must feign surprise. But there was no need. The Eagle had turned and was walking silently toward camp—Wern followed.

The boy's body had been laid in the



tepee. The Chief was there, sympathetic, yet stern. In his broken language, he said that an awful deed had been done—their friend had been terribly wronged. But the criminal would be sought, and when he was found, sent South, that the white man's justice might be satisfied.

The next day, the southbound train, halting at the watering place, opened its doors to a rude casket, and Wern and that which had been his son returned to the city of toil.

The coroner's jury decided that the boy had met death foully, by an unknown hand. No word came from the Indians, and with daily growing zeal, Wern again took up his duties as public prosecutor, The Fates, as those classical said, still won his cases. He tried to forget his crime. That was a terrible thought, and life was sweet—so sweet. The anniversary of the death was drawing near—it weighted on his mind at times now. Then came the Indians' letter. The murderer was caught—they had found his footprints near the scene of the murder. They had caught him and were sending him South for the White Man's justice.

From that instant Wern's course of action was described. This must be the strongest fight he had ever fought to prosecute a man. He must win. His name would be cleared . . . . .

The day of the trial was set. Wern was absent from court for several days before that date. He was summing up his course,—preparing that part of his

speech which could be prepared before hearing the evidence. The prisoner was an Indian. Wern had had no call to see him, but he had read the papers. The day of the trial dawned. The hours dragged until court time, and Wern paced his room. To appear natural he would be a little late. His assistant could handle the preliminaries.

Court had been in session for ten minutes when he arrived. He looked neither to the right or left as he took his seat, but sat studying the questions which he had prepared.

"We are ready for the examination," whispered the assistant district attorney.

Wern cleared his throat, but did not look up. To the prisoner: "Have you anything to say?"

"No, I have nothing to say."

—Where—? Wern raised his head and turned dazedly toward the prisoner's docket—that voice—My God! He leapt to his feet. There, his features nobler than before—his arms folded, and head thrown back—stood The Eagle.—The scene on the cliff had never left Wern's memory. Always it was there. His mind was ever turning towards it. Here, now, in the crowded courtroom he saw only the Indian, and it took but the noble beauty of those stern features, the command of those eyes and the magnetism of that voice to place Wern once more upon the cliff, watching again the wonderful feat of a strong heart. There was none of the



idle rich nor the pride of law-mastery in Wern—There was the man, and that alone, as he leapt to his feet and cried out, "The Eagle is innocent. It was I who shot my son!"

There was silence. Wern stood, his arms spread back and head erect. There was but one thing in life that he wanted now. It was that he, in The Eagle's eyes, might seem a man—and that the Indian should go free.

Then the Judge looked at the bailiff. He was ready. Then at Wern—he too was ready. He nodded to the bailiff and to the sheriff. They stepped forward. The hum of excited comment was growing. Suddenly there was silence. The Eagle had raised his hand. Slowly his arm rose from the long cloak about his shoulders, and the Indian faced about. His eyes swept the spectators—and they were silent; swept the Judge—and he was passive; then Wern felt their magnetism. They left him, and the jury leaned forward in the box. Then The Eagle spoke: "Gentlemen, I too was educated in your colleges. I too have studied your laws—your justice; and yet, in the hour of trial, I have always turned back to the law and justice of the forest. But I respect your justice, and I, realizing that it is the law of the land in which I live have always upheld it."

To Wern he said: "I brought you back up the cliff that your mode of justice might be carried out. In my code, justice had been wrought. The son rebelled, for which the father pun-

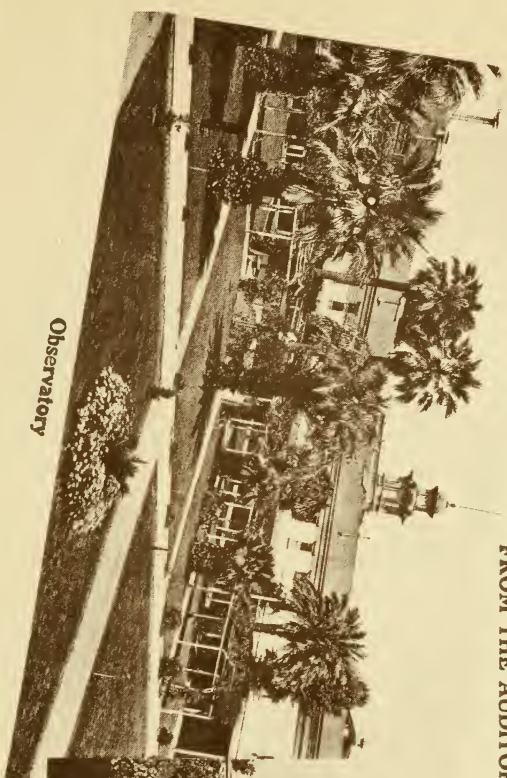
ished him—justly. Your God has sent me here that I may show you that in your code of law, you are innocent. I saw the homicide. That is why they found the footsteps that condemned me."

Again he turned to the jury: "Now I will show you that, in your code of laws, justice has been satisfied. This man and his son had words. They were beside themselves with passion. Suddenly the son snatched his revolver from his belt. At approximately the same time, but an instant later, before the boy could fire,—by the warning instinct of the forest, this man,—his back was to his son,—whirled and shot. The boy's revolver flew from his hand into the brush. Here it is. There are his initials upon the handle. There was the attempt to kill and the present ability to do so. For self-defence, your law requires no more. There was no other witness. There is no need of litigation. This man is innocent." The Eagle stepped forward, laid the revolver on the Judge's desk, wrapped his long robe about him, and walked from the courtroom. There was silence. The Judge spoke first,—to Wern: "You are free." John Wern said nothing. His head was bowed—he was thinking. Then, raising his head, he spoke, "That was the strongest and noblest heart that was ever in this courtroom."

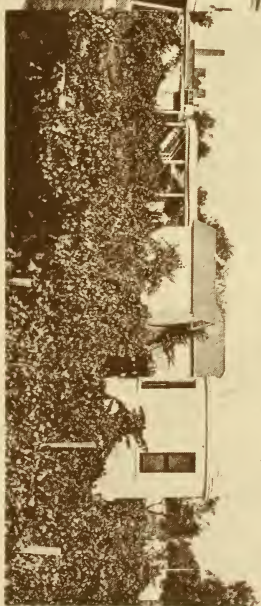
No one answered. The Eagle had gone—to return to the land whose laws he knew,—whose justice he loved.



FROM THE AUDITORIUM



Observatory



Inner Garden



## Finis

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**A**ND so the end has come at last, we'll think of books no more,  
The prow is pointed to the deep, we seek a farther shore,  
Our lot becomes to carry on where greater men have tried,  
Because I know that we shall go where all these men have died.

Because I know that we shall go and face the shining blade,  
And see the long low lines of them—the Teuton hordes arrayed  
In battle front—and we shall charge, and fail, and charge again,  
And some will feel the cruel steel and these will die like men.

The Mission bell will tell its tale though we are leagues away,  
The ancient cross will still look down on men who come to pray,  
And boys, perhaps more strong and true, will play our former parts—  
Across the seas such thoughts as these will soothe our aching hearts.

Across the seas such thoughts as these will bid us fight and win,  
Will bid us hold the straining foe although our ranks be thin,  
And when the Song of War is sung, old Alma Mater, say  
“O Sons of Mine, you held the line, the Santa Clara way.”

J. Charles Murphy.



# The Competitive Drill

Francis M. Conneally.



ONCE more Santa Clara was the scene of Martial Activity. Although each and every day the college campus to some extent at least resembles a busy cantonment, this day the Historic University was indeed the scene of a real Military Day. Sunday, April 28, was an ideal day for the maneuvers and impressive ceremonies which began with the first call at 10:30 a. m., and continued throughout the entire day until the sweet strains of Taps called the weary students to their downy couches. Not an hour was lost.

In the morning, in the presence of nearly two thousand spectators and the Battalion, Military Mass was celebrated by First Lieutenant Henry L. Walsh, S. J. In one corner of the parade grounds, directly in front of the Administration Building, an altar was erected which would grace the interior of the most impressive Cathedral. The choicest offerings of the valley's gardens, and Santa Clara's gardens and fields are at their best now, were clustered and strewn with careful and artistic hands. Closed in on both sides with a network of vines and calla lilies and surrounded with a huge American flag, the altar stood out immaculate.

At eleven o'clock, Fr. Walsh, now a Lieutenant in the National Army and appointed Chaplain at Fort McArthur in Southern California, escorted by two acolytes also in the olive drab of Uncle Sam's great army, ascended the altar. During the impressive ceremony, which no doubt, will long linger in the minds of all who witnessed it, the Cadet band harmoniously rendered appropriate music. And each uniformed son of Santa Clara, standing at attention gave voice to the beautiful and time-honored hymns of Santa Clara.

The sermon was preached by Fr. Thomas O'Connel, a Santa Clara Alumnus and K. C. Chaplain at Camp Fremont. His subject was one which was directed to the uniformed men standing directly before him. Most vividly did he portray the value of a Christian Education in the army today. And his words fell upon respondent souls.

The service was a source of deep interest to the cadets, faculty, and friends of Santa Clara, for the reason that it was the last Mass said by Lieutenant Walsh before he left to assume his newly appointed duties. Friends, and faculty may miss him greatly, but the boys, of whom he was always one, surely do regret his departure. Wherever he may go, be it into the bloody fields

of the battle-scarred land across the seas, or whether he is destined to remain here in the United States, the prayers and good wishes of his boys follow him.

When the bugle sounded in the afternoon, the parade grounds were flanked on all sides by automobiles from every part of the state. People were thronged everywhere, even the roof of the Administration building was occupied by the more anxious ones.

The Battalion being formed they were reviewed by Governor Stephens of California, Colonel Smiley and Father President. The former was greeted with volumes of applause as he walked by the Colors with uncovered head.

Then came the real event of the day; one which had been looked forward to with great expectation by each member of the student body. It was to decide which Company would be the "colors company" for the coming year. Naturally being a high honor each Company had labored earnestly during the weeks previous, rectifying mistakes, and perfecting their movements.

Each Company moved out on to the parade grounds and there went through a close order drill and then extended order, battling hidden enemies and gaining advantageous positions by strategic movements. And all this out in a burning hot sun—under the critical eye of Colonel Smiley, the Man Who Knows, assisted by Lieutenant Conway, a former Santa Claran. The public as-

sembled were enabled to see what we, Soldier Sons of Santa Clara have learned in a comparatively short time under the careful guidance of Captain Donovan.

When Company "D", the Day-Scholar contingent finished their maneuvers, the battalion assembled "en masse" formation in front of the flag-draped reviewing stand. Here over two hundred and fifty lusty throats rendered a "sky-rocket" for the Governor, their token of gratitude and friendship. Captain Donovan then announced that the judges gave the coveted honor to Company "D".

The lingering shadows of evening were beginning to fall, the sun was casting fleeting, golden rays through the canopy of ferns and flowers as Fr. Sullivan, Vice-President, gave Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament to the assembled throng. As the Host was elevated above the heads of the people, a lone drummer sounded "ruffles". The procession wended its way past the Administration Building and stopped in front of the Mission Church. Here the Battalion formed between the Historic Mission and the huge flag pole, the emblems of God and Country, and the National Colors were slowly and solemnly lowered to the martial strains of Our National Anthem. As the last notes died away, the sun, sunk behind the western hills—our day of Ceremony was over.

# To Him That Hath

Louis Buty.



RUEL Mars can only be satisfied by sacrifice. From some he exacts only a pleasure, from others it is a luxury, from others wealth and property, and then there is the sacrifice of life. Millions of men have gone bravely to their death, millions of homes have been shattered, millions of children have been orphaned, millions of wives have been widowed, millions of hearts have been broken. To attempt to imagine the suffering caused by this present world war is to attempt the impossible. And all this sacrifice has not yet satisfied the insatiable Mars.

The United States, as we go to press, is about to close the third Liberty Loan. The wealth of the country has been estimated, and the quotas for the various districts have been set accordingly. If everyone does his bit there will be no hardships, no shortage. The Loan will be fully subscribed and the war program will be able to continue without interruption. But the returns so far, show that some districts will fail to subscribe their quota. Someone is slacking, someone is shirking his duty. If these slackers, for slackers they are, would but consider the sacrifices which

others are making for the very same cause, their consciences, certainly, would cause them many a sleepless night.

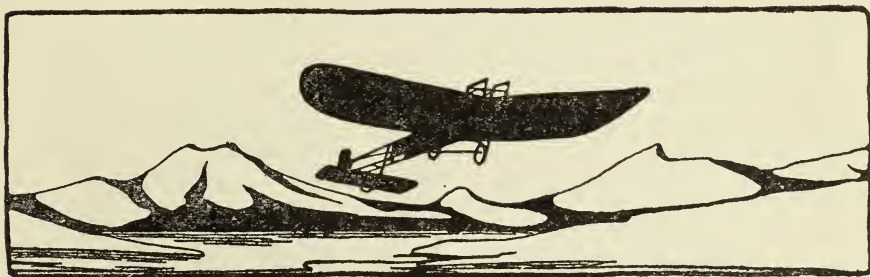
Up Berkeley way there are hundreds of young men, literally the best the country has to offer. Dressed in the regulation olive drab of Uncle Sam, they are distinguished by a white band around their hats. They are aviation cadets. For three long, hard months they study and fight to give their lives for their country. The harder they study and the greater their success, that much more certain are they of losing their lives. Why do they do this? Because it is their duty.

Having succeeded at the ground school, the cadet is sent to one of the government aviation fields where he becomes experienced in the handling of his aeroplane. If he manages to do this without any fatal mishap, he is sent eventually to the front, where he gets into the game behind the fighting-lines in the atmosphere of battle. Soon he is sent, perhaps daily, on flying sorties over the country of a watchful and hostile enemy. Above him are deadly efficient enemies: countless missiles of death below. His safe return depends upon his endurance, adroitness, and courage.

An overlooked defect in construction, in material, in engine power, in fuel, in nature, together with fogs and snows, gales of wind, and holes in the air—all unite against the life the dauntless fighter. His first fight may be fatal. Perhaps he will account for five enemy planes and become an ace, or he may succeed in bagging ten, fifteen, twenty, or more, but there comes a time when neither aviator nor machine will return to its hangar. The history of the war will recount the deeds of Von Immelman and Guynemer. The German downed sixty-two enemy planes, Guynemer had fifty to his credit. Both

were "invincible", but now they are no more. The average number of flights over the enemy lines made by the allied aviator is seven, and this is a fact which every airman and aviation cadet knows. Notwithstanding we find them vieing with one another for the privilege of facing a certain and terrible death for their country.

With such courage and patriotism evidenced daily by mere boys, what must be the character and conscience of one who will not even sacrifice the use of his money for a short time for the cause of Democracy?





## Dreams

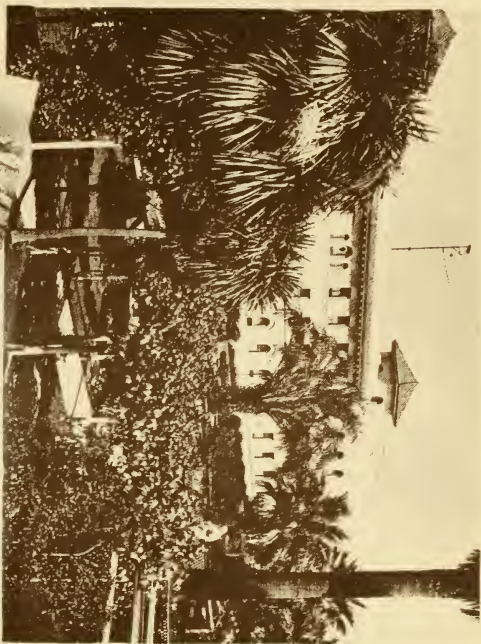
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DOWN in the vale of the lotus,  
In the land of the setting sun,  
Where God's canopy towers above us,  
And the foaming rivers run,  
Emptying their white swirling waters  
Into the field below ;  
There in that glorious canyon,  
My vistas of fancy go.

There in that valley of Eden,  
Mid sunshine and laughter, and song,  
Mid hum of the busy bee's carol,  
As it winds here and there and along  
Into the home of the ages.

Where slender ribbed, sharp fingered pine,  
And deep furrowed, age-covered oak trees  
Have ruled since beginning of time ;  
There have I built my dream-castles,  
Not in Spain as is oft said in fun,  
But down in the vale of the lotus,  
In the land of the setting sun.

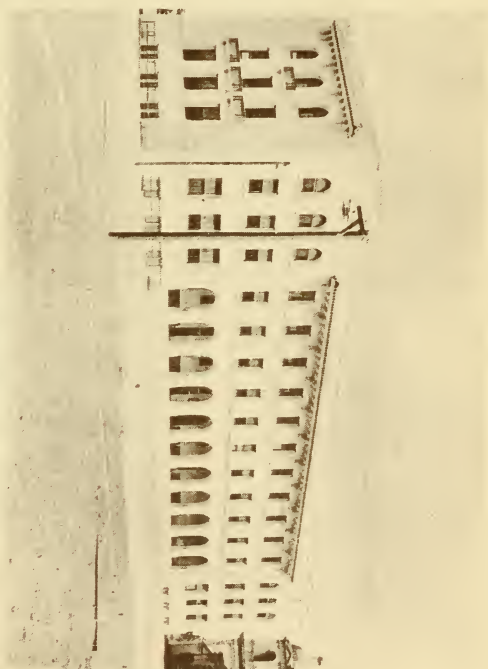
Benj. L. Shutz.



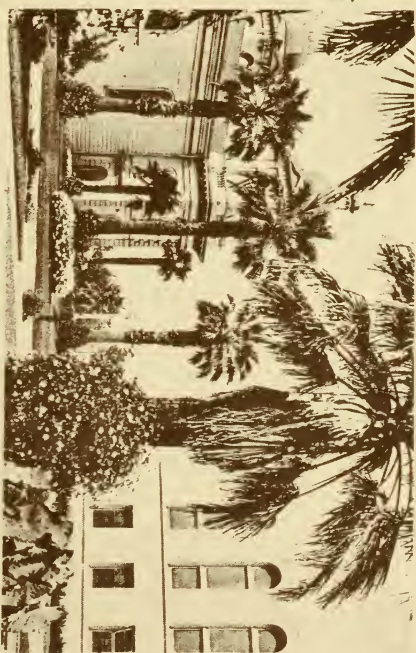
"Where the Palm and Olive Mingle"



"Amid the Blooming Wisteria"



Senior Hall

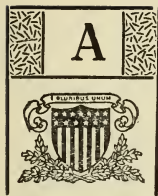


Old Mission Through the Palms



# The Last Dance

Henry C. Veit.



T Tanquay's, where the gastric world loved to hold forth in gastronomic orgy and which for fifty years had permitted the world to acknowledge its superiority, I had my first opportunity of looking upon the Dancer. Not caring particularly for fiddling ways such as I surmised he might have, and enjoying much less dancing stunts of any description, I thought he lived in vain, that his whole life was a shallow and dismal failure, capable of producing nothing but whimsicalities to amuse. Odd and fanciful steps and the like.

Press agents had so long boosted him and so extolled his grace and skill, that on this particular evening I felt as one who suffers a wrong, in beholding his pictured face. It was thin and sallowed by years under the midnight calcium shafts, and entirely devoid of expression.

The glide that made him dancing master to the world had come to an end. The dusky, polished cuisine rocked to the applause of the diners, who beat their hands against the little tables before them and called for more. In keeping with my past convictions I

had every reason to find repugnance in this applause.

"He ought to do some useful thing," I thoughtfully mused. "Let women do the Highland fling, bask in the ball-room and fox trot and bunny hug and waltz and the like, but a man should act like a man. He should find a useful task and climb the encountered obstacles as he would a ladder, rung by rung, to attain to something worth while."

In the gleaming square of the floor where the spotlight shone, the dancer and his partner stood bowing, he with a humorous grace, a kindly tolerance for his worshippers; she with a pouting magnificence, quite conscious of her beauty.

The diners wanted more; they begged for more, offering any sum, could they but get more. But there was no response to their tumultuous clappings. The dancer was no longer bowing; he had stiffened, looking strangely into the dark across the heads of the people.

I hurried to the office early the following morning with my write-up. Not a sensational piece of work, still a neat summation, if I may say it, of the elaborate dinner. I took however, especial care to touch lightly the matter of the



dancer. Somehow or other I nursed an intrinsic repugnance for the utter futility of his calling, or vocation, what you will. "A pitiable case indeed," I concluded.

"Bronson," said the boss later on in the day, "I've picked you for overseas work. I'll have passports and all in readiness for your sailing next week. So, old man," and he slapped me heartily on the back, "go to it and help keep up the high standard of efficiency this paper enjoys. We're influential abroad and should easily arrange for your witnessing much of the important fighting."

That, in part, sounded the very thing I had been most yearning for since the very early days of this gigantic struggle. It meant experience, hazards, fortune, fame, and in fact almost everything that one in my line could possibly wish to go through. I reveled in the thought of it and just tingled clean through as I mounted to the seventh heaven of satisfaction on the wings of dreams and future plans. Not a thing was going to escape me and I was going to make good. I was beset with determination.

About a month later I found myself transplanted, as it were, to the muddy, chaotic area of devastated, barren Flanders, lately so full of life and fruitfulness, but now looking as if the rake of hell had gone over it. Picture the contrast. Peaceful, yet bustling New York, teeming with business, commerce, politics and the like. Muddy

Flanders, a bloody desolation of chaos, whereon not even one stone stands upon another. It is irreparable. True, Northern France may be rebuilt, but then it will be another France. The past which was alive in it, is dead.

Through my affiliation with my paper I had enjoyed a peculiar acquaintance with an influential officer of the Staff, whose army was operating in the northern sector of the Ypres salient. He was a very congenial acquaintance and seemed forever on the alert for an opportunity of my visiting the foremost trenches. It came presently, much to his great delight and my still greater surprise. While not the front line of trenches, nevertheless it afforded me a wonderful picture of the awfulness those in the front must go through. I shuddered, despite my efforts to the contrary.

It was a wonderful summer's day with the sky shining blue, the air still and a gripping warmth brooding over the land. Then the artillery commenced. The Boches, seeking blindly to silence the field batteries whose fire was galling their offensive, had begun to bombard the British lines. Shells fled shrieking overhead, to break in thunderous bellows. The ebb and flow of rifle fire farther front contributed a background of sound not unlike the roaring of an angry surf. Machine guns gibbered like maniacs, while heavier artillery was brought into play behind the British lines, apparently at no great distance to our rear. But every

now and then a giant smashing roar emitted from the enemy's sector would dwarf to insignificance the thunder of cannonading all along the line.

"A 'Jack Johnson' coming to pay its respects to us," said my friend in answer to an inquisitive look which I registered at each discharge of the hidden monster. My hearing capacities by this time ached from the galaxy of hellish sounds.

It was after such a blast that a great winged object came speeding from the north. It skimmed comparatively low over the trenches and dipped and circled and paused above the English line as if it were throwing a challenge for combat. Like a great eagle, it seemed about to rush to earth, snatch its prey and then be off again. For not long did it act thus. Its challenge had been accepted, for as it seemingly hung there, suspended in blue emptiness, another whirring monster flew from somewhere in back of the British lines. It winged its way above its rival, then turning, plunged downward. The great cannons grew silent and the eyes of the pigmies in the trenches gazed skyward. They were the gripped audience and these two winged things, the actors. Only sun and sky shone on with no whisper of the mad fight, to disturb the breathless tenseness.

For several wild moments they rushed at each other. Then the bird with wings of white rose high, turned back and plunged again upon the creature marked with huge black crosses. This

time there was a terrible crash. A puff of smoke, like a hot breath, burst from the deadlocked pair. They shuttered, dropped, turned and fell with sickening speed, an indescribable mass of wreckage, to the earth beneath. In back of the British lines, the incorrigible mass thudded. The sensation was enervating and I felt a passing nauseousness overcome me. It brought the barbarity of war home with telling effect.

Beneath the twisted mass of splintered wood and iron lay two flimsy incoherent bodies, horribly mangled. As enemies they fought and died, but once on the other side of that great beyond, from whose bourn no traveller returns, their souls flew on together, flew on in love and friendship clasped, to Him, Who alone is all Goodness and Loveliness.

I had arrived, just as the broken remains were being extracted from the wreckage. The one, charred beyond recognition, was indeed a pitiable sight. The other—that face—hadn't I seen it somewhere before? It was thin and swallowed. I grew incredulous, yet the recognition, the similarity was unmistakable. That night of the dinner party came back, and with it the fallacies which I had woven around the dancer. I now realized why he had stiffened that night, after his last dance, why he looked strangely out into the dark penumbra across the heads of the people.

Yes, he quit the tinsel and the gilt without a murmur or even a sigh, for-

sook the fame his legs had built, to  
fight with other sturdy lads—yes, and  
to die. And to think I scorned him.  
The thought of the injustice made me  
quiver with my guilt.

He was a man, a man under whose  
expensive silk shirt beat a grand he-  
roic heart. Nevermore will he be for-  
gotten while there is a bard to twang a  
lyre.

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## In Old Versailles

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A year ago was laughter  
In the garden by the lane;  
The days dreamed by a year ago  
Nor dreamt of any pain . . .  
    So softly Charlotte's heart was swinging,  
    To low dream-songs her Jean was singing.  
    Ah! gently time its flight was winging,  
Gently love its meshes flinging o'er that garden in Versailles.

Today there is no laughter  
In the garden by the lane.  
The tender heart that then was glad  
Today is bruised with pain—  
    Today is sad and weeping  
    For another heart a-sleeping—  
    Sleeping soft where snow is heaping  
O'er a lad that fell in keeping the honor of Versailles.

W. Kevin Casey.

## Comfort

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**U**PON the bloody field he lay,  
No priest or prelate nigh,  
And ere the dawning of the day  
He knew that he must die;—  
Then moved his lips—  
Thin, ghastly strips,—  
And angels heard his cry.

“O Sweet Saint Joseph, sire of Him  
“From Whom all mercy came,—  
“O Blessed Saint, espoused to her,  
“Queen of all mercy’s reign;  
“Hear thou my cry,  
“Lest I shall die  
“Alone in sin and pain.”

Deep in the west the sun had set,  
But from the east, a light  
Shines upon him,—the shadows dim  
Are chased into the night—  
The light of gold  
Seeks out the soul  
That prayed Saint Joseph’s might,—  
And angels bear him to his rest,  
All gloried in God’s sight.

Edward L. Nicholson.



# The Saviour of Natividad

Frank X. G. Hovley.



THE good Father Dominico Salazar was new come from Natividad—a country lying somewhere vaguely in the verdant region of Central America. Not, however of the much-traveled padre does this tale relate but rather of one Ignacio Artemesio de la Cruz y Enriquo Ruiz, known to us whose classmate he had been as “Live-wire” Ruiz. A name which amply characterized his every activity except along the lines of scholastic research.

Chancing one day to find the good padre alone in the vineyard sitting by the aviary, a number of us prevailed upon him to tell us of our old classmate who we heard had attained no small amount of fame in his own land, having even been referred to by one exuberant exchange correspondent as The Saviour of Natividad. His story as it was told that sunshiny day 'neath the historic olive trees I have undertaken here to perpetuate, as much as possible in the good padre's own words.

“Ah yes, my boys, it is of the brave Ignacio you would hear. A tale it is that is long in the telling, but one which, if your bugle militaire blows

not too soon, you shall hear to the end. Six long years it has been since he returned to Natividad after his two joyous years with you, my boys. But his delight at returning was all too short for where the great casa of his people had stood was but adobe ruin—no loving ones to greet him, nothing of his beautiful black caballo or silver-bedizened saddle, no carefree peons to sing, to dance the fandango or to gather in the too ripe cane to be made into sugar in the once so marvelous mill.

“Downcast he came to be at my little chapel as every good boy should come to his padre in time of need, and from my lips he heard of how one day, not a month since, the cruel Federalists, ever avaricious, had come with the demand that seventy thousand pesos be paid to them at once or they should all be imprisoned as traitors to the glorious republic.

“So large a sum was not to be had, for the cattle, the cane, and the sheep had paid but poorly, so after destroying the grand casa the cruel soldados bore the Don, the Senora, and the small Ninos away to the great prison at the capital.

“My story incomplete Ignacio set forth saying not a word and I, knowing



**Battalion on Parade**



**Major Pearce, U. S. A.—Annual Inspection, R. O. T. C.**



**Governor Stephens and Father President Reviewing Cadets**



**Lieut. Henry L. Walsh, S. J.**



**Liberty Loan Parade**



full well that his heart was too heavy for speech, followed silently at a distance. Into the village he went and at each small hut he summoned the men. Reluctantly did they answer; for it was the middle of a hot day and each was engrossed in the national pastime. For as you of this great Estados Unidos play at the football and the baseball, so do they of Natividad follow the shade around the House.

"At last however, they came, trudging through the dust, and soon a goodly crowd surrounded Ignacio who had mounted the stand in the little Plaza where the band was wont to play upon moonlit nights. Waiting but a moment he began to speak, and such a speech it was. Ah! muchachos, it was magnificent; its like had never before been heard in Natividad. To each in turn it seemed he spoke and each in turn dropped from his face the look of unconcern. Words most grand and large did he use both in the Spanish and the English, and though they knew not half the words he uttered his hearers vivaed until it seemed the very sky should tremble.

"To the great city with its streets of gold they would go, these hearers of his, so said Ignacio. In time others would join them and together would they form the mighty Army of Redemption with which like a sandstorm on the desert they would descend upon the tyrant known to them as "el presidente". Then would each have his little piece of land and his chickens and

his goats, with which he might live to the end of his days without labor.

"For many hours that night might one hear the crys 'Viva Ruiz', 'Viva el Ejercito Grande Del Redemcion'. Right well did the sellers of wine fare that night, and the mescal and pulque—brewed from the broad leaves of the century plant and which had the strength of forty mules—were not passed by.

"The next morning, ere the cock crew, saw the mighty Army of Redemption on its way, and such an army it was. Fifty strong clad in the array of almost as many nations, armed with perhaps twenty-five rifles, each with the front sight neatly sawed away that it would not interfere with the aim. At its head rode my gallant Ignacio, attired in a tunic of France and a helmet of Germany, stolen from the tent of a reservist engineer. In his hand he bore a Turkish scimitar while his ample chest was crossed and recrossed with belts of ammunition though he carried no gun with which to shoot it. Behind him came his band most impressive of seven pieces, two drums, a guitar, and four drumsticks. Then came the infantry and most democratic it was, each soldado walked where and with the step he chose and each carried ready to his hand a small bottle of wine or pulque, that he might have his courage when it was needed.

"About noon came the Army in sight of Agua Nueva where fifty Federalists were known to be stationed. Believing



always that diplomacy should ever go before violence Ignacio dispatched his fleetest messenger ahead with the demand that the town surrender at once or the mighty Army of Redemption would visit it with dire calamity. To the Federalists he gave the alternative of joining the Army or dying like dogs before the onslaught of its legionaries. A most potent argument for enlistment was it not mis muchachos?

"While the messenger proceeded on his quest the young general called about him his staff which he had selected en route, these he started in earnest conversation with each other. Each officer made his suggestion, but he heard none of them, for, as was the look in his eyes, his mind was far, far away. Dreaming perhaps of a mighty nation acclaiming him El Presidente. Dreaming perhaps of victories afar, other worlds to conquer after Natividad should be free. So might Napoleon, Alexander or Titus have dreamed.

"Not for long however were these ruminations to last for soon the messenger returned with a surrender from the town, together with the news that the Federalists would join to a man since they had received no pay for almost four months. A signal victory was it not? In one short stroke the Army had been doubled. Thus ever does the gentle diplomacy triumph over the brutal force.

"Into Agua Nueve they came, these carefree sons of freedom, with their mighty leader at their head. Such an

entry might Caesar have made into Rome. So might Pizzaro have entered the golden halls of Montezuma. That night they spent in joy and feasting, all but the great commander, who betook himself to the chapel, where he might dream unmolested, like one inspired had he become. But the next morning saw them on their way, their number grown more than double, for with the Federalists went also many from the town. Assuredly such an army could not be defeated.

"Through town after town went they, but always the fame of the mighty Army preceded them till it seemed that they should roll on and on like a mighty roller, gathering strength and momentum as they went.

"But as every road has its turning and every tide its ebb, so also came a time when all went not well for the army of our brave Ignacio, for ere long came rumors of a mighty Federal Army sent to crush them. Unrest and dark foreboding took the place of song and cheer among the soldados.

"One night came they to a town which was almost a city. Here they sought repose, for they were wearied from their continuous guard against capture. But repose was not to be their portion, for in the dark came one to Ignacio with the news that the outwardly friendly town was filled with traitors who waited but a more favorable hour to fall upon and murder the Army as it slept. Immediately went the dauntless captain to the plaza, call-



COMPANY A



COMPANY B



COMPANY C



COMPANY D





ing his followers as he proceeded, and soon he stood in the midst of his drowsy but expectant men. To them with fierce gestures and fiery words he related the infamy of the villagers; how they would slay the brave army as it slept; how they would subvert the cause of justice; how they would stamp forever from the earth those principles, economic and moral, for which stood El Ejercito Grande del Redemcion. But such would not be, such a dastardly act could not be committed while the brave Army had breath with which to resist, so said Ignacio; for he, together with his noble soldados would silently await the craven poltroons—nay, they would do more, they would go from house to house, drag forth the traitorous wretches and confront them with their infamy. Upon the very cobles of the streets which would run red with blood would they beat their brains out. A mighty example would be made of the serpent-like betrayers, one long to be remembered.

“Thus continued the inspired leader until came one in great trepidation to him who said the whole city was rising in arms against the Army. With his own eyes had he seen mighty guns emplaced bearing directly upon the plaza. Eager for carnage were the traitorous villagers. Not for long was our brave captain disconcerted for firmly did he believe that discretion was ever the better part of valor, so, turning to his waiting followers, he commanded them with what haste they

could to leave the city. Like arabs they stole away into the night and thus what might have been one of the bloodiest massacres of modern times was narrowly averted.

“From this time forward little was seen or heard of the Army. From time to time stray reports would come to my ears to tell that all was not well with it. Always running before the Federalists who were always a little too late to apprehend it did not improve its morale and deserters were depleting the ranks every day. Came a time when its all too inefficient ammunition department withered under the strain and a scant fifty shells were all that was to be found in the entire Army. A most terrible condition it was, but the general rose ever superior to the occasion and announced that for the present a strategic retreat would be conducted, the shells thus being saved to shoot deserters.

“Hounded from pillar to post by the Federalists the genius of Ignacio was tested to its uttermost to keep his small Army together. Significant it is, mis muchachos, that through it all he retained his calm presence. Whether the Redemptionists lay among the rushes in a river bed with the slimy river things squirming over their bodies while the unsuspecting Federalists passed by, or whether they spent a cold and sleepless night under the doubtful protection of a convenient forest, it was all the same to Ignacio. To him the discomforts of the moment were as



nothing, a mere pill bitter in the taking which would lead to greater well-being in the end.

"At last however the Army seemed to have eluded all the pursuit and a Sunday night found them in a friendly village through which they had passed early in the campaign—very well did I know this village, for it was there I came of a Sunday to say the Mass in the adobe chapel. Into the village then came the Army and a most dejected sight it was compared with that which had gone from there but a scant three months since. Each weary soldado as he came slumped into the protection of a friendly doorstep, but not so Ignacio, he kept straight on with sorrow-lined face elevated, until he came to the house of Rudolfo, seller of wines. Entering he sat himself down at a small table and placed his head upon his folded arms. Never before had he been in the house of Rudolfo and so filled with sorrow was he now that he saw not the tempting array of wines from the mission Hermosa. He saw not the red, green and gold striped snake in its glass case, both of which Rudolfo's brother had brought with him from the Argentina. But most unpardonable of all he saw not Carmencita—daughter to Rudolfo—who often tended the shop in her father's absence. Not many were there who saw not the bright and beautiful Carmencita, for her fame had spread afar and ever when she played the organ in the chapel no one stayed away. Like the sighing of the wind

was her music, and her voice—Ah, that is not for me to describe.

"Glass after glass of the sparkling wine brought she to the table and he lifting his head but to gulp them down saw nothing. Presently the demon which ever lurke in the wine took possession of his brain and soon he was weeping softly, but not for long for next a fitful sleep claimed him.

"Now into the eyes of Carmencita, who was not a little piqued by the inattention of the handsome caballero, came a gleam of mischief, for ever filled with the prank and the joke was the Senorita. Stepping lightly to the glass case she fearlessly took therefrom the many colored snake, and crossing, put it on the table near the outstretched hand of the unappreciative sleeper. Then to the bar went she and lifting therefrom a heavy bottle she cast it to the floor. The shock brought the head of the half-awakened Ignacio up and for a moment his gaze became fixed upon the wriggling snake. Jumping quickly up and overturning the table in his haste he made for the door, shouting: 'They are after me, they are coming, they are coming.' Down the street he went shouting ever louder, and as he went his terror-stricken followers, knowing not who was coming, but thinking of the Federalists, followed him. To them it mattered not who was coming. Their leader was going, so were they. But as they ran they too took up the refrain—'They are coming, they are coming.'

Through the village, over the bridge, through the woods went they, ever on and on, and as they went the shout grew louder—‘they are coming, they are coming.’ To the road that lead into the hills they held and soon their cry went echoing through the canyons. On, on and ever on, fleeing from they knew not what. But rounding a hill the soldados thought they saw the reason for their flight for before them stood the terror-stricken Federal Army, surprised into inactivity by the sudden appearance of the ragged Redemptionists. That short moment of inactivity was their undoing, for like the waters of a millpond let loose the crazed followers of Ignacio were upon them. Ah, they were magnificent, nothing could withstand them, varily

the irresistible force. Outnumbered three to one still they fought, fought till they dropped from sheer weakness. Had not their brave Ignacio, acting on an inspiration led them against the enemy? Well they would not fail him now. And they did not, for when the sun set not a live Federalista was to be found upon the field. Many had perished, more had fled. But most important of all the president was found among those who had fallen, for with this—his picked army—he had set out to crush the ‘upstart’ Ignacio.

“Thus, mis muchachos, did El Ejercito Grande del Redemcion triumph over the army of the oppressors, and thus did Ignacio Artemesio de la Cruz y Enriquo Ruiz become the Saviour of Natividad.”



## Pulchra ut Luna

---

**U**PON a night all wrapped in deepest shade,  
Which e'en the starry world no brighter made,  
From western peak shone soft the faintest glow;  
Some glory seemed arising from below—  
A silver arch it was and shone more bright;  
The stars were quenched like candles light by light;  
And yet no vision fair appeared, when lo.  
Uplift above the crest her glowing brow  
The moon in full-orbed glory radiant white,  
All bathed in brightest flood of fairest light.  
She scattered darkness with her pure white beams,  
And spread o'er hill and dale her silver streams.  
In queenliness to zenith did she rise  
And quenched the light of stars, and rules the skies.  
And thou, O Mother, with love of us inflamed.  
O Virgin, fair as morn, by scripture named!  
How well dost thou the glorious title bear!  
No saint in heaven does thy glory share.  
Beside thy brightness dims the glowing light  
Of favored saints and choirs of angels bright.  
Placed high above them all, in thy fond love  
Does not disdain to help us from above.  
Thou flingest abroad on us thy purest light,  
Dispelles the darkness of the fearful night.  
In all the grace of queenliness enthroned  
Aloft we look to thee, our Mother owned.

John K. Lipman.





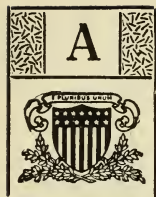
COMPETITIVE DRILL, APRIL 28th





# Divine Comedy

Peter F. Morettini.



At present, when the world is torn by the dogs of war, we are apt to lose our grasp of the finer sentiments and feelings which we have so arduously cultivated. The more so at the present time, when all that is noble and sublime in art and literature has been over-balanced by the greed and commercial rivalry of the age, and the great ancient masters have fallen into an oblivion deeper than they had ever experienced at any former time. The great religious masterpieces of the Middle Ages have shared the same fate. Perhaps suffering equally with these unfortunate conditions is the work of one of the immortals, a work which, although not mutilated by German guns or shattered by Hellish warfare, still has been buried deep under the debris and wreckage of modern thought and militarism and its position and identity seem to have been forgotten.

As we turn back and glance down the rough and wooded slopes of years or back through the old musty centuries long ago forgotten and in eternity; if our mind can pierce the thick mist of time and smoke of years, caused by wars and civil dissensions; if from the

summit of our present civilization we can look back to the heroic deeds and chivalry of the so-called dark ages, our eyes will unmistakably rest upon the figure of a man whose life was a long continued struggle after an ideal; who, after undergoing hardships and sufferings, an exile from his home, a wanderer, with all ambition dead within him and with sorrow heaped upon his head, finally burst the cruel chains about his heart, unfettered his imagination and presented to the world that priceless gem of literature—the *Divina Commedia*. This man whose name will always be associated with his immortal poem, which is one of the noblest, truest and most beautiful works of art that has ever issued from the hand and mind of man, is Dante Alighieri.

Sprung from an ancient and noble family of Firenze, his existence embraced the period between 1265 and 1321. In other words, he lived during the closing action of the "dark ages", and, needless to say, it was at this time that chivalry, faith and religion were supreme. Yes, it was chivalry, faith and religion that prompted him to do his duty, to suffer for justice's sake; and it was faith and religion that were the inspiration of his great work. He

lived during that period of history when the numerous fratricidal strifes and the wars of the Guelphes and the Ghibellines attained their eminence; and like a wanderer through some trackless waste who stops at a well to satisfy his burning thirst or lingers at some oasis to rest and comfort himself, but is rudely expelled; so also Dante, in this malestrom of strife and civil confusion took refuge in the cause of one or the other of the disturbing factions, only to be ruthlessly expelled, a price upon his head—to die in exile.

As some traveller from a lofty peak looking down descries the birds in their flights about its base, now rearing, now soaring, now plunging and diving through space; or as the valley comes within his ken in its mountainous cradle, where the chiselled peaks on all sides stand as silent sentinels and extending away in the distance like a crest or mighty wave until they merge into the back of some broad expanse; or again, as he takes his glasses and follows the course of the swollen stream as it slouches along carrying ruin and desolation to the inhabitants and marring the bosom of the peaceful valley; so also Dante, on his intellectual eminence, saw all the wrangling of the factions, the turmoil and unrest of the masses, the treachery and perfidy of leaders, the corruption and moral degradation of princes and the clergy, and in his earnestness to reform entered the struggle only to be driven out of his home, an outcast and a criminal.

All these sad experiences, hardships, sorrows and trials were in disguise blessings sent by God; for it was out of the infinite chasm of his woes and sorrows that the fertile spring of his imagination welled up in immortal verses and produced the masterpiece of literature, the *Divina Commedia*. At the time when that marvelous mass of Gothic architecture, the Cathedral of Rheims, was raising its minaretted steeples, buttressed walls, exquisitely carved statuary, wonderful rose windows, a masterpiece of art and architecture, under the azure sky of those by-gone ages; so also at the same time Dante was giving to the world his wonderful masterpiece of religious theme, that Gothic marvel of literature, with its wonderful similes and descriptions, picturesqueness and realism, its lights and music, a marvel of beauty, grandeur, power and idealism. Yes, a happy coincidence, both raising their structure in the name of religion and humanity and both rearing their heads out of the sea of mankind into the sky of greatness and immortality.

Indeed, it was during the closing years of his life, when the force of the civil storm had been mainly spent and he enjoyed comparative leisure for a time; it was in the soothing shade of the church and monastery and within the faithful circle of his friends that he gave himself up to the consummation of this divine tale, which, like the source from whence he imbibed all that is true, sacred and eternal, shall endure

until the red rockets of heaven shall fall from their course.

If ever the world has need of anything to comfort it in this hour of trial, if there is anything which can turn the mind from the gross material of this earth to the everlasting above, if, at this day, we can make use of this marvelous source of Faith, Hope and Love

in God as a solace for our many woes and afflictions; then let us turn in loving care to this medieval monument of literature, and let us recline our weary limbs in the checkered shade of its venerable arches and quietly rest ourselves in the tranquil rest of the truth and beauty and majesty and love of Dante's *Divina Commedia*.





## The Cost

---

**A**THIRST for trade he ran about,  
His face was eager, tense,—  
“Mister, buy a service flag,  
Only fifty cents.”  
I paused. “A service flag to wear?”  
You see my boy is Over There.”  
I pondered for a time. The lad  
Mistook my brief delay,  
He looked into my dimming eyes.  
“Is it too much to pay?”  
A picture rose before me then;  
I seemed to see my boy again.  
Once more I saw his laughing eye  
His lithe strong limbs and all  
—His picture in his uniform  
Hanging on the wall.—  
Reluctantly I shook my head,  
“The price is not too high,” I said.

Francis Riordan.



**Cadet Major Scholz**



**Sanctuary Society**



**Battalion Attention !**



**Sanctuary on Picnic**



**Pantathlon, President's Day**





# Communications



CAMP KEARNY, CAL., March 16, 1918.

Dear Jim:—

I don't know if you can recognize the handwriting or not, but if you shouldn't I am laying a 2 to 1 bet that you are puzzled as to the author of this story. I call it a story rather than a letter because it is a kind of a tale of soldiering as conducted here in America. I was doing guard duty last night and in running over my long list of sins of omission and commission I found that I had omitted an answer to a letter that you so kindly sent me, when you were in New York.

Although, Jim, it is a delayed answer, still I guess I am running true to form, as you remember I have always been late, even since our old brick-school days. However, I trust that you will, as you always have done, forgive me.

It seems ages ago since I wore a civilian suit and was free to go and come without the formality of getting a pass. Life has completely changed for me and it seems as though I have always been ruled by the hand of military laws and regulations.

Jim, this life has grown upon me, and although I swear and curse when things don't seem to jibe with my sense of the eternal fitness of things, still, strange as it may seem, I am happy and contented, although I sure do wish we would get the word to strike tents and leave.

In this life of a soldier there are hundreds of incidents that cause us to growl, and just as many that give us reason to rejoice. Taking things, no matter how trying they may be, in a spirit of hopefulness, for the better, I manage to survive the attacks of misfortune, if any come my way.

I try to see in this nothing more than one of the camping trips we used to take to Pescadero in the ages past. It requires a certain amount of imagination for there must be 5000 tents in this city, and a corresponding large amount of work.

It is now some four months that I am wearing the uniform, and Uncle Sam, in the person of many commissioned and non-commissioned officers, has been giving me lessons in war craft. My day is divided into periods of study and recreation, just as it was under good Padres in days gone by. I am taking a course in Artillery, both Horse and under the good Padres in days gone by. I am taking a course in Artillery, both Horse and

I arrived in Tanforan just as we were in the midst of a general house moving, and as it wasn't possible for me to get a uniform, I was forced to wait some ten days before they issued me anything. I felt like a lost sheep or rather a black one, as there were but five of us in civilian clothes. I never felt more conspicuous than I did during those ten days. We had a pretty good trip down here. I served as a cook's helper, and cut sandwiches, served coffee, and made myself as useful as I could.

They put us in an awkward squad, made us perform certain military drills called "Squad's Right", "Left", etc., ad infinitum, until I was able to distinguish my left from my right hand. We then were instructed in a system of arm signaling called the sema-



phore. They also gave us an alphabet consisting of dashes and dots, and played them upon a miniature telegraph and had us learn to decipher their meaning.

They taught us that "Taps" sounds at 10 P. M., and "Reveille" at 5:30 A. M. That we must "Fall in" and "Dress Right", and make it "Snappy". They gave us picks and shovels, and instructed us in communicating trench digging; in gun emplacements, 6 ft. deep, in Headquarters, tunnels, in observation trenches, and they taught us to shoot with a 45 automatic army revolver. They have shown us how to curry, harness and drive horses. How to clean stables, feed and bed, and we have had a full course in washing harness. All is done in uniform manner and according to rules laid down by experts. You cannot imagine how strict a rule is. Why, Jim, talk about "Law being a rule of Action". Say, rules control everything. There is only one way to do anything here, and that is by rule.

We have learned to pack knapsacks, to pitch shelter tents, to stand inspection, and in short most everything that goes to fill in the time of a peace time soldier. We have learned to figure, velocity of projectiles, windage, terrain and deflection, and deflection difference, to find a parallax. We have learned to calculate, range, to fire for effect, for registration, and for demolition. We have laid down a barrage fire and simulated gas attacks, both offensive and defensive. We have gone through gas filled trenches wearing gas masks. We have been shot with prylactics, vaccinated and given tubercular tests. We have been tagged and numbered, and today we were issued rifles called the Enfield. If you think, Jim, that we haven't been busy, let me say also that we were lectured on "Military Courtesy", "Gas Protection", etc., and besides, I am studying French. I am here to say that in these four months I have done more studying than at any time in my days. I guess that about 30 per cent is what I have learned of it all.

Our finishing touches will be put on across the water, but I'll tell the world we have SOME foundation to build upon. Of all these things I think there are two that are particularly interesting, namely: "Gas Protection" and "Firing Data".

The Artillery is divided into units of 230 men called Batteries. Six of these with Headquarters and Supply Companies form a Regiment of some 1500 men. Batteries are equipped with either a 3, 4.7 or 6 in. field gun. Each Battery has four of these guns, and each gun has a crew of some 15 men. From 6 to 9 men man each piece, and the others serve ammunition.

Our Regiment, "The Grizzlies", will be a motorized 6 in. Field Gun outfit, the largest Mobile fighting gun used in the war. The guns weighing about 6 tons will be drawn by tractors of some 55-horse power. There will be a crew of two men upon these tractors, a driver and an oiler. I have made application to serve as an oiler, for that is going to be a position where you can see quite a bit of what is going on.

The range of a 6 in. gun is about 8 miles and as the target is out of the sight of the gun crew, a station called the "Battery Commander's Station" in view of both the target and guns, is placed either upon a neighboring hill or on some raised ground. This station is cleverly camouflaged, for if it were seen by the enemy it wouldn't be long before it would be flattened out.

From this station all the necessary data to set the guns upon the target is sent down, by means of telegraph or telephone.

It requires quite a bit of figuring to have the shells burst at the right height and

time. It takes perfect working of all; as a slight slip will cause a lot of trouble. As one of our trench instructors said, a mistake at the front means death as a corrector.

My instruction in all the details has proven very interesting, far more so than you would think from reading this account. Artillery is going to play a leading part in this drama of the ages and I am happy to think that I am included in the cast, although the part is one of the smallest of the minor parts.

Of all the instruments of destruction and death used, there is none that brands the misguided nation of Teutons, as a fit progeny of the Huns of old, more than the Gas attacks that they set loose upon their foes.

How any nation was able to withstand them, as did the French when they first were used, is beyond me. It must be that it wasn't on the books for Germany to win. Unprotected and surprised by the poisonous vapors 80 per cent were stricken. From the effects I felt after a very mild attack, I want to say there is nothing worse.

We had two days instruction and drill in the use of Gas Masks when we were given a test in a room filled with "Tear Gas". This is a non-poisonous gas that attacks the tear ducts in the eyes, causing a crying spell that blinds a person. After we were in the room we took off the masks and you ought to see the tears fall. It is slightly exhilarating too and we acted as though we had a crying jag on.

We then were sent through the trench filled with chlorine gas. We were ordered to put on the masks after we noticed the presence of the gas. I walked quite a way before I noticed it, and, believe me, I put the mask on in a short time. The little I got congested my lungs, and I felt as though I was going to smother.

In the lecture on Gas, the doctors tell us that chlorine attacks the lungs causing water to form and fill them up. They say a fellow suffers quite a bit, turns black, and gags something awful. Those descriptions, Jim, have made us all the more anxious to get at them.

The camp here is certainly situated in a favorite spot as regards climate, but that leaves it out. The people here are as different as the two poles, compared to the folks in Northern California. For all that I see of them I wouldn't take them for Californians at all.

I see where Champ Graham is "Over There". I hope we go soon. It gets kind of monotonous being here so long.

Well, Jim, old boy, I send my best regards to your wife and family. Tell Father Cunningham if you see him to remember me in his prayers, and say Hello to him for me.

Hoping that my next may be headed "Somewhere in France", I am yours now as ever

A Good Pal,

PVT. MATT J. WALSH.

Battery A, 144 F. A., Camp Kearny, Cal.

P. S. Sometime when you aren't busy (if ever) let me have a line.

---

U. S. NAVAL TRAINING CAMP, KEY WEST, FLA., April 26, 1918.

Dear Father Sullivan:—

It is with no little embarrassment that I begin my letter, because I have never felt so much at a loss for words sufficient to explain myself. I can only ask you to believe me when I say that I have not forgotten you or Santa Clara; that more than once have

I started a letter to you, only to be interrupted either by my own laziness or some call to duty. So let me say once again that I have not forgotten my old friend even if I am tardy in writing.

As you know I have traveled a bit since I last saw you. After I left Santa Clara I was stationed in San Diego a few weeks, then I came to Key West. But say, lest you get the impression that it (K. W.) is a typical Florida watering place, get that idea out of your head as fast as you can. To my mind it is the jumping off place of the world. So far I have failed to find a single likable feature about the whole town. It is situated on an island embracing about fifteen square miles; and there is absolutely nothing here; even the drinking water has to be imported. I am now fully convinced after most careful study and exploration that this is the very place on which poor old Robinson Crusoe was left high and dry.

I think that I had best change my tone, else you will think that I have become a pessimist since taking up life on the ocean wave; so I must needs nip in the bud my discourse on the features good, bad or indifferent of Key West, and turn my thoughts to other themes.

As I said before I have not forgotten Santa Clara. I have often wondered if my erstwhile "*fratres in Senatu*" (how do you like that) still hold forth on the rostrum in spirited argument, if the new medley as yet graces the walls of that illustrious chamber adding as it must a new dignity to the place. I suppose that the Ryland Debate has long since taken place, and for the present is forgotten, losing itself in the presence of greater cares, the final exams. Remember me to all the Senators and tell them that my heart well goes out to them in their hour of oral exams. For it is not long since I too had recourse to the midnight oil and had to do battle with more than one of Father Bolland's "concept of being" and other romances of Metaphysics. So I can appreciate their difficulties and worries as only an ex-philosopher can.

Well, dear Father, I must bring my letter to a close; but before I do so I must thank you for the recommendation to the Aerial School which you sent me. It was great. And for the last time let me remind you that I have not forgotten my old friend, no matter how different it may seem. I shall always remember him as the best friend I ever had at Santa Clara, and will not easily forget the kindness he showed me time and time again and in the never-to-be-forgotten happy days spent with him and the rest of the good Fathers and fellows at old S. C.

Asking, Father, that you say a prayer that I do my duty to God and Country, I am as ever,

Your Old Friend,

FRANK O'NEIL.

---

JACKSONVILLE, FLA., April 19, 1918.

Dear Dummy:—

I've thought of you many times; but as I confined my exertions in that regard to thinking and not to writing I can readily see how it never bought you much. But you see I've always borne a sort of grudge against you; for I never could get quite over the way you used to boast and strut about because you were a bit taller than I. But now I'm willing to make up, and so I'll drop you a line before I take my sea voyage on which I expect to be embarked before this epistle reaches your lily fingers, you old bandit chief.

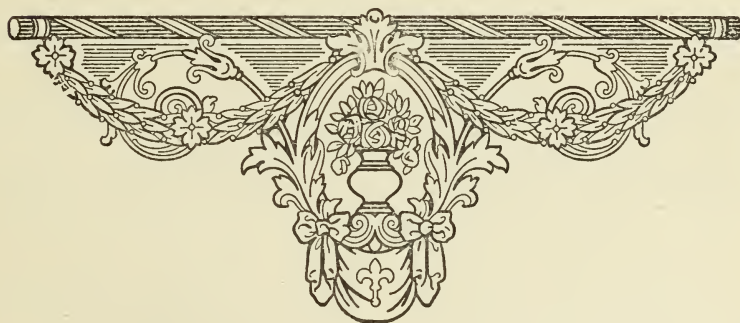
Another reason why I don't mind writing to you now is that even if you are a bit taller than I, I can now look down upon you in a figurative sense even from my height of five feet one, or whatever I am. For you see I was made a sergeant last week, and am as pompous as the dickens over my promotion. Like "You-know-me-Al" in the Saturday Evening Post, I keep telling myself that Napoleon was a corporal once.

I was at school for two months; and now when dressed up I carry an automatic, and feel like I imagine your good old King Alfonso of Spain must feel on dress parade. By the way, remember me to him when you next write him.

Give my regards to all the fellows and the Padres. And wishing you, Demet, old fellow, all success and luck, I am as ever your old pal,

TOBY.

Sergeant Tobias Bricca,  
Training Co. B, Camp Johnston,  
Jacksonville, Fla.





# The Redwood

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF SANTA CLARA

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The object of The Redwood is to gather together what is best in the literary work of the students, to record University doings and to knit closely the hearts of the boys of the present and the past

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## EDITORIAL

### A Finished Tale

Last night, sitting here in the sanctum sanctorum of the Redwood, thinking of the school year that is fast drawing to a close and of the final issue of the Magazine—the hum of voices was missing—the old clock ticked drowsily in the corner—the stars blinked sleepily through the window, and the lazy moon had not yet risen—and I

dozed . . . . From my desk I heard a voice. I listened,—the voice came again. It came from between the covers of the Redwood. “How queer,” I thought, but with a reverence born of long companionship I listened. “I have had a most successful year,” the voice was saying, “and through the summer months I will rest in lonesome peace,—for I am never so happy as when I’m

broke. But I am not alone and friendless. I have formed friendships with the periodicals of other colleges of which I am very proud. I have tried to be a good fellow and some of them have gone out of their way to say that they liked me. Will you thank them for me I have served to carry the messages of your Alma Mater through many years, and my father, the Owl, of whom I am the direct descendant, did this before me and before every other college magazine in the United States. I say this not in the spirit of boast, but as a prelude to what I really wanted to say. . . . So we, my father and I have served you long and have tried to serve our Alma Mater faithfully. But I was wondering if anything had been said of abandoning me now to let me rest in the hearts of those who love their Alma Mater. Is this true?" I answered nothing, for something had risen in my throat.

"I wanted to tell you that if they will let me continue to serve those men of Santa Clara who come and go as the sands with the flowing tide, I will be faithful——." The last few words were spoken slowly,—sadly. I awoke. There is no conclusion to this. The lazy stars were still blinking, but the moon had awakened and was shining softly on the old Redwood,—the lone survivor of the passing sons of Santa Clara.

"No, Redwood," I said, "war or no war you will still live on. We go, but others come to take our place."

### L'Envoi

It is well said that  
 "'Tis a long road that  
 has no turning." The  
 path that led with its crooks and turns  
 through grammar school and high  
 school years, long and devious though  
 it was, had its turning. Now the day  
 approaches when the road through our  
 college years is ending, and we draw  
 nigh to the open plain—the world is  
 beckoning to us. A last clasp of the  
 hand, a whispered warning, and our  
 Alma Mater turns back to her younger  
 sons, her duty toward us—done. And  
 she has nourished her sons to send them  
 out to build the world and she has di-  
 rected them that she might send them  
 forth to make its laws, and she has sent  
 her sons into every path of life,—but  
 never before has she led her brood to  
 the open plain beyond the turn in the  
 long and tedious road of their college  
 years and pointed out to them the bat-  
 tlefield as their goal. But they must  
 not question—as she points, there lies  
 their path of duty. Then, as always  
 comes her last parting word,—“Go ye,  
 my sons. I have nourished you and  
 you have fought and played together  
 under my care. There lies your path  
 of duty. You have toiled up the long  
 hill of knowledge that the path adown  
 the years of your lives might be made  
 easier, but, my sons, I must point out  
 to you a steeper path—a path of blood  
 and pain—but—remember, 'tis a long  
 road that has no turning.”

**One Way  
to Success**

There are many roads to failure—but there are an equal number that lead to the village of success. Some say that the many roads are only the by-paths and but one leads to success. If that is so, and I am willing here to grant that it is, I will not write of that Super-highway because of my limited knowledge of its intricacies—I will write about one of the by-paths. It is the one that leads straight ahead if you keep your eyes open and, as a Spaniard would express it, “la boca”,—keep your mouth shut.

A few of the students have, through the untiring efforts of a most competent military instructor, gained appointments to the fourth Officers' Training Camp here in the West. Naturally

they made anxious inquiries of men who had attended previous camps as to the road to success along military lines. Many of the instructions varied, but from each informer came one unvarying instruction,—“Keep your eyes open and your mouth shut,” and their accent lay on the last part, “Keep your mouth shut”.

Last week I spent several hours in the dentist's chair during which time he decorated several of my molars with resplendent gold crowns. I demurred at the gilded array, but the tooth smithy smilingly made answer, “You can very easily fix that.” Eagerly I asked him how, and in a “taught by would express is, “calle te la boca”,—keep your mouth shut.

Edward L. Nicholson.







OPEN AIR MILITARY MASS, APRIL 28th





# University Notes



**Inspection** The annual inspection of Santa Clara's Unit of the Reserved Officers Training Corps was held on April 19th. But twenty-four hours notice was given, and at 9:40 on the morning assigned the entire battalion was drawn up awaiting the arrival of the Inspector, Major Pearce, U. S. A. With military promptness he was on time; but an hour previous one would have thought the campus was a deserted isle. Hardly a soul was visible. An occasional cadet could be seen scurrying across the campus, only to disappear as quickly as he came to light. But during that period were one to visit the wash-rooms and the private rooms a sight of the most feverish activity would have greeted his eyes. Everybody was busily engaged in scrubbing up, polishing shoes, shaving, removing even the slightest semblance of a spot from their uniforms. But with assembly they were all spick and span, and drawn up awaiting the arrival of the Inspector. Preceded by the band the Battalion marched to the Parade Grounds in front of Administration Building where Battalion Parade and Review

were executed, and Inspection was held. Following that each company in turn went through close and extended order formation and the manual of arms. We were dismissed about twelve, and Major Pearce dined with us in the Students' Dining Room. He expressed himself as well pleased with the work done by the students, commended in most glowing terms the ability of our Commandant, Jos. L. Donovan, U. S. A., and assured us of a favorable recommendation. The report of his inspection is printed elsewhere in this issue, and we need hardly remark that it could not well be couched in more superlative terms.

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## Father President's Day

Father President's Day was celebrated on April 20th. Instead of the trip to Manresa by the Sea, which was discontinued some three years ago owing to a very sad accident, a Pentathlon Athletic Meet was held in the afternoon, in which about forty-eight students entered. The events were well contested, and in the Athletic Notes will be seen the names of the winners,

as well as the time of the various events. As trophies there were awarded twelve beautiful cups, in fact the most beautiful array we have ever seen, being the gifts of friends of the University, and seven silver medals presented by Father President. At dinner in the evening the cups and medals were awarded by Father President.

### Mary's Month

The Month of May is with us again, and every evening in the Chapel devotions are held in honor of God's Mother and ours. A little talk, evening prayers and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament form the order of the ceremonies. And the talks are given by the students, by the members of the Philalethic Senate, the last three however being by those three members of the House of Philhistorians who took part in the Ryland Debate. Following is the list of speakers, and their subjects: May 1, Holy Mother of God, Sen. Quill; May 2, Mary Our Life, Sen. Nicholson; May 3, Mary Our Sweetness, Sen. Tremaine; May 4, Mother of Good Counsel, Sen. Murphy; May 6, Virgin Most Powerful, Sen. Korte; May 7, Virgin Most Merciful, Sen. Scholz; May 8, Virgin Most Faithful, Sen. Sullivan; May 9, Seat of Wisdom, Sen. Mellis; May 10, Cause of Our Joy, Sen. Gagan; May 11, Gate of Heaven, Sen. Desmond; May 13, Morning Star, Sen. Camarillo; May 14, Health of the Weak, Sen. Ryan; May 15, Refuge of Sinners, Sen.

Diaz; May 16, Comforter of the Afflicted, Sen. Coyle; May 17, Help of Christians, Rep. Conneally; May 18, Star of the Sea, Rep. J. O'Connor; May 20, Queen of Peace, Rep. Jaeger.

### Patronage of St. Joseph

The old custom of the Student Body marching to the shrine of St. Joseph in the vineyard on the Feast of that Saint's Patronage, April 21st, was by no means discontinued even though the air be rife with wars and rumors thereof. But rather was the ceremony made more impressive thereby. For clad in the olive drab of the army the students made the pilgrimage this year, and it was indeed a beautiful spectacle. On arriving at the shrine a hymn was sung, the accompaniment being played by the band, Francis Conneally read a poem, Student Body President Quill made a few remarks, and then Father President addressed the students. And we think that we have never heard him speak better and more touchingly than he did on this occasion. After his address Father President read the Act of Consecration to St. Joseph, and we returned in procession to the Chapel where Solemn Benediction was given.

### Sanctuary Society

Following Benediction on the evening of the Patronage of St. Joseph the Sanctuary Society held its solemn reception of members. The ceremony is very symbolical and a beautiful one,





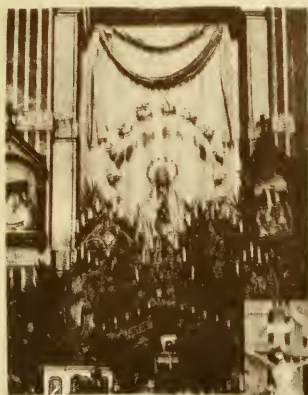
**"Padre of the Rains"**



**Fathers' Chapel**



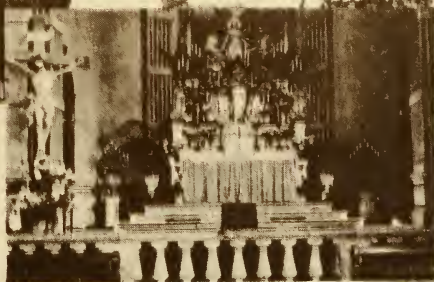
**Inner Quad**



**Mary's Month**



**In Mid-April**



**Students' Chapel**





and made a deep impression on those received. The fortunate individuals were Messrs. Wilson, Camarillo, Quill, Bradley, J. O'Connor, Heafey, B. Donlon, Ferrario, Trabucco, Moran, G. O'Connor, Berg, Casey, Lipman and Volkmer. At the conclusion of the reception, Father President, who conducted it, addressed a few remarks to the newly received members. On May 2nd the Sanctuary picnic was held, and the Society motor-trucked to Villa Maria. It is useless to make any remarks upon the way the day was enjoyed, for Sanctuary picnics always have been notorious at Santa Clara.

### Lieutenant Walsh, S. J.

On April 30th the Student Body, with President Albert Quill in the chair, held its last meeting for the Scholastic year. One purpose was to elect officers for the coming year. But before proceeding to the election, however, Athletic Manager Gerald Desmond presented in the name of the Student Body a gold pyx for the Blessed Sacrament and an oil stock for the Holy Oils to be used in attending the wounded and dying to Lieutenant Henry L. Walsh, S. J., Moderator of Athletics, who that night was to leave to report for duty at Fort McArthur, San Pedro, Cal. The students thought that in view of the nature of the work to be undertaken by Father Walsh no little part of his time would be taken up with administering the consolations of reli-

gion to the wounded, the sick and the dying, and that such a little token of their appreciation for all that Father Walsh has done for them would be rather appropriate. Father Walsh made a beautiful speech of acceptance, and bade farewell to his friends, the boys, who wish him all the success in the world and hope to meet him Over There.

### Student Body Officers

The election of Student Body officers for the coming year resulted in the following men being elected to office: Norbert Korte, President; Kevin Casey, Secretary; Francis Conneally, Treasurer; Alfredo Ferrario, Sergeant-at-Arms.

### R. O. T. C.

Santa Clara has been allotted a goodly quota of men for the next Reserved Officers' Training Camp to begin at Camp Fremont, May 15th. Our quota is to be twenty-one men of those now attending college; and ten men, former students either in the service or of those who took at least three hundred hours of military training here at Santa Clara. As a result most of the Senior Class will take their examinations early and go to the Camp. But just who the fortunate individuals are to be has not been made known as yet; for although those who are in line for the camp have passed the physical ex-

amination here, they have yet to be examined by the Army Medical Board. Besides these men it is highly probable that there will be awarded three or four commissions to the regular army merely in view of the work done here at Santa Clara; and this without any Training Camp. So you see, boys, there is lots to work for in our Unit of the R. O. T. C. And you who will be here next year get in and work hard; it will be your turn then.

### Engineers' Day

You know the old saying about every man or some such beast having his day, well so it was with the Engineers. They had theirs; and it was April 19th. In the afternoon they held open shop, displayed their work, demonstrated their machines to an open-eyed and open-mouthed public. In the evening they held forth on the stage in an original engineering skit, home made, and in it were to be found such mighty thespians as the Great DiFiori, Tuttle, Volkers, Ford and Durkin. Sure, it was a grand success.

### Elocution Contest

And we nearly forgot the Elocution Contest. It was only the Engineering skit that brought it to our minds. I wonder if it was through contrast, for the Elocution Contest was exceptionally good this year. Looking back into the dim past of six years we can truthfully say that the Contest

for the Prep Department was the best we have ever seen here. A new feature was introduced in the College Department in this that each speaker had to write his own speech. And they wrote them well. The speakers were:

For the Junior Prizes, High School—Operatic selections (Roberts), University Band; Introductory remarks, Mr. Robert E. Tremaine; Why We Are at War (Secretary Lane), John May Burnett, 1st High; Lament of Antony Over Caesar (Shakespeare), John Patrick Dempsey, 2nd High; Flag Day Address (President Wilson), Fenton David Williamson, 2nd High; The Fool (Service), Francis Aloysius Riordan, 3rd High; Hawaiian Songs, Medley (Bigelow), University Band; The Causes of the War (D. M. Delmas, '63), Edwin Austin Heafey, 4th High; In Memory of My Brother (Ryan), Clarence Raphael Sullivan, 4th High; The Old Surgeon's Story (Donnelly), Louis James Trabucco, 4th High; Stubbin's Oration (Cowan), Emmett William Gleeson, 4th High; Jean Desprez (Service), Fred John Moran, 4th High; Tone Poem, A Night in June (King), University Band.

For the Owl Prizes, Colleges of Letters and Science—The Great Return, Thomas Alexander Sperry, Freshman; The Engineer in The War, Thomas Joseph Ford, Sophomore; Christianity a Failure? Francis Michael Conneally, Sophomore; Gaiety Polka (Hartley), University Band, baritone solo by Mr. R. E. Tremaine; Greater Love Than

This, Benjamin Christie Mickle, Sophomore; The Drummer Boy of Marengo, John Charles Murphy, Senior; Democracy, March (Jones), University Band.

### Flags

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The Student Body is in receipt of two new flags, a Service Flag and a Battalion Flag, the former is the gift of Mrs. John Brooke, the latter of The Misses Downing and Mr. Robert Twohy. And we wish to take this occasion to thank those good friends not only for these particular acts of kindness, but also for their constant interest in Santa Clara and in the things of Santa Clara.

### Hard Grind

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Just at present we are all hard at it with repetitions against the day of written and of oral examinations. In our foolishness we thought that war times with the unrest that inevitably must accompany them would at least be sufficient reason to cancel the orals. But strange to say, that method of reasoning had no effect upon the Powers That Be. They determined that war or no war, unrest or no unrest, the orals would go on in the time-honored Santa Clara way. We, of course, had nothing more to say, but much, oh, so very much to do. And take it from me, we're doing it. Somehow or other all this business of war and draft and enlisting

haven't helped a fellow's studies any too much during the year, and now that the end is here of the most fleet semester we have yet experienced, we can go on record as saying that we have plenty to do. If you ask are we doing it? well, take a look at Third Floor any night at all, from the outside; in almost every other room you will see the glare of the midnight oleum, when in peace times the lights are out, or at least hid under blankets at 10 P. M. Those who are to go to the Training Camp are taking their Exams earlier, in fact even now are they in the throes of their finals. Both to themselves and to us we wish all success.

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### Good Times and Good Bye

Towards the end of the year is the season for class and society banquets and picnics. To chronicle them all successively would take all the time I should give to the thesis about Formal Conceptual Truth, whatever that is. So I must needs be brief. Well, the Seniors had a banquet, and the Sophomores had a banquet, and the Freshmen had a banquet, and the Engineers had a banquet and the J. D. S. had a banquet, and the Sanctuary had a picnic, and Fourth High had a picnic, and Third High had a picnic, and the Junior Sodality had a picnic, and each said that their banquet or their picnic had it on every other banquet or picnic in exactly thirteen ways; and they told me that if



I could only spare about two hours they would enumerate those reasons in detail. I told each one of them that I'd be around some day. But, between you and me, every time I see one of them coming I bury my head in my philosophy book, look horribly abstracted and worried, and they have pity on me and pass me by. I'm going to do that until the bitter end, and then when Commencement is over I'm going to slip out

the back way, say good-bye to "Two-Gun" Hart, and beat it as fast as I can to Mexico. And, another thing, my little brother, Arturo, whom I haven't seen for ten years, is now in Mexico, having come over from Spain last month. They say he's a rough boy and that he needs an iron hand to keep him in check. And that iron hand stuff, that's ME.

So Adios!

Demetrio Diaz.





**Diaz to Scholz**



**Prof. "Tub" Spencer and "Sneeze"**



**Freshman 1917**



**Yell Leaders—Taber, O'Neill, Mahoney**









**Vicini**



**Don**



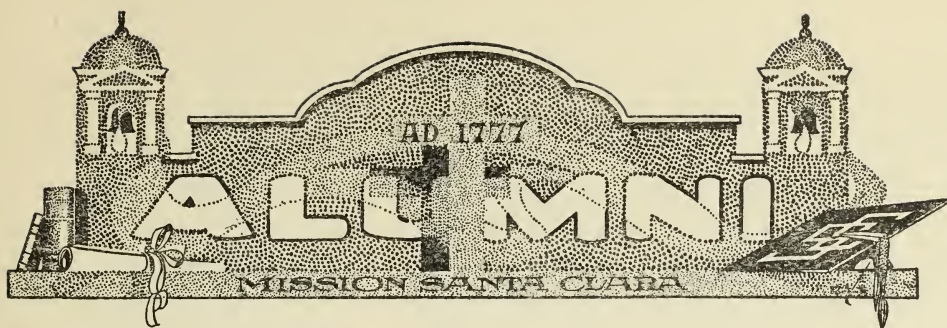
**Korte**



**Before**



**After**



On Sunday, April 28th, the day of the competitive drill, the Alumni Association held a meeting and election of officers. The men honored by offices for the ensuing year were: John O'Toole, '90, President; J. P. Sex, '09, Vice President; J. J. Jones, '08, Secretary, and J. J. Collins, '04, Treasurer. With these very capable officers in charge of the association, great progress should be made. It was decided to call off the annual Alumni banquet which is held toward the end of the school year in order to initiate the new graduates into the association. War conditions and the fact that a great number of the San Francisco Alumni and most of the Seniors are or will soon be in the government service, were the prime factors in the postponement of the banquet. In this last issue of the Redwood we think a word of praise and congratulation is due the outgoing officers of the Alumni Association for their unswerving loyalty to Santa Clara's cause. Without her Alumni Santa Clara could do nothing, but in every big undertaking to which she has

put her hand the Alumni came forward like true Santa Clarans and lent a helping hand. Special thanks are due Mr. John Riordan, President of the Alumni Association during the past year. To his unflinching efforts is due in a great measure the signal success of all Alumni undertakings.

The San Francisco Club of the Santa Clara Alumni Association held a luncheon at the St. Germain on the 15th of May in honor of Colonel Menton, the oldest living student of Santa Clara University. He was a member of the first class of five students who studied under Father Nobili. He is still in fine health although well past the allotted four score and ten.

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'07 Tom Feeney, '07, has been sent to Washington, D. C., to study the income tax. He formerly held a position in San Francisco. He was one of the famous ball players turned out by the University and starred in professional baseball.

'08 Joseph M. Brannon, of Arizona, one of Santa Clara's long lost sons, is now in San Francisco, and his address is 25 Carmel street. He is successfully engaged in business and we hope to see him at Santa Clara in the near future.

'12 Ed. White is engaged in farming operations in this vicinity and near Watsonville. He manages three farms and spends some of his time traveling in this part of the country. Consequently we have seen him off and on. Ed. was down to the competitive drill and thought the boys looked like real soldiers. It will be remembered by the older fellows that Ed. was one of the hardest working graduate managers that Santa Clara ever had. In fact he did so much for the furthering of the interests of the school that the student body unanimously awarded him his block. He and Art Smith are the only men known who received Santa Clara blocks except for prowess on the athletic field.

Father Walsh, director of athletics, Father Laherty, who formerly occupied the treasurer's office, and Father George Golden Fox, of dramatic fame, all of whom are known to all the older fellows of Santa Clara, have offered their services as chaplains. Father Walsh was the first to be called and upon his departure the student body presented him with a token of appreciation in the form of a Gold Pyx and a

Stock for the Holy Oils, and in return Father Walsh expressed his thanks and his sorrow at leaving Santa Clara. Father Laherty and Father Fox have not yet been called. They are at present at Gonzaga University, Spokane.

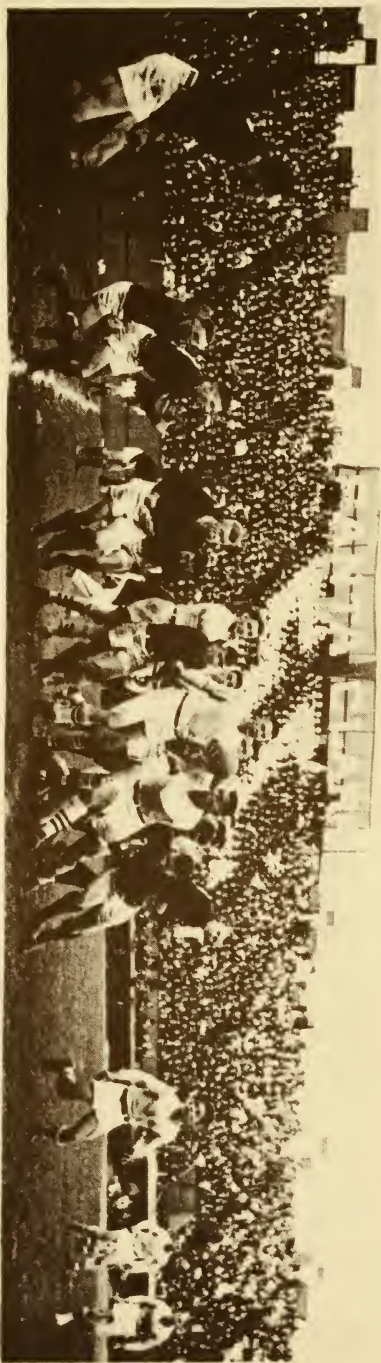
'13 Percy O'Connor is stationed at Fremont with the 8th Infantry and lately paid a visit to his Alma Mater. O'Connor was somewhat of a dramatic star in his college days and after being graduated practised law until enlisting in the Officers' Training Camp where he won his commission with high honors.

'17 Henry Harkins is now a second lieutenant in the regular army. He is in the Engineers and undoubtedly is a good one as his rating shows. Henry was one of the hardest working of last year's graduates and is well deserving of his commission.

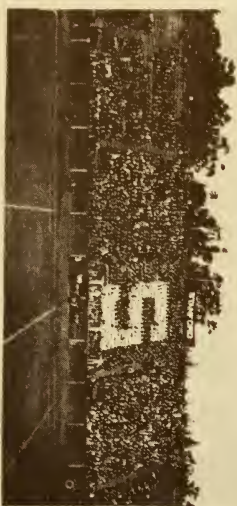
Marshall Garlinger, who until lately has been in the employ of the Westinghouse Company at Pittsburgh, returned to California this week and attended the competitive drill on the 28th. Garlinger is now identified with the Bethlehem ship corporation in San Francisco and is listed as an expert on steam turbines. He will be employed in the testing and adjusting of submarine destroyer engines.

Lieutenant Gene Conway was one of





# THAT FOOTBALL GAME







the judges in the competitive drill. He is stationed at Fort Scott. He is another of the Santa Clarans who have distinguished themselves by winning commissions in the regular army.

State Senator James Nealon, one of Santa Clara's staunch friends was present at the competitive drill and was much impressed with the showing made by the battalion.

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**Ex '19** Joe Oliver, gentleman, traveler and scholar, is now at the head of a sugar plantation in Kahuluy, Maui Island. "Ligaments" reports that he is getting on famously and the wanderlust has not come back to him yet. Consequently he will be there for some time to come.

Raymond Mayle who won the Archbishop's medal several years ago, upon his graduation from high school, is now an instructor in Heald's Business College in San Jose.

John Muldoon is now a coxswain in the Naval Reserve Forces of the United States. With our limited knowledge we pictured a coxswain as the little 98 pound fellow who steers the boat; but upon reflection we remembered that John was on a battle ship where a big man is needed for the job. Upon further search we learned that a coxswain equals a sergeant in the army, and probably has nothing to do with guiding the course of the ship. Anyhow we know that Jawn has gone up a step.

Congratulations, Bag. We always knew you were born for great things.

Joe Maher is at present stationed at Camp Kearney with the 159th Infantry. Joe was one of the stars on last year's baseball nine.

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**Ex '20** Franz Rooney is waiting for his call in the Aviation Corps. Rooney and Maher and O'Neill were three of the mainstays of the last year's nine and composed three-quarters of "Tub" Spencer's \$200,000 infield. Rooney enlisted in the flying branch of the service.

The following men will attend the fourth Officers' Training Camp at Fremont which started May 15th: Lemuel Bolter, John Murphy, John Mohun, Edward Nicholson, Daniel Ryan, Rudolph Scholz, Gerald Desmond, Leopold Di Fiori, Leo Martin, Manuel Selaya, William Volkers, Robert Don, Thomas Ford, Albion Howell, Emil Niclas, James O'Connor, Arthur Brennan, Charles Murphy, Lewis Lettunich, Nicholas Martin, Ervin Best, Miles Fitzgerald, George Lyle, Hilding Johnson, Walter McElroy, Clarence Noeltner, Adrian Prothero, James Clark and Tom Hickey. Bill Muldoon, who was raised to the rank of sergeant in the 319th Engineers, has been sent to Virginia to attend the Engineers' Training camp to try out for a commission. Jack Grace is to attend the Officers' Training Camp at Camp Lewis.

J. Charles Murphy.



## S. C. Men with the Colors

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Acquistapace, Colombo

Ahern, Paul

Agnew, James

Allen, Chester

Amaral, Edward

Arburna, Joseph

Austin, Charles

Baird, Ben

Bate, Arthur

Bean, Edward

Beck, Paul

Benneson, Harry

Bensberg, Carl

Berger, Earl

Bergna, Louis

Berndt, Richard

Berryessa, Elmer

Besselo, Angelo

Bliss, Roy

Boone, Frank

Booth, Edwin

Bothwell, Floyd

Bowden, Archer

Briare, John

Bricca, Tobias

Brown, Francis

Brown, Joseph

Brown, Warren

Burke, Roscoe

BUTTERS, HARRY

Canelo, Adolph

Canelo, Clarence

Canepa, Louis

Casstruccio, Constantine

Hospital Corps, Camp Kearney, Cal.

1st Lieut.

Forestry Engineers, France

Engineers

Hospital Corps, Camp Funston, Kan.

2nd Lieut., V. O. R., South San Francisco, Cal.

Squadron No. 2, Camp Dick, Dallas, Texas

1st Lt., Aviation, France

Australian Flying Corps, England

National Army, Camp Lewis, Wash.

23rd Engrs., Annapolis Jt., Md.

Training Camp, Pittsburg

Naval Reserves, Great Lakes

1st L., Aviation

Navy, Yerba Buena, San Francisco

National Army, Camp Lewis, Wash.

1st L., Aviation, France

Army

Naval Reserve

319th Eng., Camp Fremont, Cal.

National Army, Camp Lewis, Wash.

Q. M. C., Camp Fremont, Cal.

Capt., Field Artillery

Naval Reserves

Commissary Dept., San Francisco

Medical Reserve

Capt. M. C., Camp Lewis, Wash.

17th Co., Fort McDowell, Cal.

Aviation

Killed with the British Army in action, Aug. 31, 1916

1st L., F. A., A. E. F., France

Hospital Corps, Camp Fremont, Cal.

162nd Ambulance, Co. 116, France

National Army, France

Canaphe, Louis	Navy
Cannon, William S.	2nd L., 10th F. A., Douglas, Ariz.
Carew, Paul	Naval Reserve, San Pedro, Cal.
Casey, Francis	Naval Reserve, San Pedro, Cal.
Casey, Thomas	Medical Corps, Camp Fremont, Cal.
Chargin, Joseph	2nd L. Engr., Virginia
Charles, Eugene	2nd L., 11th F. A., Douglas, Ariz.
Clarke, James	National Army, Camp Lewis, Wash.
Christy, William	41st Engrs., American U., Wash., D. C.
Clemens, Brack	Naval Reserve, San Pedro, Cal.
Collins, Charles	Machine Gun Corps, England
Collins, Wilbur	Aviation
Conneally, Thomas	U. S. N. Aerial Corps, Fort Tilden, N. Y.
Connors, Jack	National Army
Conway, Eugene	2nd L., C. A. C., Ft. Scott, San Francisco
Costello, Gus	Navy, San Pedro, Cal.
Cranmer, Gerald	Engrs., France
Curtin, James	Naval Reserve
Daley, James	Rec. Co., Camp Johnston, Fla.
Damrell, Capelle	Rec. Co. 32, Q. M. C., Camp Johnston, Fla.
Dana, Elisha	Aviation, San Francisco, Cal.
Davis, Thomas	Ensign, Navy
Degnan, Lawrence	1st L., Engineers
Degnan, John	1st Lieut., Camp Lewis, Wash.
Demartini, Joseph	319th Eng., Camp Fremont, Cal.
Desmond, Earl	Yoeman Div., Navy, San Pedro, Cal.
Diepenbroch, Anthony	Medical Corps, Camp Kearney
Diepenbroch, Joseph	Motor Mechanics, Camp Hancock, Ga.
Detels, William	Naval Reserve, San Diego, Cal.
Di Fiori, Dominic	1st L., Aviation, France
Dodge, Claud	Army
Donohue, George	Co. 13, 4th Bu., 166th Dep. Br., Camp Lewis
Donovan, Daniel O.	Naval Reserve, Mare Island, Cal.
Donovan, Eugene	Naval Reserve, San Pedro, Cal.
Doud, Francis	"The Grizzlies", Camp Kearney, Cal.
Dougherty, Bradley	2nd L., Engineers
Dreischmeyer, Elmer	Hospital Corps, Ft. Logan, Texas
Durney, Raymond	Hospital Corps, France
EARL, WILLIAM	KILLED IN ACTION WITH AMERICAN ARMY, FRANCE, FEB., 1918.



Emerson, Roy	2nd L., Engr., Vancouver, Wash.
Edwards, Alton	1st Lieut., "Grizzlies", Camp Kearney
Egli, Ellsworth	Army
Ench, George	Navy, Newport News, W. V.
Ench, Leo	Navy
Enright, Cyril	Navy
Escalir, L.	Ambulance Corps
Farwell, Louis	Q. M. C., Camp Johnston, Fla.
Feeney, Luke	Engineers, A. E. F., France
Fields, Joaquin	National Army, Camp Lewis, Wash.
Fitzgerald, Miles	Q. M. C., Camp Johnston, Fla.
Fitzgerald, Robert	1st L., Inf., Camp Fremont, Cal.
Fitzpatrick, Benjamin	Naval Reserve, San Pedro, Cal.
Fitzpatrick, Herman	"The Grizzlies", Camp Kearney, Cal.
Fitzpatrick, James	"The Grizzlies", Camp Kearney, Cal.
Flood, Henry	Q. M. C., Presidio, Cal.
Flood, Robert	Naval Reserve
Ford, Byington	1st L., Field Artillery
Ford, Edward B.	1st L., Aviation
Ford, John	1st Serg., Army
Forster, Ygnacio	144th F. A., Camp Kearney, Cal.
Fortune, Claphene	2nd L., Infantry
Fowler, Ben	National Army, Camp Lewis, Wash.
Fowler, Mel.	Naval Reserve, San Pedro, Cal.
Fowler, Roy	2nd Lt. Aviation
Fox, Richard	Engineers
Fuller, James	Ordnance Dpt., Fort McDowell, S. F.
Gaffey, Tracy W.	Naval Reserves, San Pedro, Cal.
Gallagher, Ed.	Marines, Mare Island, Cal.
Gallagher, "Hap"	National Army, Camp Lewis, Wash.
Ganahl, Herbert	Navy, Yerba Buena, Cal.
Garcia, Herbert	Naval Reserve
Gay, Frank	Camp Lewis, Wash.
Gennochio, Andrew	Medical Corps, Presidio, Cal.
Gearhardt, Bertrand J.	2nd L., R. O. S. C.
Geoghegan, John	Utah Nat. Guard, Camp Kearney, Cal.
Geoghegan, Rudolph	National Army, Camp Lewis, Wash.
Goodwin, Maurice	Navy
Gilman, Dan	Q. M. C., Camp Johnston, Fla.
Graham, Emmett	Signal Corps, France
Gray, Chalmers	Naval Reserve, San Pedro, Cal.

Hall, Frank	Ambulance Corps
Hall, Harry	Aviation
Hall, H. P.	354th Ambulance Corps, Camp Funston, Kan.
Hall, Raymond	Naval Reserve, San Pedro, Cal.
Hallinan, Edward	Serg., Q. M. C., Camp Fremont, Cal.
Hallinan, Jerome	Q. M. C., Presidio, Cal.
Hamm, William	Navy, Mare Island, Cal.
Hanlon, William Jones	Army, Texas
Hardy, Bert	Army
Harkins, Demetrio	2nd L., Army
Harkins, Henry	National Army, Camp Lewis, Wash.
Harrison, Ralph	Capt., Infantry
Harter, Edward	R. O. T. C., Virginia
Hauser, Paul	Army
HEININGER, GEORGE	KILLED IN ACTION, FRANCE
Hickey, Thomas	363rd Inf., Camp Lewis, Wash.
Hicks, Leo R.	Aviation, Columbus, Ohio
Hicks, Ray A.	364th Inf., Camp Lewis, Wash.
High, Russ	363rd Inf., Camp Lewis, Wash.
Hoffman, Herman	1st Lieut., M. C., Presidio, Cal.
Howard, Craig	Navy, Mare Island, Cal.
Irwin, N.	10th Engr., A. E. F., France
Irwin, William A.	Co. 26, C. A. C., Ft. Scott, San Francisco
Ivancovich, George	Aviation
Jackson, Harry	Naval Reserve
Jackson, Walter	Naval Reserve, San Pedro, Cal.
Jacobs, Nicholas	National Army, Camp Lewis, Wash.
Jensen, Elmer	Naval Reserve, San Pedro, Cal.
Johnson, Ken	Q. M. C., Camp Johnston, Fla.
Kavanagh, J.	Medical Corps, Presidio, Cal.
Kearney, Raymond	Aviation, Love Field, Texas
Kearns, Thomas	Camp Kearney, Cal.
Kelly, Ed.	1st L., Infantry, Camp Fremont, Cal.
Kelly, Joseph	Camp Lewis, Wash.
Koch, Edwin	2nd L., Infantry
Lannon, Ed.	C. A. G., Ft. Scott, San Francisco
Le Fourné, Lawrence	Hospital Corps, Camp Lewis, Wash.
Leininger, Victor	Army
Leonard, Michael	18th Engr. Ry., A. E. F., France
Lohse, M. P.	Lt., Q. M. C., France

Lopez, William	"The Grizzlies", Camp Kearney, Cal.
Lyle, George	National Army, Camp Lewis, Wash.
Maher, Doc.	Lt. Dentistry Dept.
Maher, Joseph	Inf., Ft. Baker, San Francisco
Marston, Charles	Army
Martin, Philip	1st L., Aviation, France
McCann, William	National Army, Camp Lewis, Wash.
McCarthy, Daniel	Hospital Corps, Camp Kearney, Cal.
McCarthy, Neil	Hospital Corps
McClatchy, James	Capt., Infantry
McClatchy, Ralph	Artillery
McCrystal, Herbert	2nd Lieut., 12th Inf., Camp Lewis, Wash.
McDowell, Hubert	Naval Reserve, San Pedro, Cal.
McElroy, Gerald	Engineers
McGinnis, George	Serg., National Army, Camp Lewis, Wash.
McGurrin, Buckley	Ensign, Navy
McKechnie, Frank	Aviation
McKinnon, Harold	"The Grizzlies", Camp Kearney, Cal.
McKnight, Edward	Medical Corps, Camp Kearney, Cal.
McLaren, Beaumont	1st Lieut., Aviation
McLaughlin, C. P.	2nd L., Camp Lewis, Wash.
McLaughlin, Edward	Navy
McQuaide, Joseph, Rev.	Chaplain, Presidio, Cal.
McNamara, Edward	Navy, Yerba Buena, San Francisco
McNeil, Thomas	Marines, Mare Island, Cal.
Melanson, Arthur	2nd L., R. O. S. C.
Manager, Camille	French Army, France
MENAGER, RENE	WITH FRENCH ARMY, Killed in Action, June 5, 1917
Miller, Henry	National Army, Camp Lewis, Wash.
Miller, Jacob	Q. M. C., Camp Johnston, Fla.
Momson, Chris	Engineers
Morris, Eugene	Medical Corps, Camp Kearney, Cal.
Morrison, Henry	1st Lieut., M. C., Camp Fremont, Cal.
Morrison, John	Capt., Infantry
Morris, Eugene	Hospital Corps
Muldoon, William	319th Engineers, Camp Fremont, Cal.
Muldoon, John	Naval Reserve
Navlet, Arthur	Navy
Neviss, Roy	"Grizzlies", Camp Kearney, Cal.
Newlin, Albert	Detailed Study, U. of Wisconsin
Nicholson, George	Q. M. C., Camp Johnston, Fla.

Nino, Edward	National Army, Camp Lewis, Wash.
Nino, Oliver	Co. 28, 166 Dep. Br., Camp Lewis, Wash.
Noeltner, Clarence	65th Art., C. A. C., Fort Rosecrans, Cal.
O'Connell, Thomas Rev.	K. C. Chaplain, Camp Fremont, Cal.
O'Connor, Anthony	Marines, San Diego, Cal.
O'Connor, Francis	Marines, France
O'Connor, Edward	Navy, Honolulu, T. H.
O'Connor, Lawrence	British Army, France
O'Connor, Percy	2nd Lieut., Infantry
O'Connor, Thomas	Ensign, Navy
O'Neil, Edward	National Army, Camp Lewis, Wash.
O'Neil, Francis	Naval Reserve, San Pedro, Cal.
O'Neil, Henry	"Grizzlies", Camp Kearney, Cal.
O'Neil, Ira	Army, France
O'Neil, John T.	"The Grizzlies", Camp Kearney, Cal.
O'Neil, John	Aviation, Balloon Corps, Omaha, Neb.
Orena, Al	National Army
Parker, Howard	Army, Camp Grant, Ill.
Parker, Joseph	Army
Peters, Devereaux	1st Lieut., Infantry
Pradere, Albert	Navy
Prothero, Adrian	National Army, Camp Lewis, Wash.
Pye, John	Australian Pioneers, France
Quill, Errol	Naval Service, Island of Guam
Ragan, George	Ensign, Navy, San Diego, Cal.
Reams, "Babe"	1st Serg., Camp Lewis, Wash.
Regan, John M.	1st Lieut., Engr., France
Rieden, James	Aviation, Ft. McDowell, Cal.
Robasciotti, Julius	Navy, Mare Island, Cal.
Rogers, Edmund	Co. L, 169th Inf., Camp Kearney, Cal.
Rollins, William	Army, Camp Kearney, Cal.
Rooney, Frank	Aviation
Ryan, James	Navy, Mare Island, Cal.
Sargent, Bradley	2nd L., 11th F. A., Douglas, Ariz.
Sargent, Jake	Naval Reserve
Sassenrath, Julius	Camp Kearney, Cal.
Schmidt, Aud.	Naval Reserve
Shaw, Elton	Army
Sheehan, Leslie	R. O. T. C., Camp Kearney, Cal.
Sheehy, John	Aviation
Shilling, Francis	Army



Shipsey, William	Navy
Sick, Fred	National Army, Camp Lewis, Wash.
Skelley, Patrick	Hospital Corps, Camp Lewis, Wash.
Skuse, John C.	Captain, Infantry
Somps, George	The Grizzlies, Camp Kearney, Cal.
Soto, Earl	Aviation, Kelly Field, Ariz.
Soto, Pablo	319th Eng., Camp Fremont, Cal.
South, Charles	National Army, Camp Lewis, Wash.
Spooner, J.	Serg. Ambulance Corps, Camp Dodge, Iowa
Spring, Arthur	Aviation, Kelly Field, Ariz.
Stanton, Charles	Colonel on Gen. Pershing's Staff, Paris, France
Sterns, George	Marines, Mare Island, Cal.
Sullivan, Noel	Ambulance Corps, France
Sweezy, Claud	Army
Tadich, Daniel	Naval Reserve, San Pedro, Cal.
Talbot, William	Aviation
Trabucco, Eugene	U. S. N. Aviation, Cambridge, Mass.
Trayhnam, D.	Inf., Ft. Baker, San Francisco
Twohy, Philip	Engineers, A. E. F., France
Twohy, James	23rd Engineers, Laurel, Md.
Vaccaro, William	Aviation
Vogler, June	Signal Corps, Presidio, Cal.
Walsh, Edwin	U. S. N. Hospital Corps
Walsh, Henry L.	1st Lt., Chaplain, Ft. McArthur, Cal.
Walsh, Matt	"Grizzlies", Camp Kearney, Cal.
Warren, Frank	Quarter Masters Corps
Watson, H. S.	Medical Corps, Camp Dodge, Iowa
Welch, Leo	"The Grizzlies", Camp Kearney
Whealen, Will	Canadian Engineers, France
White, William	Marines, Mare Island, Cal.
Wilcox, Philip	Engineers
Willis, James	Navy
Wilson, Park	Naval Reserve
Winston, John	Naval Reserve, San Pedro, Cal.
Wood, E.	Army, Camp Kearney, Cal.
Ybarrondo, Thomas	Naval Reserve, San Pedro, Cal.
Young, Leo	Quarter Masters Corps
Zarrick, Marco	National Army, Camp Lewis, Wash.

(Editor's Note: Additions and corrections will be most gratefully received.)



Santa Clara and  
Stanford Frosh



DRIBBLING RUSH



In last month's Exchanges we promised you a review of the prose work of various undergraduates. You will remember we made some sort of attempt at a general criticism of college poetry. However, upon entering the matter of the prose review we found it resolved itself into two courses, both leading to the same end. A slight adjustment of the standard of publications; one was brief and pithy; one extended and wordy. One was to catalogue the best magazines, and to mention their best writers. The other was to quote from them and elaborate upon their styles. In poetry quotations are always of interest—not so in prose unless they be considerably long. And we neither had the time or patience to write a book. So we chose the first of the methods.

We mentioned in the April number that the magazines detaching themselves by reason of their poetical merits were, Fordham Monthly, Georgetown College Journal, Nassau Litt., Holy Cross Purple, Boston College Stylus, Canisius Monthly and The Tattler. These same also rank highest in prose with the addition of De Paul Minerval and The Mountaineer.

Of all the editorials in these various magazines we find the best to be written in our poor estimation, by Myles E. Connolly, in Boston College Stylus. The thing for which we are most grateful to him is his seriousness. He seems to regard writing as an art, not as a means for giving vent to flippancy.

Peter F. Levins, editor of Georgetown, is undeniably clever. One feature of his editorials is that they are not abstract discussions upon railroads in Russia, but just advice from an old Senior who has been through the grind, to the young Freshmen in the yard.

There is another writer in Georgetown also clever. He is Robert J. Hilliard, editor of the Exchanges. He has generally a lot to say and from the manner he assumes in saying it we perforce bow and accept. However we wish to compliment him upon his department. It has always been unequalled.

In Fordham there is quite a second Macaulay. Francis Szubuski in "Mitschi and the Moral Values" displays an ability for extensive research and profundity and style that is unsurpassed.

The Nassau Litt. offers a little essay



by Stuart Stevenson entitled "Defence of Whistling". It is written with all the originality and whimsicality of his namesake's "Plea for Gas Lamps."

In the Tattler, Virginia De Mott writes of Berlin "Befoh the Wah," with quite dainty naivette. Her opinions of the custom and the young men are interesting to say the least. She seems to be real keen, and correct too, in noticing things. But it is a presumption that such is an attribute all young ladies possess, and we of course cannot dispute it.

Bernard M. Kirk in "The Dial" has an essay worthy of special mention, "Daniel O'Connell, the Liberator." It is well written in every sense of the phrase.

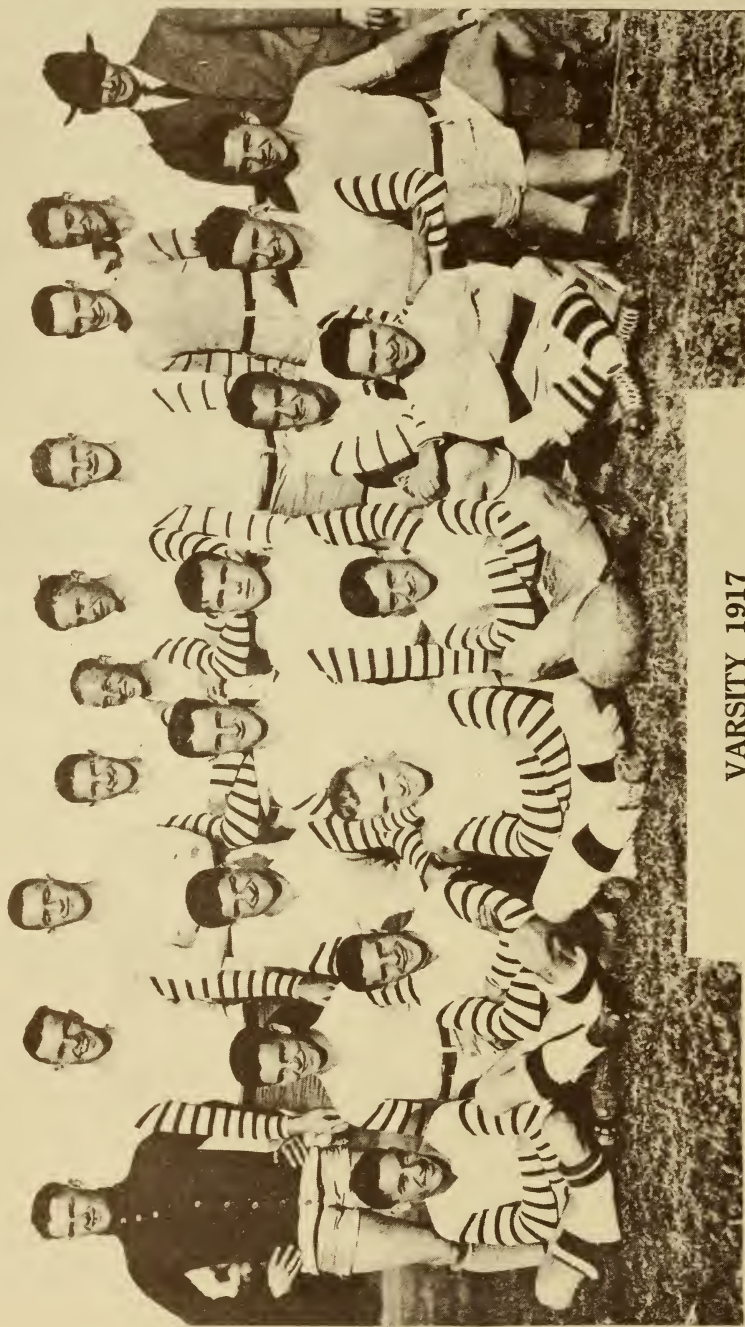
Charles A. Hill, although with some of his sentiments we are not at all in sympathy, we acknowledge to be a finished essayist. He seems to be one of the most steady contributors to De Paul Minerval. His essays seem to have been painstakingly written and though quite long, never weary. We attribute this to the versatility of his style. Also, Marie E. Le Tourneau handles the Minerval's Exchange Department very

competently and gracefully. She possesses a sense of literary acumen and literary ability as well.

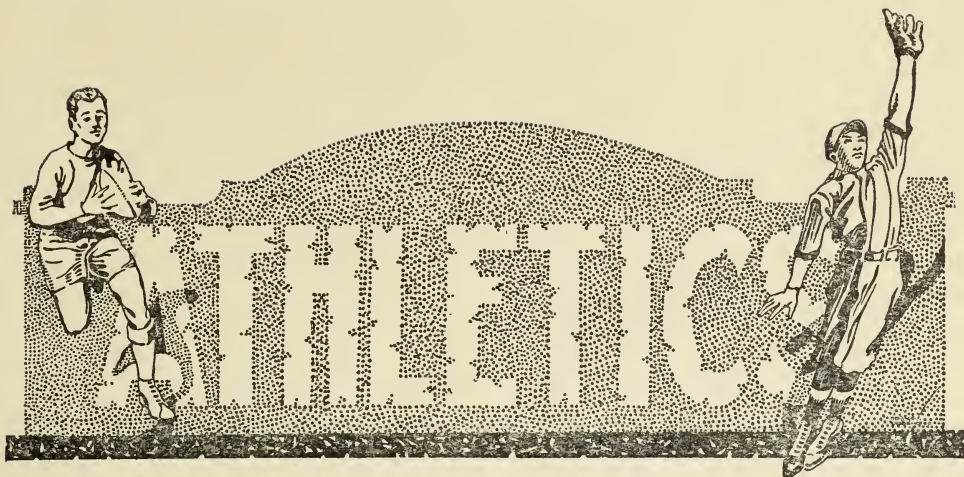
There are other good writers and between them and those we have mentioned the differences are very arbitrary. The mentioned only happened to more or less catch our fancy, by cleverness or wit. Books could be written upon the prose writing of undergraduates. Let it suffice to say that some of their forms are fair; the majority are crude. As in poetry, there is dearth of originality. Wherefore we see most avoiding the Scylla of Short-stories to blunder on to the Charybdis of Essays. We could wish for far more Short-stories than there are. And in those published we could wish for greater finesse of plot and greater amount of artistic detail. What the writer thinks about his characters is of no concern to us; we wish to know what they are. But we who know very little about English are attempting to explain how to write it. We would refer you rather to Brewster or Petkins or someone else more fit to lecture.

W. Kevin Casey.





VARSITY 1917



### RESUME OF 1917-1918 ATHLETIC SEASON.

It was with great anxiety and with no little diffidence that the Alumni, Students and Faculty awaited, last August, the call of our athletes into the realm of College Sportdom. The war (the poor war needs must withstand the brunt of all our excuses and alibis), had taken away hosts of our stellar performers in order that they might drop-kick the Kaiser over Berlin or "smear" him in a "ruck". Then, too, a decidedly militaristic atmosphere had invaded our domain, taking up much of the time and energy otherwise accorded to Sports. Nevertheless it can be said with all veracity that we enjoyed quite a successful season, yes a—well we will leave the reader decide for himself.

### FOOTBALL.

Looking back into the dim past of far away Fall we see Charlie Austin, our successful coach of 1916 and humbler of the haughty Crimson, once again putting the varsity through the gambols of Rugby, in his laughing, jovial, but business-like manner. However our good fortune was not to be long lived. The preliminary season had hardly commenced when we lost Charlie. Again it was the war, and for a while the varsity had to amble along without a coach. Although Capt. Diaz handled affairs very well, still for those few weeks after Austin's departure things looked "panicky". Little marks of dissention began to show themselves and with these, hopes of repeating our 1916 victory over Stanford faded. Then, like the good Samaritan, Walter Von Manderscheid came to our aid and soon the varsity was again down



to business. Under his able direction, assisted by Benny Fitzpatrick, a powerful and aggressive machine was soon moulded. They went through their pre-season work without a defeat; in fact so strong and fierce were the attacks of the forwards, so lightening like were the rushes of the backs that no team could hold them. As a result of this Santa Clara established another wonderful record in scoring 323 points to her opponents 3.

Entering the big game with such a record as this to lean upon and made confident by our overwhelming victory of the year before, Santa Clara was naturally the popular favorite, although some few deep-thinking dopesters held otherwise. Anyway Stanford won, 15 to 11, giving the public, as well as ourselves, a great shock. The game was a very heart-rending one, being anybody's from beginning to end. In fact it was not until the last five minutes of play that the Crimson put over the winning try, up to that time it had been a gruesome contest with the varsity leading, 11 to 10. Even so the victory was merely nominal, most critics saying: "A great team won but a greater team lost." We do not know the why or wherefore of this defeat and will not venture our personal opinion, however others have it that condition not ability won the victory.

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### BASKETBALL.

As successful and promising as the earlier part of football was and as dis-

appointing as was its close, basketball promised more success and ended with even greater disappointment. This time the fault was due to an inability to arrange games. After whipping into condition one of the most powerful and evenly balanced teams the coast has ever seen (this is no idle boast), competition seemed to vanish and try as they may neither Capt. Don nor Manager Desmond were able to get games with teams worth while. So, after the varsity went through this short season undefeated, piling up 343 points to 110, and taking such teams as the 13th Infantry, College of the Pacific, St. Ignatius, together with some minor lights, basketball was called quits. Our energies were turned towards the grand old American game.

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### BASEBALL.

Facing a nucleus of one veteran and an army of raw material as well as bad weather and militarism, it is of little wonder that Coach Ed Spencer's baseball team did not attain the high standards set by Rugby. At that the season was most successful, plenty of games (in this they had it on basketball), plenty of victories, some defeats and (softly) some trips. Hence the student body and public were offered a great **variety** of action which, I will venture to say, they enjoyed immensely, for you know true Americans enjoy this game whether played on the **sand lots** or the big league diamonds. Tub

had developed in a few short weeks a team of which we have every reason to be proud. It is true, as we already said, it was not perhaps up to the standard of other teams Santa Clara has known; but neither were the opposing College and Club teams as strong as we have seen them in former years. So we have every reason to be proud of our ball team.

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### TRACK.

The track team had no formal meets this year for some reason or other; but that did not at all prevent the "bugs" from getting out on the cinders night after night. For of all sports track for the contestants is as exhilarating as any. Besides, the announcement of a Pentathlon, or five-event meet, to be held on April 20, Father President's day, with an array of twelve trophies, each cup a beauty, for the highest point winners, and a silver medal for the winner of each individual event, was the cause of many getting into the spiked shoes during the the preceding week or two.

There were seven events, five of which each contestant had to enter. Thus he had his choice between the 100 yd. or 120 low hurdles; between the pole-vault and the broad jump; but had to enter the high jump, the shot-put and the half mile. There were about 48 entries and the competition was good. Afterwards dinner was served, and it was in the dining room that the win-

ners of the events were announced.

100 yd. dash won by Bedolla. Time 10:2.

120 yd. low hurdles, won by Volkmor. Time 15:1.

Half mile won by Farmer. Time 2:12.

Shot-put won by Manelli. Distance 37:6.

High jump won by Don; 5.9.

Broad jump won by Volkmor; 21.6.

Volkmor won the Pentathlon with 4042 points.

Don was second with 3996 points.

The following won additional cups: Brennan, Bradley, Manelli, Howell, Hyland, Mickle, O'Connor, Donohue, M. Kaney.

Besides a cup was awarded for that feature which, in the eyes of the judges was considered as the most noteworthy performance of the day. It was awarded to Walter Volkmor for the broad jump of 21 feet, 6 inches.

So we will say good-bye to the turf, court, diamond and track for a few short months, perhaps longer; but we hope not, and living in the dreams of vacation and hopes of the future, we will freshen ourselves for another strenuous athletic year.

Norbert Korte.

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### PREP NOTES.

As the time for repetitions and the big vacation looms near all is hurry and bustle about the campus. It is a question of "Are you coming back

next year?" and "Where are you going this summer?" Whether or not they come back, no matter where they go, the Preps of 1917-18 will always remember their athletic activities. They will always be proud of their undefeated teams and prouder of their defeated ones, but needless to say the latter are few indeed.

To go back into the far distant time when King Football reigned, we see their first champion team. They had an array of talent that proved to be so good that the Varsity quietly but forcibly took about half of it. This necessarily put a crimp in their program, but as the saying goes "While they must, they must." They won four straight games before broken up and one of these victories was the notable one over San Jose High by the score of 23-0. As San Jose later battled for the state championship this speaks well for the Preps. The able captain of the Prep football team was "Dick" Costa. O'Connor, Larrey, Sheehy, Young, Pipes and Ferrario also played star games, so good that O'Connor, Sheehy, Young and Ferrario won their blocks later on the Varsity.

There was a brief rest after football before basketball started and this time was put in by the Preps in gaining strength for the strenuous season ahead of them. When Captain Ferrario called for men a flock of aspirants showed themselves and had to be cut and pruned until only Fellom, Moran, Grace, Howells, Humphrey, Hyland,

Neary, Reddy, Young and Kaney remained. These were all carried until immediately after Christmas when the team materialized into Ferrario, Grace, Fellom, Humphrey, Hyland and Moran. The rest were either dropped or formed into the second or "Blue" team. This team of the Preps was easily the class of the state. They had speed, accuracy in passing and goal shooting, deftness in guarding, and a general all-aroundness that was unbeatable. Games were arranged for this quintet all over the state, but when some of the so-called champions heard of the scores we were rolling up they suddenly discovered reasons to cancel their dates. This was extremely apparent after we had trounced the champion San Jose High team by the score of 37-20. It would have seriously injured the reputations of some of the bay champs to have a "Hick" team like Santa Clara beat them. The team finally disbanded because of lack of games, a lamentable fact. The triumphs of the Preps are:

Preps 70; Campbell High 28.

Preps 37; San Jose Normal 11.

Preps 28; San Jose Y. M. C. A. 24.

Preps 94; Belmont Military 24.

Preps 26; C. P. Academy 17.

Preps 37; San Jose High 20.

Preps 40; C. P. Academy 21.

The baseball season is the next milestone along the road of Prep victories, and is one well to be proud of. Handicapped by the military authorities the Preps were left high and dry in regards to a practice period. They nevertheless



banded a team together, and, practicing only once a week, started on a tour of triumph. Their first opponents were the Stanford 'Frosh'. A team, every man of which was older and most of them towered over our little 'Davids'. But class told, and despite the fact that we played on their home grounds we came out ahead by the score of 7-3. Which showing was not so bad considering that it was the first time the nine men had been on the field together. Just to prove that it wasn't an accidental victory we again beat them 5-1, two weeks later on our own diamond. The next engagement, it could hardly be called a game, was with Haywards High. Haywards had played a petty trick on our Midget basketball team, so we went after the home boys hard to make it even. Three singles, two two-baggers, a three-bagger and a home run netted 8 runs in the first inning. In the next four innings we made 23 more runs and batted 5 pitchers of every size and description, all over the lot. After five innings, Haywards decided they had done a day's work chasing balls and quit. The Midgets were avenged. A home talent umpire, hard luck and the girls beat us at Centerville. The boys never hit harder, never played better, nor ever handled themselves better than that day, yet we lost. The ground rules were such that if you hit the ball over a fence about 400 feet away the fielder could make out it was a lost ball and the batter only received two bases. This happened time and

time again. Their left fielder, by playing clean out in the next league captured enough sure hits to win any ball game. Maybe it was the crowd of rooting, colorfully attired beauties in the grandstand that beat us. Who knows? We next travelled to Mt. View and there showed the inhabitants the good old national pastime as she should be played. It was merely a batting practice for our boys and between cornucopias they batted in 22 runs. Mt. View made one, and they were so pleased over it, the Preps allowed them to enjoy themselves fully and make another.

Thus ended a baseball season that had we been in the C. I. F. might have been a championship one. The team consisted of Ferrario, catcher; F. O'Connor and Bresnan, pitchers; Brown, first; Pipes, short; Judge, 2nd; G. O'Connor, third; outfield, Hyland, Humphrey and Williams; subs., Chase, Mackey. It sure was a team of "hitting fools" as Hyland hit .750, and Brown, Bresnan and Williams all hit over .500.

Track next claimed the attention of Prepdom and they earnestly set out to make the Varsity men hump a bit to win the cups offered in the Pentathlon. Twelve cups and seven medals were offered and of these the lowly Preps captured five of the cups and three medals. A Prep man, little Walt Volk-mor, gave big Varsity Bob Don the best race he ever had for first place, and finally by jumping 21 feet six inch-



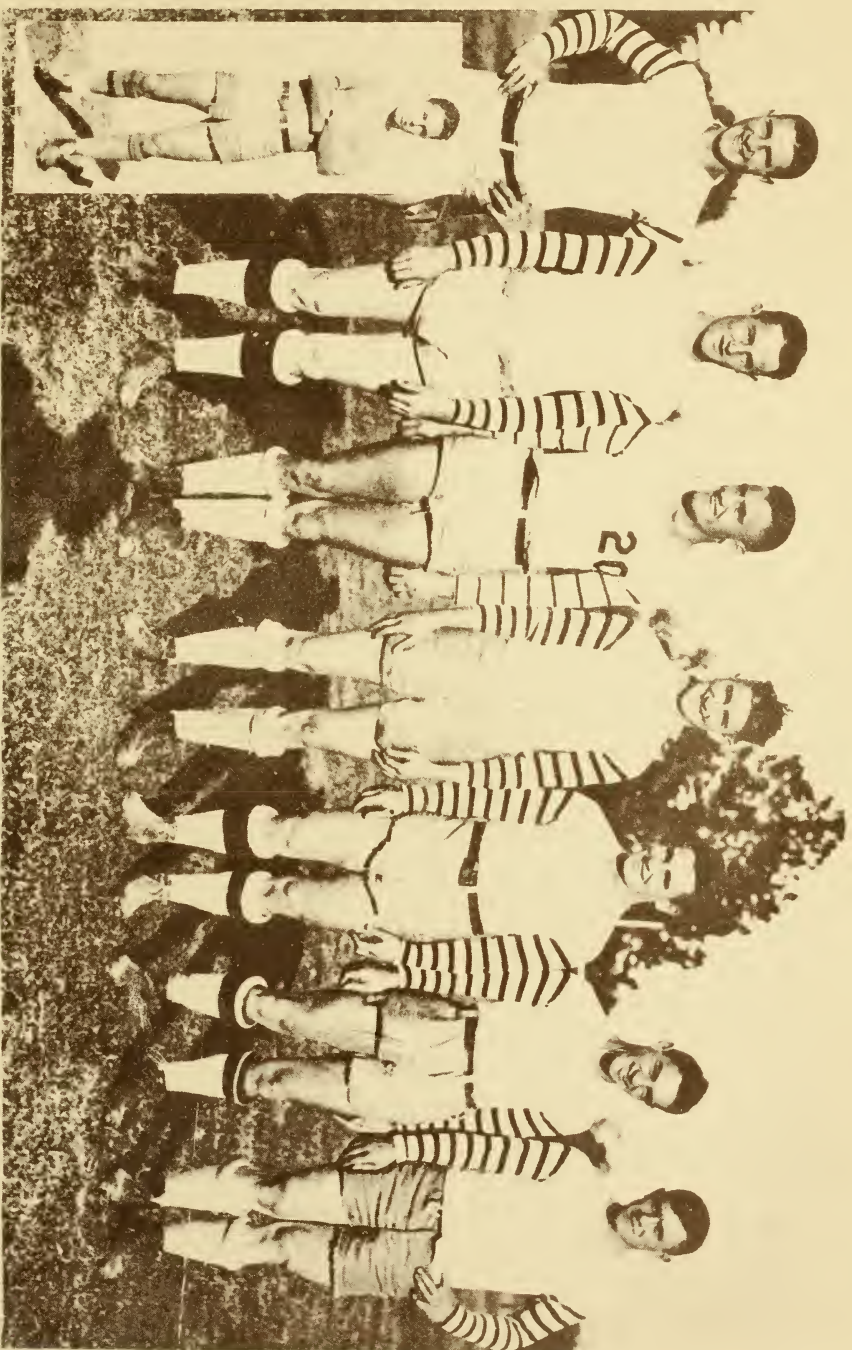
es in the broad jump, won out. This little man annexed the first place cup, the best performance cup and two of the first place medals. This, in our estimation, constitutes a good afternoon's work. Hyland, Donahue and O'Connor also won cups, and Bedolla won the 100 yard medal by stepping it in 10.2. This was some running for a slow track.

Inspired by these performances the Preps got up a seven-man track team and challenged the world. Haywards, our old friends, thought they could get revenge on the cinders for the defeat on the diamond and offered us battle. Gus O'Connor, Walt Volkmor, "Tuch" Bedolla, Fred Farmer, "Moose" Rioridan and Dick Hyland went forth at this call and proceeded to show Haywards their mistake. To start with Bedolla won the hundred in 10.1 with Hyland and O'Connor in back of him in 10.2 and 10.3 respectively. That was an example of the whole meet. They picked up 14 points on third places, where we could only enter two men. We garnered 74 points in the meantime. Volkmor again showed himself somewhat of a track man by making 23 points. This meet practically ended Prep sports for the term of 1917-18 and we are proud to say it ended it as we started, with victory.

Next year the Preps will find it easier going in the matter of games, as Father McElmeel, the guiding spirit of the Preps has all but closed negotiations to put them in the Peninsular Athletic League. This will mean a regular schedule and no team will be able to back out of an engagement to save their faces and "reps". The Preps are also on a sounder financial footing as the Varsity Student Body, being themselves out of debt, has voted the Preps all the money necessary to carry on her sporting activities. Next year promises to be just as good a one, athletically speaking, as this one was. The war has put most of the older teams out of the running and the sport-loving public naturally turns to the next in line for their amusement. As we are IT, and interest causes anything to boom, it looks like a record breaker for next year. The Preps would like to thank Father McElmeel for his undying interest in them and unflagging efforts to put them on the map, as it is not every scholastic-prefect who is willing to take more work than he already has on his hand, in the shape of a hard-to-please gang of whole-hearted fighting Preps.

A. Prep.





SANTA CLARA BACKFIELD













